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PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

I.

WEST PEKIN is one of those country places which have yielded to changing conditions and have ceased to be the simple farming towns of a past generation. The people are still farmers, but most of them are no longer farmers only. In the summer they give up the habitable rooms of their old square wooden houses to boarders from the cities, and lurk about in the nooks and crannies of their L's and lean-to's; and, whatever their guests may have to complain of, have hardly the best of the bargains they drive with them. But in this way they eke out the living grudged them by their neglected acres, and keep their houses in a repair that contrasts with the decay of their farming. Each place has its grove of maples, fantastically gnarled and misshapen from the wounds of many sugar seasons; and an apple orchard, commonly almost past bearing with age, stretches its knotted boughs over a slope near the house. Every year the men-folk plow up an acre of garden ground, and plant it with those vegetables which, to the boarders still feeding in mid-July on last year's potatoes and tough, new-butchered beef, seem so reluctant in ripening; but a furrow is hardly turned elsewhere on the farm. It yields a crop of hay about the

end of June, in which the boarders' children tumble, and a favorable season may coax from it a few tons of rowen grass. The old stone walls straggle and fall down even along the road-side; in the privacy of the wood-lots and berry-pastures they abandon themselves to reckless dilapidation.

Many houses in the region stand empty, absently glaring on the passer with their cold windows, as if striving in vain to recall the households, long since gone West, to whom they were once homes. By and by they will drop to ruin; or some shrewd Irishman, who has made four or five hundred dollars in a Massachusetts suburb, will buy one of them, and stocking the farm with his stout boys and girls will have the best-looking place about. He thrives where the son of the soil starved; and if the bitter truth must be owned, he seems to deserve his better fortune. He has enterprise and energy and industry, and to the summer boarder, used to the drive and strain of the city, the Yankee farmer often seems to have none of these qualities. It may be that the summer boarder judges him rashly; I dare say he would not be willing himself to take his landlord's farm as a gift, if he must live on those stony hill-sides the year round, and find himself at each year's end a year older but not a day nearer

the competence to which all men look forward as the just reward of long toil. I always fancied a dull discouragement in the native farming race; an effect of the terrible winter, that drowns a good half of the months in drifts of snow, and of the dreary solitude of the country life. Great men have come from the rural stock in our nation before now; and perhaps the people of West Pekin have earned the right to lie fallow; but whether this is so or not, it is certain that they often evince an aptness to open the mouth and stand agape at unusual encounters, which one cannot well dissociate from ideas of a complete mental repose. If they have no thoughts, they have not the irrelevance and superfluity of words. They are a signally silent race. I have seen two of them, old neighbors, meet after an absence, and when they had hornily rattled their callous palms together, stand staring at each other, their dry, serrated lips falling apart, their jaws mutely working up and down, their pale blue eyes vacantly winking, and their weather-beaten faces as wholly discharged of expression as the gable ends of two barns confronting each other from opposite sides of the road; no figure can portray the grotesqueness of their persons, with their feet thrust into their heavy boots, and their clothes — originally misshapen in a slop-shop after some by-gone fashion, and now curiously warped, outgrown, outworn — climbing up their legs and mounting upon their stooping shoulders. But if they are silent they are not surly; give them time and they are amiable enough, and they are first and last honest. They do not ask too much for board, and they show some slow willingness to act upon a boarder's suggestions for his greater comfort. But otherwise they remain unaffected by the contact. They learn no greater glibness of tongue, or liveliness of mind, or grace of manner; if their city guests bring with them the vices of wine or beer at dinner and tobacco after it, the farmers keep themselves uncontaminated. The only pipe you smell is that of the neighboring Irishman as he passes with his ox-team;

the gypaying French Canadians, as they wander southward, tipsy by whole families, in their rickety open buggies, lend the sole bacchanal charm to the prospect that it knows. These are of a race whose indomitable light-heartedness no rigor of climate has appalled, whereas our Anglo-Saxon stock in many country neighborhoods of New England seems weather-beaten in mind as in face; and this may account for the greater quick-wittedness of the women, whose in-door life is more protected from the inclemency of our skies. It is certain that they are far readier than the men, more intelligent, gracious, and graceful, and with their able connivance the farmer stays the adversity creeping upon his class, if he does not retrieve its old prosperity. In the winter his daughters teach school, and in the summer they help their mother through her enterprise of taking boarders. The farm feeds them all, but from the women's labor comes thrice the ready money that the land ever yields, and it is they who keep alive the sense of all higher and finer things, Heaven knows with what heroic patience and devoted endeavor. The house shines, through them, with fresh paper and paint; year by year they add to those comforts and meek aspirations towards luxury which the summer guest accepts so lightly when he comes, smiling askance at the parlor organ in the corner, and the black-walnut-framed chromo-lithographs on the walls.

Nehemiah Woodward left West Pekin in his youth, after his preparation in the academy, which still rests its classic pediment upon a pair of fluted pine pillars above the village green, and went to Andover, where he studied divinity and married his landlady's daughter. She was a still, somewhat austere girl, and she had spread no lures for the affections of her lover, who was of tenderer years than herself; he was not her first love; perhaps he was at last rather her duty, or her importuning fate. In any case she did not deny him in the end; they were married after his ordination, and went away to the parish in

New York State over which he was settled, and she left behind her the grave in which the hopes of her youth were buried. The young minister knew about it; she told him everything when he first spoke to her of marriage; they went together to bid farewell to the last resting-place of the dead rival whom he had never seen; and his sublime generosity touched her heart with a life-long gratitude.

It was his only inspiration, poor soul! he was a dreadfully dull man, — too dull even for the inarticulate suffering of country congregations. Parish after parish shifted him from its aching shoulders; they loved him for his goodness, but they could not endure him, they hardly knew why; it was really because his sermons were of lead, and finally none the lighter that they were beaten out so thin. He had thus worn westward, leaving a deeply striated human surface behind him, in the line of the New England emigration, as far as to the farther border of Iowa, and he was an elderly man with a half-grown family, when his father died and left the ancestral farm at West Pekin, to which none of the other sons would return from their prosperity in the neighboring towns or the new countries where they had settled. But it was not a fortune that Nehemiah could refuse; possibly he had always had his own secret yearnings for those barren pastures of his boyhood; at any rate he gladly parted from his last willing parish, and went back to the farm. Once returned, he seemed never to have been away; he looked as much a fixture of the landscape as any out-building of the place. He quickly shed whatever clerical dignity had belonged to his outward man, and slouched into the rusty boots and scarecrow coats and hats that costume our farmers at their work, as easily as if he had only laid them off overnight. The physical shape of the farm was favorable to his luckless gift of going down-hill, but the energy of his wife now stayed his further descent as effectually as if he had been a log propped on the edge of a slope by some jutting

point of granite. She had indeed always done more than her half toward keeping her family's souls and bodies together; now, with a lasting basis to work upon, she took the share on which Nehemiah's lax hold had faltered. The house was built with the substantial handsomeness which a farmer could afford who two generations ago sent his boys to the academy. It was large and square, with ample halls crossing each other from side to side, and dividing it into four spacious rooms below and answering chambers overhead, some of which, after a season or two of summer boarders, Mrs. Woodward was able to cut in two and still leave large enough for single beds. In time a series of very habitable chambers grew out over the one-story wing; a broad new piazza invited the breeze and shade around two sides of the house, from whose hill-top perch you could look out over a sea of rolling fields and woods, steeply shored on the south by the long flank of Scaticong Mountain. The air was a luxury, the water was delicious; the walks and drives through the white-birch groves were lovely beyond compare; and long before the summer of which I write, the fame of Mrs. Woodward's abundant table and educated kitchen had made it a privilege to be her boarders for which people endeavored by engaging her rooms a year beforehand. Whoever abode there reported it a house flowing with unstinted cream and eggs; pease, beans, squash, and sweet corn in their season, of a flavor that the green grocery never knew; blue-berries, raspberries, blackberries, after their kind; and bread with whose just praise one must hesitate to tax the credulity of one's hearer.

Mrs. Woodward not only knew how to serve her guests well, but how to profit by serving them well. She made it her business, and mixed no sentiment of any sort with it. She abolished herself socially, and none of her boarders offered her slight at the point to which she retreated from association with them. She left them perfect freedom in the house, but she kept them rigidly distinct from her own family, whom she

devoted each in his or her way to the enterprise she had undertaken. The family ate at their own table, and never appeared in the guests' quarter except upon some affair connected with their comfort; but they were all willing in serving. Even Nehemiah himself, under the discipline centring in his wife, showed a sort of stiff-jointed readiness in hitching up the horse for the ladies when the boys happened to be out of the way; and he had thus late in life discovered a genius for gardening. It was to his skill and industry that the table owed its luxury of vegetables; and he was wont to walk out at twilight, and stand, bent-kneed and motionless, among the potatoes, and look steadfastly upon the pease, in serene emulation of the simulacrum posted in a like attitude in another part of the patch. He was the most approachable member of the family, and would willingly have talked with one, no doubt, if he could have found anything in the world to say. The others were civil, but invisibly held aloof by the mother's theory of business, or secret pride, which, whatever it was, interfered with no one's rights or pleasures, and so was generally accepted by amiable new-comers after a few good-natured attempts to overcome it. There was only one of them who had succeeded in breaking the circle of this reserve, and her intimacy with the Woodwards seemed rather another of her oddities than anything characteristic of them.

The household of the boarders displayed that disparity between the sexes which is one of the sad problems of the New England civilization, and perhaps enforced it a little more poignantly than was just. They were not all single ladies; a good third of the fifteen were married; of the rest some were yet too young to think or to despair of marrying, and it could not be confidently said of others that they wished to change their state. Nevertheless one's first sense of their condition was vaguely compassionate. It seemed a pity that for six days in the week they should have to talk to each other and dress only for their own sex. Not that their toilettes were elaborate;

they all said that they liked to come to the Woodwards' because you did not have to dress there, but could go about just as you pleased; yet having the taste of all American women in dress they could not forbear making themselves look charming, and were always appearing in some surprising freshness and fragrance of linen, or some gayety of flannel walking costume. The same number of men would have lapsed into unshaven chins and unblacked boots in a single week; but these devoted women had their pretty looks on their consciences, and never failed to honor them. Some of them even wore flowers in their hair at dinner, — Heaven knows why; and the young girls were always coming home from the woods with nodding plumes of bracken in their hats, and walking out in the dusk with coquettish head-gear on, to be seen by no one more important than some barefooted, half-grown, bashful farm-boy driving home his cows. The mothers started their children out every morning in clean, whole clothes, and patiently put aside at night the grass-stained, battered, dusty, dishonored fragments. Even one or two old ladies who were there for the country air were zealous to be neatly capped. The common sentiment seemed to be that as you never knew what might happen, you ought to be prepared for it. What actually happened was the occasional arrival of the stage with an express package for one of the boarders, and a passenger for some farm-house beyond, who at very rare and exciting intervals was a man. Once a day the young ladies went down to the village after the mail, and indulged themselves with the spectacle of gentlemen dismounting from the stage at the hotel, which at such moments poured forth on piazza and gallery a disheartening force of lady boarders. Regularly, also, at ten o'clock on Saturday night, when everybody had gone to bed, this conveyance drove up to the door of the farmhouse, and set down the five husbands of five of the married ladies, for whom it called again on Monday morning, before anybody was up. These husbands

were almost as unfailing as the fish-balls at the Sunday breakfast; and when any one of them was kept in Boston it made a great talk; his wife had got word from him why he could not come; or she had not got word: it was just as exciting in either case. The ladies all made some attractive difference in their dress, which the wives when they went to their rooms asked the husbands if they had noticed, and which the husbands had not noticed, to a man. After breakfast, each husband took by the hand the child or two which his wife had scantily provided him (a family of four children was thought pitifully large, and a marvel of responsibility to the mother), and went off to the woods, whence he returned an hour before dinner, and read the evening papers which he had brought up in his pocket. In the afternoon he was reported asleep, being fatigued by the ride from town the day before, or he sat and smoked, or sometimes went driving with his family. His voice as the household heard it next morning at dawn had a gayer note than at any other time in the last thirty-eight hours, and his wife, coming down to breakfast, met the regulation jest about her renewed widowhood with a cheerfulness that was apparently sincere.

It may not have been so dull a life for the ladies as men would flatter themselves; they all seemed to like it, and not a woman among them was eager to get back to her own house and its cares. Perhaps the remembrance of these cares was the secret of her present content; perhaps women, when remanded to a comparatively natural state, are more easily satisfied than men. It is certain that they are always enduring extremes of ennui that appear intolerable to the other sex. Here at Woodward farm they had their own little world, which I dare say was all the better and kinder for being their own. They were very kind to each other, but preferences and friendships necessarily formed themselves. Certain ladies were habitually visiting, as they called it, in each other's rooms, and one lady on the ground floor was of a hospitable genius that invited

the other boarders to make her room the common lounging and gossiping place. Whoever went in or out stopped there; and the mail, when it was brought from the post-office, was distributed and mostly read and talked over, there.

Till a bed was put into the parlor, one of the young ladies used to play a very little on the organ after breakfast on rainy days. One of the married ladies, who had no children, painted; she painted cat-tail rushes generally; not very like, and yet plainly recognizable. Another embroidered; she sat with her work in the wide doorway, and those passing her used to stop and take up one edge of it as it hung from her fingers, and talk very seriously about it, and tell what they had seen of the kind. Some of them were always writing letters; two or three had a special gift of sleep, both before and after dinner, which distinguished them from several nervous ladies, who *never* could sleep in the day-time. The young girls went up the mountain a good deal, whenever they could join a party; twice when one of their brothers came from the city they camped out on the mountain; it was a great thing to see their camp-fire after dusk; once they came home in a rain, and that was talk for two days, and always a joke afterwards. They had a lot of novels, not very new to our generation, which they read aloud to each other sometimes; they began to write a novel of their own, each contributing a chapter, but I believe they never finished it; the youngest kept a journal, but she did not write in it much. She could also drive; and her timid elders who rode out with her said they felt almost as safe with her as with a man. All the ladies said that the air was doing them a great deal of good, and, if not, that the complete rest was everything; none of them had that worn-out feeling with which she had come; if any did not pick up at once, she was told that she would see the change when she got home in the fall. Two or three, in the mean time, were nearly always sick in bed, or kept from meals by headache. From time to time the well ones had themselves

weighed at the village store, to know whether they had gained or lost. They all talked together a good deal about their complaints, of which, whether they were sick or well, they each had several.

These were the interests and occupations, this the life, at Woodward farm, to the entire simplicity of which I am afraid I have not done justice, when a thing happened that complicated the situation and for the moment robbed it of its characteristic repose. It appears that while Mrs. Stevenson was quietly multiplying cat-tail rushes in her cool, airy, up-stairs room, one of the Woodward girls, who taught school and in vacation waited on the boarders at the table, had also been employed — somewhere in the mysterious L-part, where her family bestowed itself — on a work of art: a head of the Alderney cow, known to the whole household as Blossom. Whether it was ever meant to be seen or not is scarcely certain; that lady who alone had the intimacy of the Woodwards came out with it from the kitchen one morning, as by violence, and showed it to the boarders after breakfast, while they still loitered at the table, none of the artist's kindred appearing. They all recognized Blossom in a moment, but the exhibitor let them suffer and guess a while who did it. Then she exploded the fact upon them, and the excitement began to rise. They said that it was a real Rosa Bonheur; and Mrs. Stevenson, who was indeed in another line of art and need feel no envy, set her head on one side, held the picture at arm's-length in different lights, and pronounced it perfect, simply perfect, for a charcoal sketch. They had looked at it in a group; now they looked at it singly, and from a distance, cautioning each other that the least touch would ruin it. Then they began to ask the exhibitor if she had known of Miss Woodward's gift before; the young girls listening to her replies with something of the zeal and reverence they felt for the artist. At last they said Mrs. Gilbert must see it, and followed it in procession to the room of the public-spirited lady on the first floor. She had been having her breakfast in

bed, and now sat in a be-ruffled, sweet-scented dishabille, which became her pale, middle-aged, invalid good-looks — her French-marquise effect, one young girl called it, Mrs. Gilbert's hair being quite gray, and her thick eyebrows dark, like those of a powdered old-régime beauty. They set the drawing on her chimney-piece, and she considered it a long while with her hands lying in her lap. "Yes," she sighed at last, "it's very fair indeed, poor thing."

"Blossom or Rachel, Mrs. Gilbert?" promptly demanded the lady who had been chaperoning the picture, with a tremor of humorous appreciation at the corners of her mouth, and a quick glance of her very dark-brown eyes.

"Rachel," answered Mrs. Gilbert. "Blossom is a blessed cow. But a woman of genius in a New England farmhouse where they take summer boarders — oh dear me! Yes, it's quite as bad as that, I should say," she added thoughtfully, after another stare at the picture. "Quite."

The company had settled and perched and poised upon the different pieces of furniture, as if they expected Mrs. Gilbert to go on talking; but she seemed to be out of the mood, and chose rather to listen to their applauses of the picture. The sum of their kindly feeling appeared to be that something must be done to encourage Miss Woodward, but they were not certain how she ought to be encouraged, and they began to stray away from the subject before anything was concluded. When the surprise had been drained to the dregs, a natural reaction began, and they left Mrs. Gilbert somewhat sooner than usual and with signs of fatigue. Presently no one remained but the lady who had exhibited the picture; her, as she made a movement to take it from the mantel, Mrs. Gilbert stopped, and began to ask about the artistic history of Miss Woodward.

II.

Mrs. Belle Farrell, one of the summer boarders, stood waiting at the side of the

road for Rachel Woodward, who presently appeared on the threshold of the red school-house, with several books on her arm. It was Saturday afternoon; her school-term had ended the day before, and she had returned now for some property of hers left in the school-house overnight. She laid down the books while she locked the door and put the key in her pocket, and then she gathered them up and moved somewhat languidly towards Mrs. Farrell. This lady was slender enough to seem of greater height than she really was, but not slender enough to look meagre, and she wore a stuff that clung to her shape, and, without defining it too statuesquely, brought out all its stylishness. Her dress was not so well suited to walking along country roads as it was to some pretty effects of pose; caught with the left hand, and drawn tightly across from behind, its plaited folds expanded about Mrs. Farrell's feet, and as she turned her head for a sidelong glance at her skirt, it made her look like a lady on a Japanese fan. The resemblance was heightened by Mrs. Farrell's brunette coloring of dusky red and white, and very dark eyes and hair; but for the rest her features were too regular; she knitted her level brows under a forehead overhung with loose hair like a French painter's fancy of a Roman girl of the decadence, and she was not a Buddhist half the time. This afternoon, for example, she had in the hand with which she swept her skirt forward, a very charming little English copy of Keble's *Christian Year*, in mouse-colored, flexible leather, with red edges. It was a book that she had carried a good deal that summer.

She now looked up and down the road, and seeing no one but Rachel she undid her attitude and pinned her draperies courageously out of the way. "Let us go home through the berry pasture," she said, and at the same time she stepped out towards the bars of the meadow with a stride that showed the elastic beauty of her ankles and the neat fit of her stout walking-shoes; she mounted and was over before the country girl could let

down one of the bars and creep through. In spite of Mrs. Farrell's stylishness, the pasture and she seemed joyously to accept each other as parts of nature; as she now lounged over the tough, springy knolls and leaped from one gray-lichened rock to another, and glided in and out of the sun-shotten clumps of white birches, she suggested a well-millinered wood-nymph not the least afraid of satyrs; she suffered herself to whistle fragments of opera, as she stooped from time to time and examined the low bushes to see if there were any ripe berries yet. Such as she found she ate with a frank, natural, charming greed; but there were not many of them.

"We shall have to stick to custard pie for another week," she said; "I'm glad it's so good. Don't let's go home at once, Rachel. Sit down and have a talk, and I'll help you through afterwards, or get you out of the trouble somehow. Halt!" she commanded.

The girl showed a conscientious hesitation, while Mrs. Farrell sank down at the base of a boulder on which the sunset had been shining. The day was one of that freshness which comes often enough to the New England hills even late in July; Mrs. Farrell leaned back with her hands clasped behind her head, and closed her eyes in luxury. "Oh you nice old rock, you! How warm you are to a person's back!"

Rachel crouched somewhat primly near her, with her books on her knee, and glanced with a slight anxiety at the freedom of Mrs. Farrell's self-disposition, whose signal grace might well have justified its own daring.

"Rachel," said Mrs. Farrell, subtly interpreting her expression, "you're almost as modest as a man; I'm always putting you to the blush. There, will that do any better?" she asked, modifying her posture. She gazed into the young girl's face with a caricatured prudery, and Rachel colored faintly and smiled.

"Perhaps I wasn't thinking what you thought," she said.

"Oh yes, you were, you sly thing; don't try to deceive my youth and inex-

perience. I suppose you're glad your school's over for the summer, Rachel."

"I don't know. Yes, I'm glad; it's hard work. I shall have a change at least, helping about home."

"What shall you do?"

"I suppose I shall wait on table."

"Well, then, you shall *not*. I'll arrange *that* with your mother, any way. I'll wait on table myself, first."

"I don't see what difference it makes whether I work for the boarders in the kitchen or wait on them at the table."

"It makes a great difference: you can't be bidden by them if you're not in the way, and I'm not going to have a woman of genius asking common clay if it will take some more of the hash or another help of pie in *my* presence. Yes, I say *genius*, Rachel; and Mrs. Gilbert said so, too," cried Mrs. Farrell, at some signs in the girl, who seemed a little impatient of the subject, as of something already talked over; "and I'm proud of having been in the secret of it. I never *shall* forget how they all looked, when I came dancing out with it and stood it up at the head of the table, where they could see it! They thought I did it, and they had quite a revulsion of feeling when they found it was yours. Where are you going, Rachel? To Florence, or the Cooper Institute, or Doctor Rimmer?"

"I have no idea of going anywhere. I have no money; father could n't afford to send me. I don't expect to leave home."

"Well, then, I'll tell you: you must. Why can't you come and stay with me in Boston, this winter? I've got two rooms, and money enough to keep a couple of mice, — especially if one's a country mouse, — and we'll study art together. I might as well do that as anything — or nothing. Come, is it a bargain?"

"If I could get the money to pay for my boarding, I think I should like it very much. But I could n't," answered Rachel, quietly.

"Why, Rachel, can't you understand that you are to be my guest?"

Even the women of West Pekin are

slow to melt in gratitude, and Rachel replied without effusion.

"Did you mean that? It is very good of you, — but I could never think of it," she added, firmly. "I never could pay you back in any way. It would come to a great deal in a winter, — city-board."

"Do I understand you to refuse this handsome offer, Rachel?"

"I must."

"All right. Then I shall certainly count upon your being with me, for it would be foolish not to come, and whatever you are, Rachel, you're not foolish. I'm going to talk with your mother about it. Why, you little — chipmunk," cried Mrs. Farrell, adding the term of endearment after some hesitation for the precise expression, "I want you to come and do me credit. When your things are on exhibition at Williams and Everett's, and Doll and Richards's, I'm going to gather a few small spears of glory for myself by slyly telling round that I gave you your first instruction, and kept you from blushing unseen in West Pekin. I've felt the want of a *protégée* a good while, and here you are, just made to my hand. I heard before I came away that they were going to get up a life-class next winter. Perhaps we could get a chance to join that."

"Life-class?"

"Yes; to draw from the nude, you know."

"From the" — Rachel hesitated.

"Yes, yes, yes! my wild-wood flower. From the human being, the fellow-creature, with as little *on* as possible," shouted Mrs. Farrell. "How can you learn the figure any other way?"

A puzzled, painful look came into the girl's eyes, and "Do — do — ladies go?" she asked faintly.

"Of course they go!" said Mrs. Farrell. "It's a regular part of art-education. The ladies have separate classes in New York; but they don't abroad."

Rachel seemed at a loss what to answer. She dropped her eyes under Mrs. Farrell's scrutiny, and softly plucked at a tuft of grass. At last she said, without looking up, "It would n't be neces-

sary for me to go. I only want to paint animals."

"Well, and are n't *men* animals?" demanded Mrs. Farrell, leaning forward and trying to turn the girl about so as to look into her averted face.

"Don't!" said the other in a wounded tone.

"Rachel, Rachel!" cried Mrs. Farrell, tenderly, "I've really shocked you, have n't I? Don't be mad at me, my little girl: I did n't invent the life-class, and I never went to one. I don't know whether it's exactly nice or not. I suppose people would n't do it if it was n't. Come, look round at me, Rachel: I'm so glad of your liking me that if you stop it for half a second you'll break my heart!" She spoke in tones of anxious appeal, and then suddenly added, "If you'll visit me this winter we won't go to the life-class; we'll sleep together in the parlor and keep a cow in the back room."

Rachel gave way to a laugh, with her face hidden in her hands, and Mrs. Farrell fell back, satisfied, against her comfortable rock again, and put her hand in her pocket. "Look here, Rachel," she said, drawing it out. "Here's something of yours." She tossed a crisp, rattling ten-dollar note into the girl's lap, and nodded as Rachel turned a face of question upon her. "I sold your Blossom for that this morning; I forgot to tell you before. No, ma'am; I did n't buy it. Mrs. Gilbert bought it. The others praised it, Mrs. Gilbert paid for it: that's Mrs. Gilbert. I told her something about you, and how you owed everything to my instruction, and she offered ten dollars for Blossom. I tried to beat her down to five," she continued, while Rachel stared dumbly at the money, "but it was no use. She would n't fall a cent. She . . . Ugh! What's that?" cried Mrs. Farrell.

She gathered her dispersed picturesque hastily up, threw her head alertly round, and confronted a mild-faced cow, placidly pausing twenty paces off under the bough of a tree, through which she had advanced her visage, and softly regarding them with her gentle

brown eyes. "Why, Blossom, Blossom!" complained the lady. "How could you come up in that startling way? I thought it was a man! Though of course," she added less dramatically, "I might have remembered that there is n't a man within a hundred miles."

She was about to lean back again in her lazy posture, when voices made themselves heard from the wood beside the pasture, out of which Blossom had emerged. "Men's voices, Rachel!" she whispered. "An adventure! I suppose we must run away from it!"

Mrs. Farrell struggled up from her sitting posture, and, entangling her foot in her skirt, plunged forward with graceful awkwardness, but did not fall. She caught the pins out of her drapery, and Rachel and she were well on their way to the bars which would let them into the road, when two men emerged from the birch thicket out of which Blossom had appeared. One was tall and dark, with a firm, very dark mustache branching across a full beard. The other was a fair man, with a delicate face; he was slight of frame, and of the middle stature; in his whole bearing there was an expression of tacit resolution, which had also a touch of an indefinable something that one might call fanaticism. Both were city-clad, but very simply and fitly for faring through woods and fields; the dark man wore high boots, he carried a trouting-rod, and at his side was a fish-basket.

They looked after the two women, with eyes that clung charmed to the figure of Mrs. Farrell, as she drifted down the sloping meadow-path.

"Magnificent!" said the dark man, carelessly. "'A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair!'"

A flush came over the cheek of the other, but he said nothing, while he absently advanced to the rock beside which the women had been sitting, as if that superb shape had drawn him thus far after her. A little book lay there, which he touched with his foot before he saw it. As he stooped to pick it up, Mrs. Farrell stopped fleetly, as a deer stops, and wheeling round went rapidly back,

towards the two men. When Mrs. Farrell advanced upon you, you had a sense of lustrous brown eyes growing and brightening out of space, and then you knew of the airy looseness of the overhanging hair and of the perfection of the face, and last of the sweeping, undulant grace of the divine figure. So she came onward now, fixing her unfrightened, steadfast eyes upon the young man, out of whose face went everything but worship. He took off his hat, and bent forward with a bow, offering the pretty volume, at which he had hardly glanced.

"Thanks," she breathed, and for an instant she relaxed the severe impersonality of her regard, and flooded him with a look. He stood helpless, while she turned and swiftly rejoined her companion, and so he remained standing till she and Rachel had passed through the meadow-bars and out of sight.

Then the dark man moved and said solemnly, "Don't laugh, Easton; you would n't like to be seen through, yourself."

"Laugh, Gilbert?" retorted Easton, with a start. "What do you mean? What is there to laugh at?" he demanded.

"Nothing. It was superbly done. It was a stroke of genius in its way."

"I don't understand you," cried Easton.

"Why, you don't suppose she left it here on purpose, and meant one of us to pick it up, so that she could come back and get it from him, and see just what manner of men we were; and?"

"No! I *don't* suppose that."

"Neither do I," said Gilbert, nonchalantly. "I never saw anything more unconscious. Come, let's be going; there's nothing to call her back, now."

He put his hand under the fish-basket, and weighted it mechanically, while he used the mass of his uncoupled rod staff-wise, and moved away. Easton followed with a bewildered air, at which Gilbert, when he happened to glance round at him, broke into a laugh.

W. D. Howells.

SONNET.

I STOOD and leaned upon a balustrade:

Beneath me lay the gray-roofed city, Rome.

The sun had sunk beneath Saint Peter's dome,
While all the bells their Ave Mary played.

Sweet music filled the air, and the young moon
Trembled in liquid tenderness on high;

But I was looking northward with a sigh,
And said, "Ah, quiet vale, I greet thee soon!"
Now when the daylight fades I stand and gaze

Upon the silent fields and the dark hills

That close around my lonely home, till fills
My heart with longing for the Roman days.

O longing, changing heart! O world too small!

Would all were one, or one dear place were all!

F. S.

AT THE GATES OF THE EAST.

THE Mediterranean still divides the East from the West.

Ages of traffic and intercourse across its waters have not changed this fact; neither the going of armies nor that of embassies, Northmen forays nor Saracenic maraudings, Christian crusades nor Turkish invasions, neither the borrowing from Egypt of its philosophy and science nor the stealing of its precious monuments of antiquity down to its bones, not all the love-making, slave-trading, war-waging, not all the commerce of four thousand years, by oar and sail and steam, have sufficed to make the East like the West.

Half the world was lost at Actium, they like to say, for the sake of a woman; but it was the half that I am convinced we never shall gain; for though the Romans did win it they did not keep it long, and they made no impression on it that is not as stucco to granite compared with its own individuality. And I suppose there is not now and never will be another woman in the East handsome enough to risk a world for.

There, across the most fascinating and fickle sea in the world, — a feminine sea, inconstant as lovely, all sunshine and tears in a moment, reflecting in its quick mirror in rapid succession the skies of gray and of blue, the weather of Europe and of Africa, a sea of romance and nausea, — lies a world in everything unlike our own, a world perfectly known, yet never familiar and never otherwise than strange to the European and American. I had believed it not to be so; I had been led to think that modern civilization had more or less transformed the East to its own likeness; that, for instance, the railway up the Nile had practically done for that historic stream. They say that if you run a red-hot nail through an orange, the fruit will keep its freshness and remain unchanged a long time. The thrusting of the iron into Egypt may

arrest decay, but it does not appear to change the country.

There is still an Orient, and I believe there would be if it were all canaled and railwayed and converted; for I have great faith in habits that have withstood the influence of six or seven thousand years of changing dynasties and religions. Would you like to go a little way with me into this Orient?

The old-fashioned travelers had a formal manner of setting before the reader the reasons that induced them to take the journey they described; and they not unfrequently made poor health an apology for their wanderings, judging that that excuse would be most readily accepted for their eccentric conduct. "Worn out in body and mind we set sail," etc.; and the reader was invited to launch in a sort of funeral bark upon the Mediterranean, and accompany an invalid in search of his last resting-place.

There was in fact no reason why we should go to Egypt, — a remark that the reader will notice is made before he has a chance to make it, — and there is no reason why any one indisposed to do so should accompany us. If information is desired, there are whole libraries of excellent books about the land of the Pharaohs, ancient and modern, historical, archæological, statistical, theoretical, geographical; if amusement is wanted, there are also excellent books, facetious and sentimental. I suppose that volumes enough have been written about Egypt to cover every foot of its arable soil if they were spread out, or to dam the Nile if they were dumped into it, and to cause a drought in either case if they were not all interesting and the reverse of dry. There is therefore no *onus* upon the traveler in the East to-day to write otherwise than suits his humor; he may describe only what he chooses. With this distinct understanding I should like the reader to go with

me through a winter in the Orient. Let us say that we go to escape winter.

It is the last of November, 1874, — the beginning of what proved to be the bitterest winter ever known in America and Europe, and I doubt not it was the first nip of the return of the rotary glacial period, — when we go on board a little Italian steamer in the harbor of Naples, reaching it in a row-boat and in a cold rain. The deck is wet and dismal; Vesuvius is invisible, and the whole sweep of the bay is hid by slanting mist. Italy has been in a shiver for a month; snow on the Alban hills and in the Tusculum theatre; Rome was as chilly as a stone tomb with the door left open. Naples is little better; Boston, at any season, is better than Naples — now.

We steam slowly down the harbor amid dripping ships, losing all sight of villages and the lovely coast; only Capri comes out comely in the haze, an island cut like an antique cameo. Long after dark we see the light on it, and also that of the Punta della Campanella opposite, friendly beams following us down the coast. We are off Pæstum, and I can feel that its noble temple is looming there in the darkness. This ruin is in some sort a door into, an introduction to, the East.

When I looked out of the port-hole of the steamer, early in the morning, we were near the volcanic Lipari islands and islets, a group of seventeen altogether, which serve as chimneys and safety-valves to this part of the world. One of the small ones is of recent creation, at least it was heaved up about two thousand years ago, and I fancy that a new one may pop up here, any time. From the epoch of the Trojan war all sorts of races and adventurers have fought for the possession of these coveted islands, and the impartial earthquake has shaken them all off in turn. But for the mist we should have clearly seen Stromboli, the ever active volcano, but now we can only say we saw it. We are near it, however, and catch its outline, and listen for the groans of lost souls which the credulous crusaders used to hear issuing from its depths. It was

at that time the entrance of purgatory; we read in the guide-book that the crusaders implored the monks of Cluny to intercede for the deliverance of those confined there, and that therefore Odilo of Cluny instituted the observance of All Souls' Day.

The climate of Europe still attends us, and our first view of Sicily is through the rain. Clouds hide the coast and obscure the base of *Ætna* (which is oddly celebrated in America as an insurance against loss by fire); but its wide fields of snow, banked up high above the clouds, gleam like molten silver — treasure laid up in heaven — and give us the light of rosy morning.

Rounding the point of Faro, the *locale* of Charybdis and Scylla, we come into the harbor of Messina and take shelter behind the long, curved horn of its mole. Whoever shunned the beautiful Scylla was liable to be sucked into the strong tide Charybdis; but the rock has lost its terror for moderns, and the current is no longer dangerous. We get our last dash of rain in this strait, and there is sunny weather and blue sky at the south. The situation of Messina is picturesque; the shores of both Calabria and Sicily are mountainous, precipitous, and very rocky; there seems to be no place for vegetation except by terracing. The town is backed by lofty, circling mountains, which form a dark setting for its white houses and the string of outlying villages. Medieval forts cling to the slopes above it.

No sooner is the anchor down than a fleet of boats surrounds the steamer, and a crowd of noisy men and boys swarms on board, to sell us mussels, oranges, and all sorts of merchandise, from a hair-brush to an under-wrapper. The Sunday is hopelessly broken into fragments in a minute. These lively traders use the English language and its pronouns with great freedom. The boot-black smilingly asks, "You black my boot?"

The vendor of under-garments says: "I gif you four franc for dis one. I gif you for dese two a seven franc No? What you gif?"

Of a bright orange-boy we ask, "How much a dozen?"

"Half franc."

"Too much."

"How much you give? Tast him; he ver good; a sweet orange; you no like, you no buy. Yes, sir. Tak one. This a one, he sweet no more."

And they were sweet no more. They must have been lemons in oranges' clothing. The flattering tongue of that boy and our greed of tropical color made us owners of a lot of them, most of which went overboard before we reached Alexandria, and made fair lemonade of the streak of water we passed through.

At noon we sail away into the warm south. We have before us the beautiful range of Aspromonte, and the village of Reggio, near which in 1862 Garibaldi received one of his wounds, — a sort of inconvenient love-pat of fame. The coast is rugged and steep. High up is an isolated Gothic rock, pinnacled and jagged. Close by the shore we can trace the railway track which winds round the point of Italy, and some of the passengers look at it longingly; for though there is clear sky overhead, the sea has on an ungenerous swell; and what is blue sky to a stomach that knows its own bitterness and feels the world sinking away from under it?

We are long in sight of Italy, but Sicily still sulks in the clouds, and Mount Ætna will not show itself. The night is bright and the weather has become milder; it is the prelude to a day calm and uninteresting. Nature rallies at night, however, and gives us a sunset in a pale gold sky, with cloud islands on the horizon and palm groves on them. The stars come out in extraordinary profusion with a soft brilliancy unknown in New England, and the sky is of a tender blue, extremely delicate and not to be enlarged upon. A sunset is something that no one will accept second-hand.

On the morning of December 1st we are off Crete; Greece we have left to the north, and we are going at ten knots an hour toward great, hulking Africa. We sail close to the island and see its long,

high, barren coast till late in the afternoon. There is no road visible on this side, nor any sign of human habitation except a couple of shanties perched high up among the rocks. From this point of view Crete is a mass of naked rock lifted out of the waves. Mount Ida crowns it, snow-capped and gigantic. Just below Crete spring up in our geography the little islands of Gozo and Antigozo, merely vast rocks, with scant patches of low vegetation on the cliffs, a sort of vegetable blush, a few stunted trees on the top of the first, and an appearance of grass which has a reddish color. The weather is more and more delightful, a balmy atmosphere brooding on a smooth sea. The chill which we carried in our bones from New York to Naples finally melts away. Life ceases to be a mere struggle, and becomes a mild enjoyment. The blue tint of the sky is beyond all previous comparison delicate, like the shade of a silk, fading at the horizon into an exquisite gray or nearly white. We are on deck all day and till late at night, for once enjoying, by the help of an awning, real winter weather with the thermometer at seventy-two degrees.

Our passengers are not many, but selected. There are a German baron and his sparkling wife, delightful people, who handle the English language as delicately as if it were glass, and make of it the most *naïve* and interesting form of speech. They are going to Cairo for the winter, and the young baroness has the longing and curiosity regarding the land of the sun which is peculiar to the poetical Germans; she has never seen a black man nor a palm-tree. There is an Italian woman, whose husband lives in Alexandria, who, being in the captain's charge, monopolizes the whole of the ladies' cabin by a league with the slatternly stewardess, and behaves in a manner to make a state of war and wrath between her and the rest of the passengers. There is nothing bitterer than the hatred of people for each other on shipboard. When I afterwards saw this woman in the streets of Alexandria I had scarcely any wish to shorten her days upon this

earth. There were also two tough-fibred and strong-brained dissenting ministers from Australia, who had come round by the Sandwich Islands and the United States, and were booked for Palestine, the Suez Canal, and the Red Sea. Speaking of Aden, which has the reputation of being as hot as Constantinople is wicked, one of them told the story of an American (the English have a habit of fathering all their dubious anecdotes upon "an American") who said that if he owned two places, one in Aden and the other in H—, he would sell the one in Aden. These ministers are distinguished lecturers at home—a solemn thought, that even the most distant land is subjected to the blessing of the popular lecture.

Our own country is well represented, as it usually is abroad, whether by appointment or by self-selection. It is said that the oddest people in the world go up the Nile and make the pilgrimage of Palestine. I have even heard that one must be a little cracked who will give a whole winter to high Egypt; but this is doubtless said by those who cannot afford to go. Notwithstanding the peculiarities of so many of those one meets drifting around the East (as eccentric as the English who frequent Italian *pensions*), it must be admitted that a great many estimable and apparently sane people go up the Nile, and that such are even found among Cook's "personally conducted."

There is on board an American, or a sort of Irish-American, more or less naturalized, from Nebraska,—a raw-boned, hard-featured farmer, abroad for a two years' tour; a man who has no guide-book nor any literature except his Bible, which he diligently reads. He had spent twenty or thirty years in acquiring and subduing land in the new country, and without any time or taste for reading there had come with his possessions a desire to see that Old World about which he cared nothing before he breathed the vitalizing air of the West. That he knew absolutely nothing of Europe, Asia, or Africa, except the little patch called Palestine, and found a day in Rome too

much for a place so run down, was actually none of our business. He was a good, patriotic American, and the only wonder was that with his qualifications he had not been made consul somewhere.

But a more interesting person, in his way, was a slender, no-blooded, youngish, married man, of the vegetarian and vegetable school, also alone, and bound for the Holy Land, who was sick of the sea and otherwise. He also was without books of travel and knew nothing of what he was going to see or how to see it. What Egypt was he had the dimmest notion, and why we or he or any one else should go there. "What do you go up the Nile for?" we asked. The reply was that the Spirit had called him to go through Egypt to Palestine. He had been a dentist, but now he called himself an evangelist. I made the mistake of supposing that he was one of those persons who have a call to go about and convince people that religion is one part milk (skimmed) and three parts water—harmless, however, unless you see too much of them. Twice is too much. But I gauged him inadequately. He is one of those few who comprehend the future, and, guided wholly by the Spirit and not by any scripture or tradition, his mission is to prepare the world for its impending change. He is *en rapport* with the vast uneasiness, which I do not know how to name, that pervades all lands. He had felt our war in advance. He now feels a great change in the air; he is illuminated by an inner light that makes him clairvoyant. America is riper than it knows for this change. I tried to have him accurately define it, so that I could write home to my friends and the newspapers and the insurance companies; but I could only get a vague notion that there was about to be an end of armies and navies and police, of all forms of religion, of government, of property, and that universal brotherhood was to set in.

The evangelist had come abroad on an important and rather secret mission: to observe the progress of things in Europe, and to publish his observations in a book. Spiritualized as he was, he had no need of any language except the Amer-

ican; he felt the political and religious atmosphere of all the cities he visited, without speaking to any one. When he entered a picture-gallery, although he knew nothing of pictures, he saw more than any one else. I suppose he saw more than Mr. Ruskin sees. He told me, among other valuable information, that he found Europe not so well prepared for the great movement as America, but that I would be surprised at the number who were in sympathy with it, especially those in high places in society and in government. The Roman Catholic church was going to pieces; not that he cared any more for this than for the Presbyterian; he, personally, took what was good in any church, but he had got beyond them all; he was now working only for the establishment of the truth, and it was because he had more of the truth than others that he could see further. He expected that America would be surprised when he published his observations. "I can give you a little idea," he said, "of how things are working." This talk was late at night, and by the dim cabin-lamp. "When I was in Rome I went to see the head man of the Pope. I talked with him over an hour, and I found that he knew all about it!"

"Good gracious! You don't say so!"

"Yes, sir. And he is in full sympathy. But he dare not say anything. He knows that his church is on its last legs. I told him that I did not care to see the Pope, but if he wanted to meet me, and discuss the infallibility question, I was ready for him."

"What did the Pope's head man say to that?"

"He said that he would see the Pope, and see if he could arrange an interview; and would let me know. I waited a week in Rome, but no notice came. I tell you the Pope don't dare discuss it."

"Then he did n't see you?"

"No, sir. But I wrote him a letter from Naples."

"Perhaps he won't answer it."

"Well, if he does n't, that is a confession that he can't. He leaves me the field. That will satisfy me."

I said I thought he would be satisfied.

The Mediterranean enlarges on acquaintance. On the fourth day we are still without sight of Africa, though the industrious screw brings us nearer every moment. We talk of Carthage and think we can see the color of the Libyan sand in the yellow clouds at night. It is two o'clock on the morning of December 3d when we make the Pharos of Alexandria, and wait for a pilot.

Eagerness to see Africa brings us on deck at dawn. The low coast is not yet visible. Africa, as we had been taught, lies in heathen darkness. It is the policy of the Egyptian government to make the harbor difficult of access to hostile men-of-war, and we, who are peacefully inclined, cannot come in till daylight, and then with a pilot.

The day breaks beautifully, and the Pharos is set like a star in the bright streak of the east. Before we can distinguish land we see the so-called Pompey's Pillar and the light-house, the palms, the minarets, and the outline of the domes painted on the straw-color of the sky, a dream-like picture. The curtain draws up with Eastern leisure—the sun appears to rise more deliberately in the Orient than elsewhere; the sky grows more brilliant; there are long lines of clouds, golden and crimson, and we seem to be looking miles and miles into an enchanted country. Then ships and boats, a vast number of them, become visible in the harbor, and as the light grows stronger, the city and land lose something of their beauty; but the sky grows more softly fiery till the sun breaks through. The city lies low along the flat coast, and seems at first like a brownish-white streak, with fine lines of masts, palm-trees, and minarets above it.

The excitement of the arrival in Alexandria, and the novelty of everything connected with the landing, can never be repeated. In one moment the Orient flashes upon the bewildered traveler; and though he may travel far and see stranger sights, and penetrate the hollow shell of Eastern mystery, he never will see again, at once, such a complete contrast to all his previous experience. One strange, unfamiliar form takes the place of another

so rapidly that there is no time to fix an impression, and everything is so bizarre that the new-comer has no points of comparison. He is launched into a new world, and has no time to adjust the focus of his observation. For myself, I wished the Orient would stand off a little and stand still, so that I could try to comprehend it. But it would not; a revolving kaleidoscope never presented more bewildering figures and colors to a child than the port of Alexandria to us.

Our first sight of strange dress is that of the pilot and the crew who bring him off; they are Nubians, he is a swarthy Egyptian. "How black they are," says the baroness; "I don't like it." As the pilot steps on deck, in his white turban, loose robe of cotton, and red slippers, he brings the East with him; we pass into the influence of the Moslem spirit. Coming into the harbor we have pointed out to us the batteries, the palace and harem of the Pasha (more curiosity is always felt about a harem than about any other building, except perhaps a lunatic asylum), and the new villas along the curve of the shore. It is difficult to see any ingress on account of the crowd of shipping.

The anchor is not down before we are surrounded by row-boats, six or eight deep on both sides, with a mob of boatmen and guides, all standing up and shouting at us in all the broken languages of three continents. They are soon up the sides and on deck, black, brown, yellow, in turbans, in tarbooshes, in robes of white, blue, brown, in brilliant waist-shawls, slippered and bare-legged, bare-footed, half-naked, with little on except a pair of cotton drawers and a red fez; eager, big-eyed, pushing, yelling, gesticulating, seizing hold of passengers and baggage, and fighting for the possession of the traveler's goods, which seem to him about to be shared among a lot of pirates. I saw a dazed traveler start to land, with some of his traveling bags in one boat, his trunk in a second, and himself in yet a third, and a *commissionaire* at each arm attempting to drag him into two others. He evidently could not make up his mind, or his body, which to take.

We have decided upon our hotel, and ask for the *commissionaire* of it. He appears. In fact there are twenty or thirty of him. The first one is a tall, persuasive, nearly naked Ethiop, who declares that he is the only Simon Pure, and grasps our handbags. Instantly a fluent, business-like Alexandrian pushes him aside: "I am the *commissionaire*!" and is about to take possession of us. But a dozen others are of like mind, and Babel begins. We rescue our property, and for ten minutes a lively and most amusing altercation goes on as to which is the representative of the hotel. They all look like pirates from the Barbary coast, instead of guardians of peaceful travelers. Quartering an orange, I stand in the centre of an interesting group engaged in the most lively discussion, pushing, hauling, and fiery gesticulation. The dispute is finally between two.

"I, hotel Europe!"

"I, hotel Europe; he no hotel."

"He my brother; all same we."

"He! I never see he before," with a shrug of the utmost contempt.

As soon as we select one of them, the tumult subsides; the enemies become friends, and cordially join in loading our luggage. In the first five minutes of his stay in Egypt the traveler learns that he is to trust and be served by people who have not the least idea that lying is not a perfectly legitimate means of attaining any desired end. And he begins to lose any prejudice he may have in favor of a white complexion and of clothes. In a decent climate he sees how little clothing is needed for comfort, and how much artificial nations are accustomed to put on from false modesty.

We begin to thread our way through a maze of shipping, and hundreds of small boats and barges; the scene is gay and exciting beyond expression. The first sight of the colored, pictured, lounging, waiting Orient is enough to drive an impressionable person wild; so much that is novel and picturesque is crowded into a few minutes; so many colors and flying robes, such a display of bare legs and swarthy figures. We meet flat-boats coming down the harbor loaded

with laborers, dark, immobile groups in turbans and gowns, squatting on deck in the attitude which is the most characteristic of the East; no one stands or sits; everybody squats or reposes cross-legged. Soldiers are on the move; smart Turkish officers dart by in light boats with half a dozen rowers; the crew of an English man-of-war pull past; in all directions the swift boats fly, and with their freight of color it is like the thrusting of quick shuttles in the weaving of a brilliant carpet, before our eyes.

We step on shore at the custom-house. I have heard travelers complain of the delay in getting through it. I feel that I want to go slowly; that I would like to be all day in getting through; that I am hurried along like a person who is dragged hastily through a gallery, past striking pictures, of which he gets only glimpses. What a group this is on shore: importunate guides, porters, coolies! They seize hold of us. We want to stay and look at them. Did ever any civilized men dress so gayly, so little, or so much in the wrong place? If that fellow would untwist the folds of his gigantic turban he would have cloth enough to clothe himself perfectly. Look! that's an East Indian, that's a Greek, that's a Turk, that's a Syrian. A Jew? No, he's Egyptian; the crook nose is not uncommon to Egyptians: that tall round hat is Persian; that one is from Abyss—there they go, we have n't half seen them! We leave our passports at the entrance, and are whisked through into the baggage-room, where our guide pays a noble official three francs for the pleasure of his chance acquaintance; some nearly naked coolie porters, who bear long cords, carry off our luggage; and before we know it we are in a carriage, and a rascally guide and interpreter—Heaven knows how he fastened himself upon us in the last five minutes—is on the box and apparently owns us. (It cost us half a day and liberal backsheesh to get rid of the evil-eyed fellow.) We have gone only a little distance when a half dozen of the naked coolies rush after us, running by the carriage and laying hold of it,

demanding backsheesh. It appears that either the boatman has cheated them, or they think he will, or they have n't had enough. Nobody trusts anybody else, and nobody is ever satisfied with what he gets, in Egypt. These blacks, in their dirty white gowns, swinging their porter's ropes and howling like madmen, pursue us a long way and look as if they would tear us in pieces. But nothing comes of it. We drive to the Place Mehemet Ali, the European square, having nothing Oriental about it; a square with an equestrian statue of Mehemet Ali, some trees, and a fountain—surrounded by hotels, bankers' offices, and Frank shops.

There is not much in Alexandria to look at except the people and the dirty bazars. We never before had seen so much nakedness, filth, and dirt, so much poverty, and such enjoyment of it, or at least indifference to it. We were forced to adopt a new scale of estimating poverty and wretchedness. People are poor in proportion as their wants are not gratified. And here were thousands who have few of the wants that we have, and perhaps less poverty. It is difficult to estimate the poverty of those fortunate children to whom the generous sun gives a warm color for clothing, who have no occupation but to sit in the sand all day in some noisy and picturesque thoroughfare, and stretch out the hand for the few paras sufficient to buy their food, who drink at the public fountain, wash in the tank of the mosque, sleep in street corners, and feel sure of their salvation if they know the direction of Mecca. And the Mohammedan religion seems to be a sort of soul-compass, by which the most ignorant believer can always orient himself. The best dressed Christian may feel certain of one thing, that he is the object of the cool contempt of the most naked, half-blind, flea-attended, wretched Moslem he meets. The Oriental conceit is a peg above ours—it is not self-conscious.

In a fifteen minutes' walk in the streets the stranger finds all the pictures that he remembers in his illustrated books of Eastern life. There is turbaned Ali

Baba, seated on the hind-quarters of his sorry donkey, swinging his big feet in a constant effort to urge the beast forward; there is the one-eyed Calender, who may have arrived last night from Bagdad; there is the water-carrier with a cloth about his loins, staggering under a full goat-skin, the skin, legs, head, and all the members of the brute distended, so that the man seems to be carrying a drowned and water-soaked animal; there is the veiled sister of Zobeida riding a gray donkey astride, with her knees drawn up (as all women ride in the East), entirely enveloped in a white garment which covers her head and puffs out about her like a balloon; all that can be seen of the woman are the toes of her pointed yellow slippers, and two black eyes; there is the seller of sherbet, a waterish, feeble, insipid drink, clinking his glasses; and the veiled woman in black, with hungry eyes, is gliding about everywhere. The veil is in two parts, a band about the forehead, and a strip of black which hangs underneath the eyes and terminates in a point at the waist; the two parts are connected by an ornamented cylinder of brass, or silver, if the wearer can afford it, two and a half inches long and an inch in diameter. This ugly cylinder between the restless eyes gives the woman an imprisoned, frightened look. Across the street from the hotel, upon the stone coping of the public square, are squatting, hour after hour, in the sun, a row of these forlorn creatures in black, impassible and patient. We are told that they are washer-women waiting for a job. I never can remove the impression that these women are half stifled behind their veils and the shawls which they draw over the head; when they move their heads, it is like the piteous dumb movement of an uncomplaining animal.

But the impatient reader is waiting for Pompey's Pillar. We drive outside the walls, through a thronged gateway, through streets and among people wretched and picturesque to the last degree. This is the road to the large Moslem cemetery, and to-day is Thursday, the day for visiting the graves. The way is

lined with coffee-shops, where men are smoking and playing at draughts; with stands and booths for the sale of fried cakes and confections; and all along, under foot, so that it is difficult not to tread on them, are private markets for the sale of dates, nuts, raisins, wheat, and doora; the bare-legged owner sits on the ground and spreads his dust-covered, untempting fare on a straw mat before him. It is more wretched and forlorn outside the gate than within. We are amid heaps of rubbish, small mountains of it, perhaps the ruins of old Alexandria, perhaps only the accumulated sweepings of the city for ages, piles of dust and broken pottery. Every Egyptian town of any size is surrounded by these, the refuse of ages of weary civilization. What a number of old men, of blind men, ragged men!—though rags are no disgrace. What a lot of scrawny old women!—lean old hags, some of them without their faces covered; even the veiled ones you can see are only bags of bones. There is a dervish, a naked holy man, seated in the dirt by the wall, reading the Koran. He has no book, but he recites the sacred text in a loud voice, swaying his body backwards and forwards. Now and then we see a shrill-voiced, handsome boy also reading the Koran with all his might, and keeping a longing eye upon the passing world. Here comes a novel turnout. It is a long truck-wagon drawn by one bony horse. Upon it are a dozen women, squatting about the edges, facing each other, veiled, in black, silent, jolting along like so many bags of meal. A black innp stands in front, driving. They carry baskets of food and flowers, and are going to the cemetery to spend the day.

We pass the cemetery, for the pillar is on a little hillock overlooking it. Nothing can be drearier than this burying-ground, unless it may be some other Moslem cemetery. It is an uneven plain of sand, without a spear of grass or a green thing. It is dotted thickly with ugly stucco, oven-like tombs, the whole inconceivably shabby and dust-covered; the tombs of the men have head-stones

to distinguish them from those of the women. Yet shabby as all the details of this crumbling, cheap place of sepulture are, nothing could be gayer or more festive than the scene before us. Although the women are in the majority, there are enough men and children present, in colored turbans, fezes, and gowns, and shawls of Persian dye, to transform the grave-yard into the semblance of a pasture of flowers. About hundreds of the tombs are seated in a circle groups of women, with their food before them and the flowers laid upon the tomb, wailing and howling in the very excess of dry-eyed grief. Here and there a group has employed a "welee," or holy man, or a boy, to read the Koran for it; and these Koran readers turn an honest para by their vocation. The women spend nearly the entire day in this sympathetic visit to their departed friends; it is a custom as old as history, and the Egyptians used to build their tombs with a visiting ante-chamber for the accommodation of the living. I should think that the knowledge that such a group of women were to eat their luncheon wailing and roosting about one's tomb every week would add a new terror to death.

The pillar, which was no doubt erected by Diocletian to his own honor, after the modest fashion of Romans as well as Egyptians, is in its present surroundings not an object of enthusiasm, though it is almost a hundred feet high, and the monolith shaft was, before age affected it, a fine piece of polished syenite. It was no doubt a few thousand years older than Diocletian, and a remnant of that oldest civilization; the base and capital he gave it are not worthy of it. Its principal use now is as a surface for the paint-brushes and chisels of distinguished travelers, who have covered it with their precious names. I cannot sufficiently admire the *naïveté* and self-depreciation of those travelers who paint and cut their names on such monuments, knowing as they must that the first sensible person who reads the same will say, "This is an ass."

We drive, still outside the walls, towards the Mahmoodeeah canal, passing amid mounds of rubbish, and getting a

view of the desert-like country beyond. And now heaves in sight the unchanged quintessence of Orientalism; there is our first camel, a camel in use, in his native setting, and not in a menagerie. An entire line of them, loaded with building stones, are wearily shambling along. The long, bended neck apes humility, but the supercilious nose in the air expresses perfect contempt for all modern life. The contrast of this haughty "stuck-up-ative-ness" (it is necessary to coin this word to express the camel's ancient conceit) with the royal ugliness of the brute is both awe-inspiring and amusing. No human royal family dare be uglier than the camel. He is a mass of bones, faded tufts, humps, lumps, splay joints, and callosities. His tail is a ridiculous wisp, and a failure as an ornament or a fly-brush. His feet are simply big sponges. For skin covering he has patches of old buffalo robes, faded and with the hair worn off. His voice is more disagreeable than his appearance. With a reputation for patience, he is snappish and vindictive. His endurance is overrated; that is to say, he dies like a sheep on an expedition of any length, if he is not well fed. His gait racks muscles like an ague. And yet this ungainly creature carries his head in the air, and regards the world out of his great brown eyes with disdain. The Sphinx is not more placid. He reminds me, I don't know why, of a pyramid. He has a resemblance to a palm-tree. It is impossible to make an Egyptian picture without him. What a Hapsburg lip he has! Ancient? royal? The very poise of his head says plainly, "I have come out of the dim past, before history was; the deluge did not touch me; I saw Menes come and go; I helped Shoofoo build the great pyramid; I knew Egypt when it had n't an obelisk nor a temple; I watched the slow building of the old pyramid at Sakkara. Did I not transport the fathers of your race across the desert? There are three of us: the date - palm, the pyramid, and myself. Everything else is modern. Go to!"

Along the canal, where lie dahabeeahs that will by and by make their way up the Nile, are some handsome villas, pal-

aces, and gardens. This is the favorite drive and promenade. In the gardens which are open to the public we find a profusion of tropical trees and flowering shrubs; roses are decaying, but the blossoms of the yellow acacia scent the air; there are Egyptian lilies; the plant, with crimson leaves, not native here, grows as high as the abutilon-tree; the red passion-flower is in bloom, and morning-glories cover with their running vine the tall and slender cypresses. The finest tree is the sycamore, with great gnarled trunk and down-dropping branches. Its fruit, the sycamore fig, grows directly on the branch, without stem. It is an insipid, sawdusty fruit, but the Arabs like it, and have a saying that he who eats one is sure to return to Egypt. After we had tried to eat one, we thought we should not care to return. The interior was filled with lively little flies, and the priest attending a school of boys taking a holiday in the grove assured us that each fig had to be pierced when it was green, to let the flies out, in order to make it eatable. But the Egyptians eat flies and all.

The splendors of Alexandria must be sought in books. The traveler will see scarcely any remains of a magnificence which dazzled the world in the beginning of our era. He may like to see the mosque that covers the site of the church of Saint Mark, and he may care to look into the Coptic convent whence the Venetians stole the body of the saint, about a thousand years ago. Of course we go to see that wonder of our childhood, Cleopatra's Needles. Only one is standing; the other, mutilated, lies prone beneath the soil. The erect one stands near the shore, and in the midst of hovels and incredible filth. The name of the earliest king it bears is that of Thothmes III., the great man of Egypt, whose era of conquest was about fifteen hundred years before Saint Mark came on his mission to Alexandria. The city, which has had as many vicissitudes as most cities, boasting under the Cæsars a population of half a million, that had decreased to six thousand in 1800, and has now again grown to over two hundred thousand,

seems to be at a waiting point; the merchants complain that the Suez canal has killed its trade. Yet its prééminence for noise, dirt, and shabbiness will hardly be disputed; and its bazars and streets are much more interesting, perhaps because it is the meeting place of all races, than travelers usually admit.

We had scarcely set foot in our hotel when we were saluted and waited for by dragomans of all sorts. They knocked at our doors, they waylaid us in the passages; whenever we emerged from our rooms half a dozen rose up, bowing low; it was like being a small king, with obsequious attendants watching every motion. They presented their cards, they begged we would step aside privately for a moment and look at the bundle of recommendations they produced; they would not press themselves, but if we desired a dragoman for the Nile they were at our service. They were of all shades of color, except white, and of all degrees of Oriental splendor in their costume. There were Egyptians, Nubians, Maltese, Greeks, Syrians. They speak well all the languages of the Levant and of Europe, except the one in which you attempt to converse with them. I never made the acquaintance of so many fine fellows in the same space of time. All had the strongest letters of commendation from travelers whom they had served, well-known men of letters and of affairs. Travelers give these indorsements as freely as they sign applications for government appointments at home.

The name of the handsome dragoman who walked with us through the bazars was, naturally enough, Ahmed Abdallah. He wore the red fez (*tarboosh*), with a gay kuffia bound about it; an embroidered shirt without collar or cravat; a long shawl of checked and bright-colored Beyrout silk girding the loins, in which was carried his watch and heavy chain; a cloth coat, and baggy silk trousers that would be a gown if they were not split enough to gather about each ankle. The costume is rather Syrian than Egyptian, and very elegant when the materials are fine, with a suggestion of effeminacy to Western eyes.

The native bazars, which are better at Cairo, reveal to the traveler, at a glance, the character of the Orient; its cheap tinsel, its squalor and occasional richness and gorgeousness. The shops on each side of the narrow street are little more than good-sized wardrobes, with room for shelves of goods in the rear, and for the merchant to sit cross-legged in front. There is usually space for a customer to sit with him, and indeed two or three can rest on the edge of the platform. Upon cords stretched across the front hang specimens of the wares for sale. Wooden shutters close the front at night. These little cubbies are not places of sale only but of manufacture of goods. Everything goes on in the view of all the world. The tailor is stitching, the goldsmith is blowing the bellows of his tiny forge, the saddler is repairing the old donkey saddles, the shoe-maker is cutting red leather, the brazier is hammering, the weaver sits at his little loom with the treadle in the ground,—every trade goes on, adding its own clatter to the uproar.

What impresses us most is the good-nature of the throng under trying circumstances. The street is so narrow that three or four people abreast make a jam, and it is packed with those moving in two opposing currents. Through this mass comes a donkey with a couple of panniers of soil or of bricks, or bundles of scraggly sticks; or a camel surges in, loaded with building-joists or with lime, or a Turkish officer with a gayly-caparisoned horse impatiently stamping; a porter slams along with a heavy box on his back; the water-carrier with his nasty skin rubs through; the vender of sweetmeats finds room for his broad tray; the orange man pushes his cart into the throng; the Jew auctioneer cries his antique brasses and more antique raiment. Everybody is jostled and pushed and jammed; but everybody is in an imperturbable good-humor, for no one is really in a hurry, and whatever is, is as it always has been and will be. And what a cosmopolitan place it is! We meet Turks, Greeks, Copts, Egyptians, Nubians, Syrians,

Armenians, Italians; tattered dervishes, "welees," or holy Moslems, nearly naked, presenting the appearance of men who have been buried a long time and recently dug up; Greek priests, Jews, Persian Parsees, Algerines, Hindoos, negroes from Darfour, and flat-nosed blacks from beyond Kartoom.

The traveler has come into a country of holiday which is perpetual. Under this sun and in this air there is nothing to do but to enjoy life and attend to religion five times a day. We look into a mosque; in the cool court is a fountain for washing; the mosque is sweet and quiet, and upon its clean matting a row of Arabs are prostrating themselves in prayer toward the niche that indicates the direction of Mecca. We stroll along the open streets, encountering a novelty at every step. Here is a musician, a Nubian, playing upon a sort of tambour on a frame; a picking, feeble noise he produces, but he is accompanied by the oddest character we have seen yet. This is a stalwart, wild-eyed son of the sand, coal black, with a great mass of uncombed, disordered hair hanging about his shoulders. His only clothing is a breech-cloth, and a round shaving-glass bound upon his forehead; but he has hung about his waist heavy strings of goats' hoofs, and these he shakes, in time to the tambour, by a tremulous motion of his big hips as he minces about. He seems so vastly pleased with himself that I covet knowledge of his language in order to tell him that he looks like an idiot.

Near the Fort Napoleon, a hill by the harbor, we encounter another scene peculiar to the East. A yellow-skinned, cunning-eyed conjurer has attracted a ring of idlers about him, who squat in the blowing dust under the blazing sun, and patiently watch his antics. The conjurer himself performs no wonders, but the spectators are a study of color and feature. The costumes are brilliant red, yellow, and white. The complexions exhaust the possibilities of human color. I thought I had seen black people in South Carolina; I saw a boy just now standing in a doorway who would have

been invisible but for his white shirt; but here is a fat negress in a bright yellow gown and kerchief, whose jet face has taken an incredible polish; only the most accomplished boot-black could raise such a shine on a shoe. Tranquil enjoyment oozes out of her. The conjurer is assisted by two mites of children, a girl and a boy (no clothing wasted on them), and between the three a great deal of jabber and whacking with cane sticks is going on, but nothing is performed except the taking of a long snake from a bag and tying it round the little girl's neck. Paras are collected, however, and that is the main object of all performances.

A little farther on another group is gathered around a story-teller, who is reeling off one of the endless tales in which the Arabs delight; love-adventures, not always the most delicate but none the less enjoyed for that, or the story of some poor lad who has had a wonderful career and finally married the Sultan's daughter. He is accompanied in his narrative by two men thumping upon darabooka drums in a monotonous, sleepy fashion, quite in accordance, however, with the everlasting leisure that pervades the air. Walking about are the venders of greasy cakes, who carry tripods on which to rest their brass trays, and who split the air with their cries.

It is color, color, color, that makes all this shifting panorama so fascinating, and hides the nakedness, the squalor, the wretchedness of all this unconcealed poverty; color in flowing garments, color in the shops, color in the sky. We have come to the land of the sun.

At night, when we walk around the square, we stumble over bundles of rags containing men, who are asleep in all the corners, stretched on doorsteps, and laid away on the edge of the sidewalk. Opposite the hotel is a *casino*, which is more Frank than Egyptian. The musicians are all women, — Germans or Bohemians; the waiter-girls are mostly Italian; one of them says she comes from Bohemia, and has been in India, to which she proposes to return. The *habitués* are mostly young Egyptians in Frank dress except the tarboosh, and Italians, all effeminate fellows. All the world of loose living and wandering meets here. Italian is much spoken. There is little that is Oriental though, except it be a complaisance toward anything enervating and languidly wicked that Europe has to offer. This cheap concert is, we are told, the sole amusement at night that can be offered the traveler by the once pleasure-loving city of Cleopatra, in the once brilliant Greek capital wherein Hypatia was a star.

Charles Dudley Warner.

TO A CRITIC.

HOLD this sea-shell to your ear,
And you shall hear
Not the andante of the sea,
Not the wild wind's symphony,
But your own heart's minstrelsy.

You do poets and their song
A grievous wrong,
If your own heart does not bring
To their deep imagining
As much beauty as they sing.

T. B. Aldrich.

THE SANITARY DRAINAGE OF HOUSES AND TOWNS.

DR. BOWDITCH says, "All filth is absolute poison."

It should be the first purpose of town sewerage to remove the unclean refuse of life rapidly beyond the limit of danger; the second, to prevent it from doing harm during its passage; and the third, to regulate its final disposal.

The channel through which the removal is effected — the sewer — whether large or small, must conform to certain conditions, or it had better never have been built: —

a. It must be perfectly tight from one end to the other, so that all matters entering it shall securely be carried to its outlet, not a particle of impurity leaking through into the soil.

b. It must have a continuous fall from the head to the outlet, in order that its contents may "keep moving," so that there shall be no halting to putrefy by the way, and no depositing of silt that would endanger the channel.

c. It must be perfectly ventilated, so that the poisonous gases that necessarily arise from the decomposition of matters carried along in water, or adhering to the sides of the conduit, shall be diluted with fresh air, and shall have such means of escape as will prevent them from forcing their way into houses through the traps of house drains.

d. It must be provided with means for inspection, and, where necessary, for flushing.

e. Its size and form must be so adjusted to its work that the usual dry-weather flow shall keep it free from silt and organic deposits.

A sewer that is deficient in *any one* of these particulars is an unsafe neighbor to any inhabited house, and a fair subject for indictment as a dangerous nuisance. Frequently, when the systematic sewerage of a town is undertaken, there comes up the question of private drains, which have been built by individual enterprise and are really the

property of private owners; but owing to this complication, and to the fact that they are thought to be good enough for temporary purposes, they are often left to the last.

This is entirely wrong. *So far as circumstances will permit, the first action of the authorities should be to stop all connection of house drains with these sewers.* The next should be to stop all connection of house drains with private cess-pools. This may seem to those who have not considered the subject like an extreme statement; but all who have studied the evidence as to the means of propagation of infectious diseases will recognize its justice. The health of the community would really be less endangered if the offensive matters sought to be got rid of were allowed to flow, in the full light of day, in roadside gutters, than it now is by their introduction into the soil from which the water of house wells proceeds, and by the accumulation of putrefying masses in unventilated and leaky caverns, whence the poisonous gases sure to be produced find their way through the drains into our houses, or into their immediate vicinity. In the open air, their offensiveness would make us avoid them, and their poisonous emanations would be dissipated in the atmosphere. In the cess-pool and in a leaky sewer (which is but an elongated cess-pool) they too often find only one means of escape — through the drains into houses.

It is an almost invariable rule, in this country, to hold the question of sewerage in abeyance until after a public water supply has been provided. This is in every way unwise. It is a sufficient tax upon the soil of any ordinary village to receive its household wastes and subject them to a slow process of oxidation, so as to keep them, even under the most favorable circumstances, from doing great harm; but when the volume of these wastes is enormously increased by the

liberal use of water from public works running free in every house, the case becomes at once serious. The soil is oversaturated, not only with water, but with water containing the most threatening elements of danger.

On the other hand, no system of sewerage arranged to accommodate an abundant water supply should be introduced until enough water is provided to secure the thorough cleansing of the drains.

Both branches of the work should be carried out at once, so that the oversaturation of the ground and the danger of sedimentary deposits in the sewer may alike be avoided. Where the introduction of water is not contemplated, the local authorities of towns and villages should regard it as their most important duty to provide and maintain sufficient and absolutely impervious sewers wherever these are needed.

Nor is the simple foul-water sewerage enough, save where the soil is so dry as to be free from such sources of malaria as do not depend on the wastes of human life. Malaria is a poison in the atmosphere which is recognized only by its effects on health. It often accompanies foul-smelling gases, but it is not necessarily heralded by any form of appeal to the senses, unless it be in the way of nervous headaches and a general feeling of debility.

Its presence is often marked by a disturbance of sleep, uneasiness, lassitude, and digestive irregularity. Sir Thomas Watson, who has made one of the best statements of the case, says, —

“For producing malaria it appears to be requisite that there should be a surface capable of absorbing moisture, and that this surface should be flooded or soaked with water and then dried; the higher the temperature and the quicker the drying process, the more plentiful and the more virulent the poison that is evolved.”

If malaria come from cryptogams, then drainage may prevent the germination of these, just as it prevents the germination of the seeds of the cat-tail flag.

The districts soaked by hill-waters about Rome were malarious for many

centuries. Tarquin, by a system of deep subterranean drainage, collected this stagnant water and turned it into the Tiber. The lands became at once healthy, and were occupied by a large population. After the Gothic invasion the drains were neglected, became obstructed, and so they still continue; and for hundreds of years these once fertile and populous districts have remained almost uninhabitable.

In addition to the frequent examples of sanitary drainage in Europe, and conspicuously in England, there are some instances in our own country which are sufficiently striking.

The town of Batavia, in New York, became at one time so malarious that it was almost threatened with destruction. It was decided to drain some saturated lands near the town. The first work was carried on by subscription, but the agricultural profit demonstrated was enough to induce land-owners to continue it at their own expense. The malaria was immediately mitigated, and for the past twenty years the town has been practically free from it.

Shawneetown, in Indiana, was formerly exceedingly unhealthy. One seventh of the men engaged in building the railroad there died of malarious disease. The draining of the surface water by a ditch (which at one point had to be cut to a depth of forty feet) removed the cause of the difficulty, and the town has remained healthy ever since.

Embryo towns and paper cities — their surface being obstructed by partly finished roads, and the land being withdrawn from cultivation and left to the care of no one in particular — are often much more unhealthy than their sites would have been had the same population planted itself in the open fields.

Stagnant pools on which cryptogams grow are frequent sources of disease. Most surface ponds have their areas contracted in summer by evaporation, and their newly-exposed, foul margins are quite sure to poison the atmosphere.

The increase of population in malarious districts always exerts an especially bad influence, because the organic wastes

of human life accumulate in the soil and aggravate its insalubrity.

Closely allied to the malarious influences of saturated soils (especially in densely built districts) are those which attend the escape of sewer gas. The pernicious action of this gas is especially felt in the higher districts of sewered towns. As a rule, sewer air finds its escape in the higher-lying districts, and often conveys the germs of diseases originating in the lower and poorer parts of the town.

The Medical Officer of Glasgow says: "It has been conclusively shown that houses presumed to be beyond suspicion of any possible danger from this cause — houses in which the most skillful engineers and architects have, as they believed, exhausted the resources of modern science — have been exposed in a high degree to the diseases arising from air in contact with the products of decomposition in the sewers. And this for a very obvious reason. Such houses are usually built on high levels, where the drains have a very rapid fall."

Thon says that in Cassel, in the higher part of the town, which one would suppose the healthiest, typhoid fever was brought into houses by sewer gas which rose to them by reason of its lightness. In Oxford, in 1850, cholera, by the same action, appeared in several houses in the higher and healthier parts of the town.

In Berlin, in 1866, in those parts of the city where there were no sewers or water-closets, the deaths amounted to 0.37 per cent. of the population, while in the Luisenstadt, where sewers and water-closets were in general use, the deaths reached 4.85 per cent. Owing to errors in the construction of the sewers of Croydon (England), their early use was followed by a violent outbreak of typhoid fever, which attacked no less than eleven per cent. of the population.

The evidence is almost universal, that wherever sewerage works are badly executed, and where proper precautions against the invasion of houses by sewer gas are not taken, typhoid fever and diseases of the bowels are quite sure to be increased in intensity, and to appear in

parts of the town which, before sewerage was undertaken, were comparatively healthy.

In 1856 there was an epidemic of typhoid fever in Windsor, England. Four hundred and forty persons, or five per cent. of the whole population, were attacked, and thirty-nine died. The disease affected the rich quite as much as the poor, but it confined itself entirely to houses that were in communication with a certain defective town drain. Windsor Castle had its own drain, and its inmates were entirely untouched; in the town, places only a block apart suffered severely or escaped entirely according as they were in communication with the town drain or with the castle drain.

It should be understood that sewage matters, though offensive, are not dangerous until two or three days after their production. The great point sought to be gained in the water system of sewerage, and that which constitutes its chief claim to confidence, is the instant removal of all organic refuse, everything being carried entirely away from the vicinity of the town before decomposition can have begun. Any plan not effecting this is entirely inadequate, and, on sanitary grounds, objectionable.

In many towns where there is no water supply, a rude system of sewerage is adopted, with the precaution of prohibiting water-closet connections. This is really hardly a precaution at all. Investigations made in towns where the earth and ash systems prevail, as in many of the large manufacturing towns of the north of England, show that the ordinary contents of the public sewers are in all respects not less foul and offensive, and probably little less dangerous, than are the contents of those which receive all of the ordure of the town with a copious flow of water. That is to say, the kitchen wastes and house slops when mixed with the wash of the streets constitute so prolific a source of offensive sewer gases that the night-soil is not especially marked, save as a specific vehicle for the spreading of epidemics.

It is not the least benefit of the water supply in towns and villages that it soon-

er or later compels proper attention to the sewerage question; for a liberal supply of water running free of cost in every house soon leads to a great increase in the amount of water used and allowed to run to waste, and the result is that the people are awakened to the only argument by which average communities are at all affected, — the argument of life and death, — and are compelled, often in spite of themselves, to adopt more complete sewerage. It would show a wiser forethought, and lead to ultimate economy, if our towns would at once, on agitating the question of the introduction of water, couple with the scheme a plan of complete sewerage. It is a very ostrich-like blindness which hopes to escape the sure consequence of the beginning of the work. If it is undertaken at all, the double expense is inevitable, and it had better be honestly acknowledged and sufficiently provided for at the outset, especially as it is in every way better that the two operations should proceed simultaneously.

If the supply of water is ten gallons per head per day, the quantity of sewage to be removed will be about one hundred pounds daily for each person, of which the closet flow will constitute about one third. This assumes that the use of the water-closet is universal, that vaults are entirely done away with, and that the water is employed for all domestic requirements.

Nearly the most important item in connection with the arrangement of a plan for sewerage, and one in which professional experience is especially important, is the regulation of the sizes of the different main drains and laterals. This involves a consideration of the amount of sewage proper; the customary rain-fall of the district; the grade or inclination of the surface, as indicating the rapidity with which storm waters will find their way to the entrances of the sewers; and the extent to which, in order to avoid the flooding of cellars and other injury during copious rains, it is advisable to increase the sizes of the conduits beyond what is needed for ordinary use.

It is doubtful whether even large cities can really afford, in arranging their sewerage, to provide for the underground removal of the water of heavy rains, and certainly in smaller towns and villages it would be far cheaper to pay for repairing whatever damage might be caused by occasional heavy floods in the streets, or to provide for the removal of the water of these storms by surface gutters, than to make the size of the whole system of sewerage adequate for such work. Not only this, but sewers large enough to accommodate the water of very heavy storms would usually be too large for perfect cleansing with their daily flow, and would require expensive flushing appliances, which with smaller pipes would not be needed. In country towns it would not generally be wise to provide for removing through the pipes the flow of a heavier storm than one quarter inch per hour. Gutters are much cheaper than sewers, and there is usually no objection to their being depended on to remove the surplus water of sudden showers.

It is not unusual to provide in cities for a rain-fall of one inch per hour, and to assume that one half of this will reach the sewer within the hour. Even this is far more than is necessary, if any other provision can be made for exceptional storms. For example: In Providence, one hundred and eighty-five storms were recorded in twenty-six years. Of these, one hundred and fifty-eight were of one half inch or less, and one hundred and thirty-one were of one fourth inch or less. One half inch per hour equals thirty and one fourth cubic feet per minute per acre.

In Brooklyn, it is estimated that, aside from rain, the sewage equals one and one fourth times the water supply, or fifty million gallons per day, the half of which running off between nine A. M. and five P. M. gives 3,125,000 gallons per hour, escaping during eight hours. This, from twelve hundred acres, gives two hundred and sixty gallons or thirty-three cubic feet per acre per hour, being less than one hundredth of an inch in depth over the whole area.

It is a safe rule to estimate all sewage except rain-fall at eight cubic feet per head of population per day. Of this, one half will be discharged between nine A. M. and five P. M., equal to a flow of five hundred cubic feet per hour for each thousand of the population.

Sewers choke and overflow during heavy storms mainly because they are too large for the work they are ordinarily called on to perform. If a sewer is so small that its usual flow is concentrated to a sufficient depth to carry before it any ordinary obstruction, it will keep itself clean. But if, as is almost always the case where the engineer lacks experience or where he defers to the ignorance of the local authorities, it is so large that its ordinary flow is hardly more than a film, with no power even to remove sand, we may be quite sure that its refuse solid matters will gradually accumulate until they leave, near the crown of the arch, only the space needed for

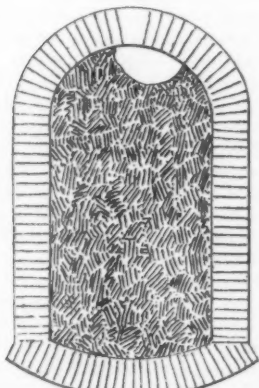
The shallower and broader the stream, the more the friction against the bottom and sides and the greater the retarding of velocity. A brick will stand unmoved in a shallow stream of water running sluggishly through a fifteen-inch drain, while if the same stream were concentrated into a five-inch drain it would have so much greater depth, force, and velocity, that the brick would be entirely covered and swept away.

The passion for too large pipes seems to be an almost universal one. The feeling is that it is best to make the conduit "big enough anyhow," and as a result, nearly every drain that is laid, in town or country, is so much larger than is needful that the cost of keeping it clean is often the most serious item of cost connected with it.

One principle is very apt to be disregarded in regulating the sizes of sewers: that is, that after water has once fairly entered a smooth conduit having a fall or inclination towards its outlet, the rapidity of the flow is constantly accelerated up to a certain point, and the faster the stream runs the smaller it becomes; consequently, although the sewer may be quite full at its upper end, the increasing velocity soon reduces the size of the stream, and gives room for more water. It is found possible, in practice, to make constant additions to the volume of water flowing through a sewer by means of inlets entering at short intervals, and the aggregate area of the inlets is thus increased to very many times the area of the sewer itself. Where a proper inclination can be obtained, a pipe eighteen inches in diameter makes an ample sewer for a population of ten thousand.

It was formerly the custom with architects and engineers to enlarge the area of any main pipe or sewer in proportion to the sectional area of each subsidiary drain delivering into it. But this is no longer done, since it has become known that additions to the stream increase its velocity, so that there is no increase of its sectional area. For example, the addition of eight junctions, each three inches in diameter to a main

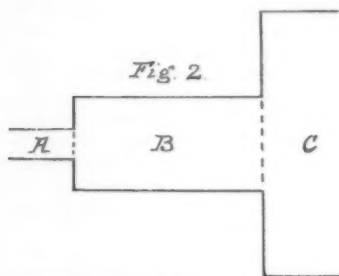
Fig 1



Cross section of a large sewer filled by the gradual accumulation of silt until only sufficient waterway is left for the smallest constant flow.

the smallest constant stream. And, in order to make room for a rain-fall flow, the whole sewer will have to be cleared by the costly and offensive process of removal by manual labor. A smaller sewer would have been kept clear by its own flow.

line of four-inch pipe, did not increase the sectional area of its flow, but made the flow only more rapid and cleansing. Ranger thus illustrates the average architect's method of draining a house and court. The reason for making *B* so large is to *prevent* its choking, an effect that its extra size is quite sure to produce.



A, 3-inch drop or soil-pipe.
B, 9-inch intermediate drain (9 times the area of *A*).
C, 26-inch sewer (8½ times the area of *B*, and 75 times the area of *A*).

The main sewer in Upper George Street, in London, is five and one half feet high and three and one half feet wide. In the bottom of this sewer there was laid a twelve-inch pipe five hundred and sixty feet long. A head-wall or dam was built at the upper end of this, so that all the sewage had to pass through the pipe. The whole area drained was about forty-four acres (built area). The velocity of the water in the pipe was found to be four and one half times greater than on the bed of the old sewer. The pipe contained no deposit, and during rains stones could be heard rattling through it. The force of water issuing from the pipe kept the bottom of the old sewer perfectly clean for about twelve feet below its mouth. From this point bricks and stones began to be deposited, and farther on sand, mud, and other refuse, to the depth of several inches. In one trial a quantity of sand, bricks, stones, mud, etc., was put into the head of the pipe; the whole of this was passed clear through the pipe, and much of it was deposited on the bottom of the old sewer some distance from its end. The

pipe was rarely observed to be more than half full at its head. It was found that the sum of the cross sections of the house drains delivering to this half-full twelve-inch pipe was equal to a circle thirty feet in diameter.

Another experiment was made with a sewer in Earl Street, which took the drainage from twelve hundred average-sized London houses, the area occupied being forty-three acres of paved or covered surface. It was three feet wide and had a sectional area of fifteen feet, with an average fall of one in one hundred and eighteen. The solid deposit from the twelve hundred houses accumulated to the amount of six thousand cubic feet per month (two hundred and twenty-two cart-loads). A fifteen-inch pipe placed in this sewer, with an inclination of one in one hundred and fifty-three, kept perfectly clear of deposit. The average flow from each house was about fifty-one gallons per day, and, apart from rain-fall, the twelve hundred houses would have been drained by a five-inch pipe. It was estimated that at that time (about twenty-five years ago) the mere house drainage of the whole of London might be discharged through a sewer three feet in diameter; yet there is probably not a village of five thousand inhabitants in the United States whose magnates would be satisfied with a sewer of much less size for their own purposes; and a single hotel in Saratoga has secured future trouble in the way of the accumulation of raw material for the production of poisonous sewer gas, by laying a drain for its own uses thirty inches in diameter.

Rats and vermin live and breed in large sewers, never in small pipes.

A fifteen-inch sewer was formerly considered the smallest size admissible for the drainage of a "mansion." Such a sewer, with a fall of one in one hundred and twenty, or one inch in ten feet, would drain nearly two hundred of the largest city houses; and a nine-inch drain with the same inclination would remove the house-drainage and storm water from twenty such houses.

A curious example of the capacity of

small pipes was furnished in a case where a six-inch pipe was laid for the drainage of one detached house. One after another, as new houses were built, new drains were connected with this same pipe, until, after a time, it was found to be clean and in perfect action, though carrying all the drainage of one hundred and fifty houses. In a second instance a workman by mistake used for the drainage of a large block of houses a pipe which the architect had intended for a single house, and it was found to work perfectly.

It may be taken as a rule that, with even a slight fall, a well-constructed eighteen-inch pipe sewer is ample for the drainage of an ordinary village area containing seven or eight hundred houses. In one instance a sewer of this size, having a fall of one in one thousand, accumulated but little deposit, and this was always removed by storms. In Tottenham (London) a main sewer of nine-inch pipe, widening to twelve-inch and afterward to eighteen-inch, and having a fall of one in one thousand and sixty-two, drained an area containing sixteen hundred houses. Its ordinary current was two and one half miles per hour, and brickbats introduced into it were carried to the outlet. During ordinary continued rains it was not more than half full half a mile from the outlet, and at the outlet the stream was only two and three fourths inches deep.

During the preparation of these papers the Sewer Commissioners of Saratoga (the writer being employed as their consulting engineer) have completed a main sewer more than two miles long, for the removal of the entire sewage, rain-fall, and spring-water drainage of that village. The experience with this work affords so pertinent an illustration of the principles here advanced that it seems worth while to refer to it. The village is large and scattered, has an abundant water supply, is so inclined that during showers its storm waters concentrate rapidly, and has, aside from its regular population, five or six enormous hotels, entertaining, when full, about as many thousand guests. The village brook itself,

being mainly supplied by spring water flowing from various points over a wide district, is always a considerable stream. As it flowed through its old channel—a conduit with rough, loosely-laid stone side-walls, and with a more or less irregular bottom—its sectional area was about five feet. During heavy rains it was sometimes thrice this.

From the very beginning of the work we encountered the most violent opposition on the part of many citizens, who believed that the sewer contemplated (circular, three feet in diameter) would be entirely inadequate, not only for the removal of the water of heavy rains, but even for the drainage of the hotels alone, or the carrying of the storm waters alone; and throughout its construction this main sewer has been derided as a "cat hole." We were constantly reminded that one hotel had a main drain eighteen inches in diameter, and another a drain two and one half feet in diameter, and that it was madness, with these drains as our guide, to attempt to accomplish the whole work with a three-foot sewer; especially as our fall was said to be slight, one foot in four hundred feet.

On the 9th of July, 1875, the connections were made with all of the hotels; the village brook itself was turned into the sewer at its head, and its insufficiency was to be demonstrated. After every available source of water had been drained, the depth of flow in the upper part of the sewer was six and one half inches. Nearer the outlet, where the water had acquired its maximum velocity, it was only four and one half inches. As this was not sufficient to wash out the few loose boards carelessly left by the workmen who had done the final pointing of the joints, a hydrant was turned on at the upper end of the sewer, with a full head, and it had the effect only of raising the flow one inch at the upper end and less than half an inch at the lower end of the sewer. On the 10th there fell a violent thunder-shower, flooding the street gutters until the water ran to the top of the curb-stones, and when this flood had reached the catch-basins and the open brook that discharged into the head of

the sewer, its only effect was to raise the flow, at the highest point, less than two inches, justifying my original opinion that a two-foot sewer would have been more than adequate for all that was required of it. On the 30th day of August the entire village brook, with its tributaries and its many springs, was turned into the three-foot sewer, near the water-works, about one half mile beyond the outskirts of the village. The effect of this addition was to increase the depth of flow in the sewer from about six inches to nine inches, and to increase the velocity of its stream from one hundred and fifty feet per minute to one hundred and eighty-five feet per minute. I can excuse my course in recommending so large a sewer as one of three feet, only by the fact that in the state of public opinion then it would have been entirely impossible to secure the making of anything smaller. Before the introduction of the brook I examined the outlet of the Grand Union Hotel, which had then about eight hundred and fifty guests and four hundred and fifty servants, or about thirteen hundred inmates in all. There can hardly be fewer than one hundred water-closets in the house, and the use of water in this hotel seems to be in every way as copious as possible. The hour of examination was ten in the morning, at which time, as the landlord supposes, the largest flow is running. By the most careful measurement and estimate that I could make, the amount of sewage then flowing from that hotel measured four and one half inches in sectional area, and might have all been discharged by a two and one half inch pipe.

The pipe sewer has been so long in successful use that there is no further question of its value. Even ten years ago, fifty miles of such pipe were made per week in Great Britain alone.

Accuracy in form and joints, and smoothness of surface, are very important. A perfectly round pipe, accurately laid at the joints, will deliver, under the same circumstances, fifty per cent. more water than one of distorted form or with ill-fitting joints.

Any roughness of surface, as in even the best made cement pipes, tends to catch hair and lint and thus to form nuclei for accumulating obstructions, sometimes so hard that they can be removed only by forcible mechanical means.

With a well-constructed system of pipe sewers, not too large for the work required of them, of good form and surface, with perfect joints, with only curved junctions, and with a well regulated even if slight fall, every particle of the sewage of the town may be delivered at the outlet, far away from the built-up districts, long before any decomposition of the refuse matter has set in; though occasional flushing may be necessary to cleanse the sides of the pipes from slimy matters adhering to them.

In New York, the cost of flushing and cleansing sixty miles of pipe sewers was found to be only fifty dollars per year.

The material of the pipe should be a hard, vitreous substance, not porous, since this would lead to the absorption of the impure contents of the drain, would have less actual strength to resist pressure, would be more affected by frost or by the formation of crystals in connection with certain chemical combinations, or would be more susceptible to the chemical action of the constituents of the sewage. The best pipe known in our market is the Scotch; but some American work is very nearly as good.

Sewer pipes should be salt-glazed, as this requires them to be subjected to a much more intense heat than is needed for slip-glazing, and thus secures a harder material.

Pipes having a socket at one end should be furnished with a gasket before being cemented, in order that no cement may be pressed through into the bore of the sewer, to cause a disturbance of the flow. Where there is danger of the penetration of roots, as near elm-trees, the sewer should be bedded in a sufficient thickness of concrete to prevent the entrance of rootlets, which are sure to find and to penetrate the smallest aperture. An entrance once effected, a mass of fibres soon forms, sufficient to retard or entirely to arrest the flow.

A chief argument in favor of the use of pipes rather than brick sewers lies in their greater essential cleanliness. Brick sewers are always offensive, even though small, because their porous walls are more or less permeated by the filth of their contents. If (as is almost always the case) they are too large, there will be the additional annoyance of accumulations of refuse as foul and dangerous as the contents of any cess-pool, producing poisonous gases which are free to travel through the sewer and all its branches.

The first question to be considered in arranging the plan for the sewerage of a town or village is that of an outlet, at which the foul sewage of the streets and houses may be delivered without danger of polluting water-courses or destroying their fish, or of silting up harbors or navigable streams; and without forming within dangerous proximity to the town a deposit of offensive sewage matters which might constitute a source of annoyance or of insalubrity.

In all cases where this part of the problem presents difficulties, it should be considered whether a separate direction or a shorter outfall may not be given to the storm-water drainage, allowing the sewers to deliver at their main outlet only the ordinary drainage of houses and the street-wash of very slight rains. The cases are frequent where the removal of the sewage proper may be best and most economically secured by artificial pumping; though, in the majority of instances, it will be practicable, by the use of intercepting sewers, to deliver by natural outfall the drainage of all except the very lowest portions of the town. It is in the adjustment of this part of the work that the experience and judgment of the engineer in charge will be the most severely tested; in all matters of construction, ventilation, house connections, etc., certain rules and explicit directions can be applied, but the arrangement of the outlet varies with nearly every new undertaking, and with reference to this branch of the subject it is possible here to give only general indications.

It would often be practicable to take

the small ordinary flow of public sewers to a remote point, when the cost of providing such an outlet for storm water would be so great as to make it impracticable. In such cases there may be carried from the point of outlet to the distant point of discharge the smallest pipe that will accommodate the usual flow, so arranged that whenever, as during storms, the volume is increased beyond the capacity of this pipe, it shall overflow and be carried directly into the stream or harbor at hand. At such times the amount of water in the sewage will so dilute it that no bad effect need be apprehended.

The great danger in nearly all the towns of our Atlantic seaboard lies in the fact that they discharge some of their most important sewers below high-water mark, so that at each rise of tide not only is the flow at these points checked, and foul silt allowed to collect in the stilled water, but the closing of the vent at this end of the sewer and the rise of water within it, whether by the action of the tide or through the accumulation of the flow from above, brings a pressure to bear upon the contained air and forces it to escape at the higher points; so that the state of the tide is often made perceptible by the forcing of water traps a mile or more distant from the outlet.

Outlets, especially of large sewers, exposed to strong winds, are likewise very objectionable, the pressure of the wind forcing the tainted air to find vent too often through badly trapped drains leading into occupied houses.

Where necessary to secure a constant flow of sewage, pumping should always be resorted to. With coal at nine dollars per ton, the cost of lifting thirty thousand gallons ten feet high with a twenty-five horse-power engine would not exceed seventy-five cents, while with a larger engine and a larger flow the relative cost would be much less. It was estimated that to lift the whole sewage and rain-fall from a low-lying district in London, occupying four thousand acres, to a height of thirty-one feet would cost about five cents per annum per head of population. Whatever the cost of pumping, it may

be made in level districts to do away with any outlay for cleansing or flushing sewers, which without pumping must have been laid nearly level.

There are few cases yet in this country where it is necessary to discharge the sewage of a town into a stream from which other towns receive their water supply, though the towns along the Schuylkill River still stand in this relation to the city of Philadelphia. The time is probably not very distant when this question will become here, as it now is in England, a very serious one.

Tidal estuaries and bays receiving the drainage of a town are sure to have those parts of their bottoms and sides which are alternately covered and exposed by the changing tides fouled with organic matter, and to become thereby seriously offensive.

Recent sewage floats in water. After maceration it sinks in still water and in currents having a less velocity than one hundred and seventy feet per minute. Its specific gravity is 1.325.

The condition of Newtown Creek, Wallabout Bay, and the Gowanus Canal and Bay, near Brooklyn, are examples of the subsidence of sewage in eddies and slack water.

Tides may be made extremely useful in the flushing of sewers in level lowlands, but care should be taken to carry the outlet to a point where the inconvenience from subsidence will be reduced to the minimum.

All sewers must at least be *vented*, and for perfect security all ought to be well ventilated. It is of the first importance to provide openings for the escape of the contained air and gases when these are compressed, either by a wind blowing into the outlet or by the increase of the quantity of water in the sewer from the rise of the tide or from heavy rain-fall. Unless such precaution is taken, house traps will surely be forced and sewer gas will surely escape into dwellings. It is, however, hardly less important that there should be such a free circulation of air through the sewer as will prevent the formation of those poisonous, mephitic gases which are especially generated in

the absence of a sufficient supply of oxygen.

Latham says that unventilated sewers are far more dangerous than steam-engines without safety-valves. They contain in their air some quality that is pestilential and dangerous to health, and this can be disposed of or neutralized only by giving the air of the sewer a free communication with the atmosphere. Typhoid fever is said rarely to be absent from towns with unventilated sewers. The constantly changing pressure upon the confined air within these conduits acts in connection with the draughts of chimneys and the force of winds to cause the bubbling of house traps, accompanied with an entrance of more or less of the sewer emanations.

When the sewerage works of Croydon were nearly completed and the town was visited by an epidemic of typhoid fever, the mortality rose from 18.53 per thousand to 28.57 per thousand. Although it is probable that the only matters decomposing in the sewer were such as adhered to the pipes (which were well flushed), there were frequent outbreaks of fever until 1866. Diseases which had formerly made their haunts in the lower parts of the town traveled by means of the sewers and infected the higher districts. In 1866 the sewers were systematically ventilated, and since that time there have been no periodical outbreaks of fever, and, with a doubled population, "the rate of mortality rarely exceeds eighteen in the thousand, which is a standard of health unparalleled in the history of sanitary science for a district having so large a population."

The principle of the ventilation of a sewer is practically the same as that adopted by builders for the prevention of dry-rot. The fungi which cause this rot in timber cannot produce their germs in a current of air, and if a sufficient number of ventilating openings are made, communicating with each other, the action of the wind from one side or the other will cause a sufficient current. So in a sewer, a continuous movement of the air in one direction or the other carries away and dilutes sewer gases,

and if they contain germs of organic disease capable of infecting the human blood, these are believed to be destroyed by oxidation or otherwise.

A safe sewer always has a current of air passing through it, and if it contains sewage matters at all, these also must be in constant motion. On this incessant movement of the air and the liquid must we rely for our only security. A solution of sugar in water, remaining stagnant, and protected from a free circulation of air, will enter into a vinous fermentation. If well ventilated and agitated, no such fermentation takes place. The excrement of a typhoid patient, continually agitated in contact with fresh air and a fair admixture of water, passes through a series of complete chemical changes, with no injurious product; but if allowed to remain stagnant, if not freely exposed to the air, or if it gain access to human circulation before a certain oxidation, it will, like a ferment, reproduce itself, and give rise to the conditions under which it was itself produced. Motion and aeration are therefore needed to prevent infection, which is sure to be generated when typhoid evacuations are confined and stagnant. Unventilated and badly-constructed sewers are sure agents for the propagation of the disease.

The resulting gases of sewer decomposition are the vehicle or medium for the conveyance of infection, and from their lightness they give rise to a rapid diffusion owing to the eagerness with which they seek means of escape at the higher parts of the sewer system, that is, in house drains, soil pipes, etc. It may not be possible entirely to prevent the development of the poison in even the best arranged sewer, but it is possible, by a free admission of air, to supply the oxygen which will take away its sting and render it harmless. Sewers which have large and frequent openings at the street surface, and through which the liquid contents have a constant flow, may give forth offensive smells, but, if they have proper attention, sanitary evils do not often result.

Sewer gas, when largely diluted on its

escape (at frequent intervals) into the air of the street, is probably nearly or quite innoxious, but when it forces its way into the limited atmosphere of a closed living-room, the poison, or the germs of disease accompanying it, may work their fatal effects.

Sulphuretted hydrogen is found in all sewers in which the sewage itself or the mucous matters adhering to the pipe assume a certain degree of putridity. This gas is extremely poisonous; so much so that one part of the gas to two hundred and fifty parts of atmospheric air will kill a horse. At one half this intensity it will kill a dog. A rabbit was killed by having its body immersed in a bag of it, although its head was not inclosed and it could breathe pure air freely.

One of the most frequent sources of pressure upon the air within a sewer is the increase of temperature arising from the hot water escaping from kitchens and baths. The repeated expansions and contractions caused by the admission of hot and cold water produce a constant effect on all water traps connecting with unventilated sewers. With ventilation, the breathing in and out, as the air of the sewer contracts or expands, does not affect the water traps, because an easier passage is found through the ventilators.

The constantly changing volume of water in many sewers, as has been before stated, exerts a powerful influence on the confined air. As the water rises it reduces the air space, and if it reduces this to one half, it brings to bear upon the air a pressure equal to a column of water thirty-four feet in height, and this pressure is relieved by a forcing out of air through the most available channel,—the channel where there is the least resistance; if there is no other vent, a sufficient number of water traps must be forced to allow the pressure to become reduced. It being reduced, and the water falling again to a lower level, a vacuum is created which must be supplied by air forcing the traps in a reverse direction, and in either case the forced trap may remain open for the free pas-

sage of foul air until another use fills it with water. In the ebb and flow, too, a part of the perimeter of the sewer is made alternately wet and dry, with an accompanying production of vapor and gas.

As the chief domestic use of sewers is between morning and noon, and as at this time the most hot water passes into them, the pressure on the air in the sewer is during this period increased both by an elevation of the temperature and by a reduction of the air space. Then, from about noon until the next morning, the quantity of the flow decreases, the air-space increases, the temperature falls, and more air must be admitted to supply the partial vacuum created. Such fluctuations are constantly occurring, accompanied with a drawing in and forcing out of air, for which ample passage *must* be made independently of the water traps of houses, or sewer gas will surely enter them. Where proper air vents are provided, this ebb and flow of the sewer may be increased, with great advantage in the matter of ventilation, by artificial flushing arrangements which will allow the water to be dammed back and released at frequent intervals.

The movement of the air in and out of the sewer is also affected by barometric changes.

Where proper ventilation is furnished there will be an advantage in exposing the outlets of sewers to the direct action of the wind, but where there is not sufficient vent for escape, such outlets should, as has been stated, always be screened against strong currents of air.

Numerous experiments have been made with tall chimneys and fires, having for their purpose the creation of a strong draught from the sewer, but these have never worked satisfactorily, and are in no case to be recommended, being both expensive and troublesome. By reason of the causes constantly at work tending to the increase and decrease of the pressure of the air in the sewer, this variation may safely be depended on to furnish all needed ventilation, if only sufficient openings are provided

from which air can pass in and out at frequent intervals.

Ventilation by rain-water pipes from the eaves of houses has often been recommended, but experience has shown that it is unsatisfactory, not only because it frequently discharges sewer gas near the windows of sleeping-rooms, but because at the time when ventilation is most needed these pipes are not available; either being filled with a rush of water or else having such a rapid downward current as to move the air toward the sewer rather than away from it, or because, from the position at which rain water inlets are often introduced into sewers, these are entirely closed when there is a large amount of sewage flowing, — as during heavy rains, when ventilation is especially demanded.

This system was adopted during the early days of the Croydon work, and was rigorously pursued. In 1860 such ventilation was compulsory in all cases. The mortality was very much increased until a better system was adopted in 1866, when the death-rate fell again to its old standard.

In *Hints on House Drainage*, by Dr. Carpenter, of Croydon, we are told, with reference to fatal epidemics of typhoid fever, that the illness dated from two distinct times, at both of which, with a high temperature and a stifling atmosphere, there was a heavy fall of rain. "I do not mean to assert that each case commenced immediately after the rain-fall, but in upwards of twenty fatal cases into the history of which I examined, the commencement curiously ran up to two distinct dates, and of many slighter cases the patients stated that they had not felt well about the same periods." One case occurred in his own house. The water-pipe ventilators being closed by the rain water, and the air in the sewers being compressed by the increased volume of the flow, the gas forced the water trap of his soil pipe and escaped into his tank room, where the upper end of the ventilator was used as an overflow pipe for the cistern. This air ascended to a room occupied by two persons, both of whom were at-

tacked with typhoid fever. There were no other cases in the house.

After all the experiments that have been tried with shafts, furnaces, mechanical blowers, steam jets, electricity, etc., the most experienced engineers have settled upon more frequent ventilation, by means of man-holes and lamp-holes opening at the centres of streets, as in all respects the best and safest. If these openings are sufficiently frequent, there is such an easy and thorough circulation of air in the sewer that the concentration of poisonous or of offensive gases is prevented, and their escape into the open air takes place at a point where they will be more diluted before reaching the sidewalks or the houses than if withdrawn by any other means yet devised. By the use of the excellent charcoal ventilators described below, so arranged as to give free vent at their openings, all practical danger or objection may be obviated.

The great safety, however, lies in the dilution of the gases by the free admission of air, and by their escape, when they escape at all, into the open air as far as possible from the house line. The effect of dilution is fully shown in fever hospitals: formerly, the mortality among both patients and attendants was frightful to contemplate; but now, although the ventilation is often far from complete, the condition of the patients themselves is much improved, and contagion is almost done away with; so much so that if an attendant contracts the disease it is taken as clear evidence that there has not been a sufficient dilution of the exhalations from the patients, or, in other words, that the ventilation has been imperfect.

The absorbing and disinfecting power of charcoal fully sustains its popular reputation. Latham quotes the following from Professor Musprat: "The absorbing powers of charcoal are so great that some have doubted whether it is really a disinfectant. This opinion has probably arisen from imperfect views of its *modus operandi*, since it not only imbibes and destroys all offensive exhalations and oxidizes many of the products

of decomposition, but there is scarcely a reasonable ground of doubt remaining that it does really possess the property of a true disinfectant, acting by destroying those lethal compounds upon which infection depends."

Strictly speaking, the charcoal is simply an apparatus by which a natural process is carried on in an intensified form. It has the two important qualities of condensing upon the surfaces of its inner particles eight or ten times its volume of oxygen, and of attracting to itself all manner of other gases. It is not necessary that sewer gas be brought into direct contact with it by external pressure. By the operation of the law of the diffusion of gases, the impurities of the air next to the charcoal being absorbed, remoter impurities flow to this space and are in turn taken up, until the contents of a close room may be entirely purified by a small dish of charcoal. The oxygen that consumes or burns up the organic matter is speedily replaced from the atmosphere, and the constant efficiency of the apparatus is thus maintained.

The clogging of the pores of the charcoal with dust, or their saturation with water, prevents this action, and charcoal that has become wet or foul must be dried or burned in a retort before it becomes again perfect in its action. If charcoal ventilators are so situated as to keep dry and free from dust, they will not require changing or reburning more often than once a year.

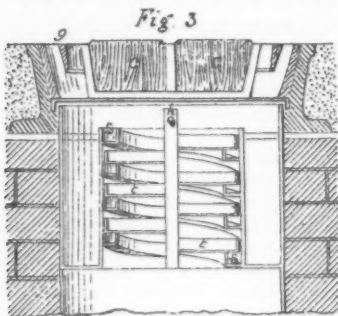
The efficiency of even a small quantity of charcoal will be understood when we remember Liebig's statement, that a cubic inch of beech-wood charcoal contains a surface of interior particles equal to one hundred square feet.

The capital adaptation of charcoal to use in sewer ventilators is further shown by the fact that it absorbs gases contained in or accompanied by the vapor of water (as they always escape from the sewer) much more readily than those which are dry.

All manner of chemicals used for disinfecting sewer gas are objectionable, from their unpleasant odor, their own

injurious character, the constant attention their use demands, and their expense; nothing has yet been discovered that can at all compare with the simple use of wood charcoal.

Several forms of charcoal ventilators have been devised. The best of them seems to be that of Mr. Baldwin Latham, which is a type of the class, all of which work on essentially the same



Latham's charcoal ventilator for sewer and man-holes.

principle. It is illustrated in the accompanying diagrams. The central cover, *C*, which is of wood, protects the charcoal from rain or water used in sprinkling the streets; *g* is a grating outside of the closed part, through which the air escapes from the sewer or is drawn into it. Under this grating is a dirt-box surrounding the ventilator and intended to catch dirt falling through the grating. There is an overflow (*S*) arranged to carry to the sewer all water reaching the dirt-boxes. The spiral tray *t* is made of galvanized wire-cloth and is filled with charcoal; it is screwed into the ventilator over the spiral trough *S* by means of the handle *h*.

The arrangement of this disinfector is such that all air escaping from the sewer must pass either through the charcoal or through the spiral passage between layers of charcoal. If the layers

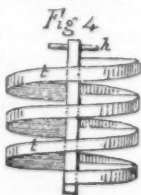
become so obstructed by dust that a free passage through them is not afforded for the air, there is still an easy vent through the spiral open spaces. The charcoal is thoroughly protected against dirt and wet, and will remain effective for a long time, and the arrangement is such that there can be no interruption of the working by the accumulations in the dirt-boxes, nor by the overflow of the water escaping from them. The sewer gas is all brought into close contact with charcoal, and has no possible means for escape except through the protected channels intended for it. The spiral tray should be filled with charcoal broken to about the size of marbles, and if care is taken in screening out its finer dust, it will afford a very permeable passage for gas. The dirt-box can be easily taken out and dumped, and readily replaced.

Ventilators should be closer together in the lower and filthier parts of a town than on higher lands or steeper inclines.

Mr. Latham thinks that they should never be more than two hundred yards apart. He advises renewing the charcoal once a month. Five hundred and sixty-two sets of his apparatus were used in Croydon. Their total cost, including labor, new charcoal, fuel for re-burning, etc., made a charge of less than one dollar and twenty-five cents per annum for each. The charcoal is reburned in iron retorts having small pipes to carry away the escaping gases.

The usefulness of the charcoal ventilators is demonstrated by the fact that in Croydon the written complaints of smells from certain sewers coincided with the absence of the trays (taken out for repairs), and the cause of the complaint was removed by replacing them.

On steep grades, where there would be a tendency for the air of the sewer to be drawn toward the ventilators on the highest land, discharging at this point an amount of gas that should be distributed along the whole street, it is therefore well to place a light hanging valve in front of each outlet into a man-hole. Such a valve will not obstruct the flow of the sewage, while it will pre-



The charcoal tray for Latham's ventilator.

vent the air below from finding its way up the drain, compelling it to escape at its own ventilator.

Where ventilators are used not in connection with man-holes, they should rise, not from the crown of the sewer itself, but from a recess or chamber carried up to the height of a foot or more. Into this recess the sewer air will naturally rise instead of passing on up the line, as it would be likely to do were there only a small ventilator-opening to arrest it.

With a free ventilation through the soil pipes at every house, there is an immense preponderance of area in favor of the vertical escapes, and these are frequently so placed that they become sufficiently heated to create a strong upward current. In a district containing a population of fifty thousand there would probably be ten thousand of these vertical openings, with a combined area equal to from twenty to forty times the area of the sewer at its mouth, so that their action would result more or less generally in the drawing in of air at the street openings; a fact which is sufficiently proved in Croydon, by the accumulation of dust in dry weather in the charcoal-baskets with which the ventilators are furnished. Where the orifice is a continuous exit, — that is, where there is no inward draught of air, — the charcoal remains black in spite of dusty streets.

Concerning the rate of fall necessary for the removal of ordinary road silt from sewers, Adams gives the following table of inclination for pipes of different sizes *running half full*; based on careful calculations and practical trials in connection with the sewerage works of the city of Brooklyn.

For 6-inch pipes a grade of 1 in 60			
" 9 "	" "	" "	1 " 90
" 12 "	" "	" "	1 " 200
" 15 "	" "	" "	1 " 250
" 18 "	" "	" "	1 " 300
" 24 "	" "	" "	1 " 400
" 30 "	" "	" "	1 " 500
" 36 "	" "	" "	1 " 600
" 42 "	" "	" "	1 " 700
" 48 "	" "	" "	1 " 800

When the direction changes, the friction is increased, and the fall must be increased to compensate for this.

When the lay of the land permits it, the most rapid fall should be given at the upper end of the sewer, where the quantity of water is least, and where the greatest velocity is consequently needed to secure a cleansing flow.

The object of giving an inclination or fall to the sewer is to secure the velocity necessary for the removal of such solid matters as may exist in the sewage, but *if the amount of water flowing is proportionate to the size of the conduit*, sewers of different sizes give the same velocity at different inclinations: for instance, a ten-foot sewer with a fall of two feet per mile, a five-foot sewer with a fall of four feet per mile, a two-foot sewer with a fall of ten feet per mile, and a one-foot sewer with a fall of twenty feet per mile, will have the same velocity, provided they are filled in proportion to their capacity; but the ten-foot sewer will require one hundred times as much sewage as will the one-foot sewer, and *unless it carries a volume of water proportioned to its capacity, the velocity of its stream will be correspondingly lessened*. It becomes, therefore, especially important that the *size of the conduit* be adjusted to the *volume of the stream*, this being as important as the rate of inclination in securing a cleansing flow, and being so little understood that it cannot be too much emphasized in any attempt to bring the mechanism of sewerage works to the notice of the general public.

The character of the junctions of main and tributary sewers has much influence on their capacity. It has been found that when equal quantities of water were running in two sewers, each in a direct line, at a rate of ninety seconds, if their junction was at right angles their discharge was effected only in one hundred and forty seconds, while if it met with a gentle curve the discharge was effected in one hundred seconds.

In one recorded instance, a pipe, having been gorged by reason of a right-angled junction, which kept the velocity of its flow down to one hundred and twenty-

two feet per minute, had its flow increased to two hundred and eight feet per minute and the difficulty entirely removed by making the junction on a curve of sixty feet radius. The same objection holds with right-angled junctions falling vertically into the sewer. In this case, as in the other, the inlet should be on a curved line; but vertical junctions are usually objectionable.

Frequent junctions are of great advantage. Experiment has shown that, with a pipe having a fall of one in sixty, its capacity, with junctions at frequent intervals, is more than three times what it would be if flowing only from a full head at the upper end of the pipe. In sewers of larger sizes the capacity is increased more than eight times.

Various devices have been adopted to secure the admission of surface water from street gutters to the sewer without allowing the escape of sewer gas. These are usually arranged with a deep recess below the outlet for the accumulation of sand and silt washed from the roadway, and with some form of water trap. Their construction in our northern climate should have careful reference to a severe action of the frost, and no plan that has come under my notice seems so well adapted for this as one used by Mr. Shedd, the engineer of the sewerage in

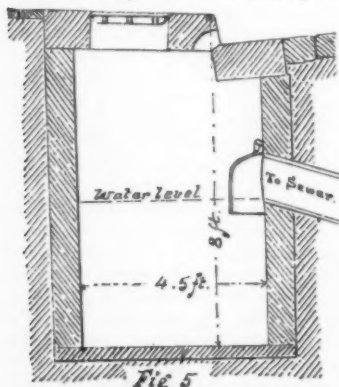


Fig. 5.
Catch-basin for admitting street wash.

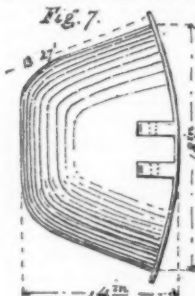
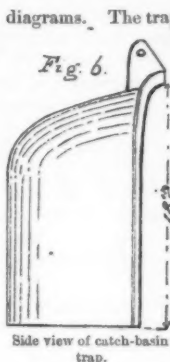
the city of Providence, the arrangement of which is shown in the accompanying

diagrams. The trap for sealing the outlet is made of cast-iron, hinged with a copper bolt. It is firmly attached to the side of the basin with cement, and, if disturbed by frost, is simply torn loose from the brick-work, and can be easily cemented to its place in the spring.

All sewers should be provided with man-holes for ventilation and for service during examination; and pipe drains should have, between the man-holes, and at every point where the vertical or horizontal direction of the sewer is changed, lamp-holes, at the bottom of which lanterns may be suspended which will

enable the line to be examined from the nearest man-hole. The removal of all such obstructions accumulating in pipe drains as cannot be washed out by flushing is effected by various instruments attached to jointed rods, like chimney-sweep tools, which serve as handles, enabling them to be used even at a distance of several hundred feet.

It was formerly supposed that with pipe sewers not too large for the amount of liquid they were to carry, there would be no necessity for flushing, and so far as sedimentary deposits are concerned this is usually true; but a slimy coating often forms on the wall of the pipe and enters into decomposition, generating objectionable sewer gases. For this reason, all pipes used for house-drainage only should be so arranged that they can be occasionally flushed out with a good



flow of fresh water; but where rain-fall is admitted from roadways and from the roofs of houses, additional flushing will not generally be needed, except during epidemics, or in dry, hot seasons. At such times there is always a great advantage in frequent flushing, and occasional disinfection.

It cannot be too often reiterated that the great purpose of modern water sewerage is to remove immediately, entirely beyond the occupied portions of a town, all manner of domestic waste and filth before it has time to enter into decomposition; thus preventing an accumulation of dangerous matter, and obviating the necessity for employing men in the unwholesome work of hand-cleansing of cess-pools and of sewers of deposit, *which all sewers are when materially too large for the work they have to perform.*

The public sewer or drain may properly afford an outlet to the land drainage of private property, but before reaching the public drain this should pass through at least two rods of sub-main drain laid under the direction of the public engineer, and trapped as he may direct for the exclusion of silt or refuse. This sub-main should deliver its water into the public drain as nearly as possible in the direction of the flow of the latter, so that the streams may run together without confusion, and the danger from eddies be obviated. Drains from houses and all private establishments should be connected with the sewer under similar official regulation.

It is a frequent practice with engineers to admit house drains at a very low point in the wall of the sewer, where they will ordinarily be entirely submerged. This renders such connections inoperative as a means for ventilating the sewer, and the ventilation of the soil pipes of houses so connected will consequently be of no avail as a part of the public system of ventilation. If the drain has no ingress for air at its lower end, the ventilation of the soil pipe itself will be much less complete; the pent-up gases arising from the decomposition of the contained organic matters may escape, but there will be

little of the needed circulation of air in the pipe. With a free sweep of air from below, this decomposition would not take place in a pent-up condition, but would be carried on with a full supply of constantly changing atmosphere. Under these circumstances the ventilation of the street sewer would have to depend upon its street openings alone. In a perfect system these should even play a somewhat secondary part, acting more as a means for the inlet of fresh air to supply the higher ventilators than as a means of escape for the air of the sewer itself.

The question of cost should be taken into very early consideration, and it will not be slight; but *pari passu* there should be a due estimate of the benefits to accrue. These are not of such a character that they can be very readily calculated in dollars and cents, but there are few cases, in towns of five thousand inhabitants and over, where their importance will not be very fully appreciated.

The construction of a proper system of sewerage is at best expensive, but it may be much more cheaply done if taken in hand at once and carried on systematically until the whole is complete, than if done piecemeal, here and there, as property-holders may elect, which is the general custom in America. I do not know that the English method of paying for the cost by distributing principal and interest over a period of years has been adopted with us, but it seems the most just and the least oppressive. It is more fair to posterity, without bearing heavily on the present generation, than payment by interest-bearing bonds to be redeemed twenty or thirty years hence.

Latham, in his inaugural address as President of the Society of Engineers, made a calculation of the cost and value of the water-works and sewerage of the town of Croydon, as follows:—

Cost: purchase of land (for sewage utilization), £50,000; water-works, £70,000; sewers, irrigation works, baths, abattoirs, and general improvements, £75,000. Total, £195,000. The money savings during thirteen years since the completion of the work, he estimates to have been:

2439 funerals, which would have cost £12,195; 60,975 cases of sickness prevented, £60,975; value of the labor for six and one half years of 1317 adult persons whose lives were extended, £166,930. Total, £240,100. He says, "Although it has been attempted to put a money value on human life, we individually feel that life is priceless, and we may look to the 2439 persons saved from the jaws of death in this single town as the living testimony of the great value of sanitary works."

It is well known to physicians that their chances of success in the treatment of disease are very much reduced with persons living in unhealthy places.

The cost of sewerage works is often made unnecessarily great with the idea that it is the duty of the public to furnish an outlet for factories, slaughter-houses, and all manner of establishments which are carried on for individual profit, and in which the cost of removing the resultant refuse is fairly chargeable on the business rather than on the public purse.

So far as the community is concerned, it should be compelled to construct sewers only for the removal of such waste matters as are incident to the daily life of all classes of the population. If breweries, chemical works, and other manufacturing factories producing a large amount of liquid waste, are to be provided with a means of outlet, this should be done entirely at their own charge; their profit and convenience should not be advanced at the cost of every member of the community. And more than this, the wastes of factories being often pernicious, not only on reaching the outlet of the sewer, but by the generation of gases within them which may pervade all their ramifications, it is a serious question whether such establishments should not be compelled to secure independent outlets at their own expense, or at least to render their wastes innocuous before discharging them into the public drain; paying even then an extra sewer-rate proportionate to the extra service they require.

The sanitary authority of every town should have entire control over the sew-

ers, with power to decide what shall be admitted to them and what excluded, and to levy an additional tax in all cases where an undue use is made of the public convenience.

In the limited space of a magazine article it would be out of place to go very largely into the question of the economical use of the organic wastes of the house or town. The utilitarian question, important though it is, is but secondary. At the same time, as an accessory, the matter of economy is very important, and in every perfect system of sanitary improvement the arrangements must be such that there shall be a complete utilization of all the valuable constituents of the wastes of domestic life; and practically our arrangements should be so nearly perfect that nothing shall be lost that can be economically saved.

In our climate, sewage irrigation cannot be carried on in winter, but it may be made very useful during the growing (and sickly) season.

In sewage irrigation the amount of land appropriated should not be less than one acre to one hundred and fifty of population, and should lie not more than a mile from the town. The same land should not receive sewage two days in succession, and each area should have occasional periods of rest for a whole growing season.

If the land is of a very retentive character, even if well underdrained, it would be better to allow an acre to one hundred of population.

Bailey Denton objects to the disposal of large volumes of sewage by sub-irrigation, but where the ground is covered with vegetation, and where the flow is evenly and intermittently distributed in that part of the soil occupied by roots, especially if not in too close proximity to wells, it must be, under many circumstances, the best system.

Under favorable conditions, the utilization of the manurial matter contained in sewers is more easy by the system of irrigation than by any other in general use.

Where the earth-closet is used, and

where there is no system of sewers for the removal of liquid wastes, some provision must necessarily be made for disposing of slop water before it can generate dangerous products of decomposition. This may be best effected in many cases by the use of some device like Field's flush tank (described in the preceding paper), in connection with the sub-irrigation of the lawn or garden.

The "general conclusions" of the English Board of Health, after a thorough investigation of the whole subject of sewerage, were as follows:—

1. That no population living amidst aerial impurities arising from putrid emanations from cess-pools, drains, or sewers of deposit, can be healthy or free from attacks of devastating epidemics.

2. That as a primary condition to salubrity no ordure or refuse can be permitted to remain beneath or near habitations, and by no other means can remedial operations be so conveniently, economically, inoffensively, and quickly effected as by the removal of all such refuse dissolved or suspended in water.

3. That the general use of large brick sewers has resulted from ignorance or neglect; such sewers being wasteful in construction and repair, and costly through inefficient efforts to keep them free from deposits.

4. That brick and stone house drains are "false in principle and wasteful in the cleansing, construction, and repair. . . . That house drains and sewers, properly constructed of vitrified pipe, detain and accumulate no deposit, emit no offensive smells, and require no additional supplies of water to keep them clear."

5. That an artificial fall may be cheaply and economically obtained by steam pumping, and that the cost of the whole system to each house is much less than the cost to that house of removing its refuse by hand.

6. All offensive smells proceeding from any works intended for house or town drainage indicate the fact of the detention and decomposition of ordure, and afford decisive evidence of malconstruction or of ignorant or defective arrangement.

George E. Waring, Jr.

RODERICK HUDSON.

XI.

MRS. HUDSON.

OF Roderick, meanwhile, Rowland saw nothing; but he immediately went to Mrs. Hudson and assured her that her son was in even exceptionally good health and spirits. After this he called again on the two ladies from Northampton, but, as Roderick's absence continued, he was able neither to furnish nor to obtain much comfort. Miss Garland's apprehensive face seemed to him an image of his own state of mind. He was profoundly depressed; he felt that there was a storm in the air, and he

wished it would come, without more delay, and perform its ravages. On the afternoon of the third day he went into Saint Peter's, his frequent resort whenever the outer world was disagreeable. From a heart-ache to a Roman rain there were few importunate pains the great church did not help him to forget. He had wandered there for half an hour, when he came upon a short figure, lurking in the shadow of one of the great piers. He saw it was that of an artist, hastily transferring to his sketch-book a memento of some fleeting variation in the scenery of the basilica; and in a moment he perceived that the artist was little Sam Singleton.

Singleton pocketed his sketch-book with a guilty air, as if it cost his modesty a pang to be detected in this greedy culture of opportunity. Rowland always enjoyed meeting him; talking with him, in these days, was as good as a wayside gush of clear, cold water, on a long, hot walk. There was, perhaps, no drinking-vessel, and you had to apply your lips to some simple, natural conduit; but the result was always a sense of extreme moral refreshment. On this occasion he mentally blessed the ingenuous little artist, and heard presently with keen regret that he was to leave Rome on the morrow. Singleton had come to bid farewell to Saint Peter's, and he was gathering a few supreme memories. He had earned a purse-full of money, and he was meaning to take a summer's holiday; going to Switzerland, to Germany, to Paris. In the autumn he was to return home; his family—composed, as Rowland knew, of a father who was cashier in a bank and five unmarried sisters, one of whom gave lyceum-lectures on woman's rights, the whole resident at Buffalo, New York—had been writing him peremptory letters and appealing to him as a son, brother, and fellow-citizen. He would have been grateful for another year in Rome, but what must be must be, and he had laid up treasure which, in Buffalo, would seem infinite. They talked some time; Rowland hoped they might meet in Switzerland and take a walk or two together. Singleton seemed to feel that Buffalo had marked him for her own; he was afraid he should not see Rome again for many a year.

"So you expect to live at Buffalo?" Rowland asked, sympathetically.

"Well, it will depend upon the views—upon the attitude—of my family," Singleton replied. "Oh, I think I shall get on; I think it can be done. If I find it can be done, I shall really be quite proud of it; as an artist of course I mean, you know. Do you know I have some nine hundred sketches? I shall live in my portfolio. And so long as one is not in Rome, pray what does it matter where one is? But how I shall envy

all you Romans—you and Mr. Gloriani, and Mr. Hudson, especially!"

"Don't envy Hudson; he has nothing to envy."

Singleton grinned at what he considered a harmless jest. "Yes, he's going to be the great man of our time! And I say, Mr. Mallet, is n't it a mighty comfort that it's *we* who have turned him out?"

"Between ourselves," said Rowland, "he has disappointed me."

Singleton stared, open-mouthed.

"Dear me, what did you expect?"

"Truly," said Rowland to himself, "what did I expect?"

"I confess," cried Singleton, "I can't judge him rationally. He fascinates me; he's the sort of man one makes one's hero of."

"Strictly speaking he's not a hero," said Rowland.

Singleton looked intensely grave, and, with almost tearful eyes, "Is there anything amiss—anything out of the way, about him?" he timidly asked. Then, as Rowland hesitated to reply, he quickly added, "Please, if there is, don't tell me! I want to know no evil of him, and I think I should hardly believe it. In my memories of this Roman artist-life, he will be the central figure. He will stand there in radiant relief, as beautiful and unspotted as one of his own statues!"

"Amen!" said Rowland, gravely. He remembered afresh that the sea is inhabited by big fishes and little, and that the latter often find their way down the throats of the former. Singleton was going to spend the afternoon in taking last looks at certain other places, and Rowland offered to join him on his sentimental circuit. But as they were preparing to leave the church, he heard himself suddenly addressed from behind. Turning, he beheld a young woman whom he immediately recognized as Madame Grandoni's maid. Her mistress was present, she said, and begged to confer with him before he departed.

This summons obliged Rowland to separate from Singleton, to whom he bade farewell. He followed the messenger, and presently found Madame

Grandoni occupying a liberal area on the steps of the tribune, behind the great altar, where, spreading a shawl on the polished red marble, she had comfortably seated herself. He expected that she had something especial to impart, and she lost no time in bringing forth her treasure.

"Don't shout very loud," she said, "remember that we are in church; there's a limit to the noise one may make even in Saint Peter's. Christina Light was married this morning to Prince Casamassima."

Rowland did not shout at all; he gave a deep, short murmur: "Married — this morning?"

"Married this morning, at seven o'clock, *le plus tranquillement du monde*, before three or four persons. The young couple left Rome an hour afterwards."

For some moments this seemed to him really terrible; the dark little drama of which he had caught a glimpse had played itself out. He had believed that Christina would resist; that she had succumbed was a proof that the pressure had been cruel. Rowland's imagination followed her forth with an irresistible tremor into the world toward which she was rolling away, with her detested husband and her stifled ideal; but it must be confessed that if the first impulse of his compassion was for Christina, the second was for Prince Casamassima. Madame Grandoni acknowledged an extreme curiosity as to the secret springs of these strange doings: Casamassima's sudden dismissal, his still more sudden recall, the hurried private marriage. "Listen," said Rowland, hereupon, "and I will tell you something." And he related, in detail, his last visit to Mrs. Light and his talk with this lady, with Christina, and with the Cavaliere.

"Good," she said; "it's all very curious. But it's a riddle, and I only half guess it."

"Well," said Rowland, "I desire to harm no one; but certain suppositions have taken shape in my mind which serve as a solvent to several ambiguities."

"It is very true," Madame Grandoni

answered, "that the Cavaliere, as he stands, has always needed to be explained."

"He is explained by the hypothesis that, three-and-twenty years ago, at Ancona, Mrs. Light had a lover."

"I see. Ancona was dull, Mrs. Light was lively, and — three-and-twenty years ago — perhaps, the Cavaliere was fascinating. Doubtless it would be fairer to say that he was fascinated. Poor Giacosa!"

"He has had his compensation," Rowland said. "He has been passionately fond of Christina."

"Naturally. But has Christina never wondered why?"

"If she had been near guessing, her mother's shabby treatment of him would have put her off the scent. Mrs. Light's conscience has apparently told her that she could expiate an hour's too great kindness by twenty years' contempt. So she kept her secret. But what is the profit of having a secret unless you can make some use of it? The day at last came when she could turn hers to account; she could let the skeleton out of the closet and create a panic."

"I don't understand."

"Neither do I," said Rowland, "morally. I only conceive that there was a horrible, fabulous scene. The poor Cavaliere stood outside, at the door, white as a corpse and as dumb. The mother and daughter had it out together. Mrs. Light burnt her ships. When she came out she had three lines of writing, in her daughter's hand, which the Cavaliere was dispatched with to the prince. They overtook the young man in time, and, when he reappeared, he was delighted to dispense with further waiting. I don't know what he thought of the look in his bride's face; but that is how I roughly reconstruct history."

"Christina was forced to decide, then, that she could not afford not to be a princess?"

"She was reduced by humiliation. She was assured that it was not for her to make conditions, but to thank her stars that there were none made for her. If she persisted, she might find it com-

ing to pass that there would be conditions, and the formal rupture — the rupture that the world would hear of and pry into — would then proceed from the prince and not from her."

"That's all nonsense!" said Madame Grandoni, energetically.

"To us, yes; but not to the proudest girl in the world, deeply wounded in her pride, and not stopping to calculate probabilities, but muffling her shame, with an almost sensuous relief, in a splendor that stood within her grasp and asked no questions. Is it not possible that the late Mr. Light had made an outbreak before witnesses who are still living?"

"Certainly her marriage now," said Madame Grandoni, less analytically, "has the advantage that it takes her away from her — parents!"

This lady's farther comments upon the event are not immediately pertinent to our history; there were some other comments of which Rowland had a deeply oppressive foreboding. He called, on the evening of the morrow, upon Mrs. Hudson, and found Roderick with the two ladies. Their companion had apparently but lately entered, and Rowland afterwards learned that it was his first appearance since the writing of the note which had so distressed his mother. He had flung himself upon a sofa, where he sat with his chin upon his breast, staring before him with a sinister spark in his eye. He fixed his gaze on Rowland, but gave him no greeting. He had evidently been saying something to startle the women; Mrs. Hudson had gone and seated herself, timidly and imploringly, on the edge of the sofa, trying to take his hand. Miss Garland was applying herself to some needlework with conscious intentness.

Mrs. Hudson gave Rowland, on his entrance, a touching look of gratitude. "Oh, we have such blessed news!" she said. "Roderick is ready to leave Rome."

"It's not blessed news; it's most damnable news!" cried Roderick.

"Oh, but we are very glad, my son, and I am sure you will be when you get

away. You're looking most dreadfully thin; is n't he, Mr. Mallet? It's plain enough you need a change. I'm sure we will go wherever you like. Where would you like to go?"

Roderick turned his head slowly and looked at her. He had let her take his hand, which she pressed tenderly between her own. He gazed at her for some time in silence. "Poor mother!" he said at last, in a portentous tone.

"My own dear son!" murmured Mrs. Hudson, in all the innocence of her trust.

"I don't care a straw where you go! I don't care a straw for anything!"

"Oh, my dear boy, you must not say that before all of us here — before Mary, before Mr. Mallet!"

"Mary — Mr. Mallet?" Roderick repeated, almost savagely. He released himself from the clasp of his mother's hand and turned away, leaning his elbows on his knees and holding his head in his hands. There was a silence; Rowland said nothing, because he was watching Miss Garland. "Why should I stand on ceremony with Mary and Mr. Mallet?" Roderick presently added. "Mary pretends to believe I'm a fine fellow, and if she believes it as she ought to, nothing I can say will alter her opinion. Mallet knows I'm a hopeless humbug; so I need n't mince my words with him."

"Ah, my dear, don't use such dreadful language!" said Mrs. Hudson. "Aren't we all devoted to you, and proud of you, and waiting only to hear what you want, so that we may do it?"

Roderick got up, and began to walk about the room; he was evidently in a restless, reckless, profoundly demoralized condition. Rowland felt that it was literally true that he did not care a straw for anything, but he observed with anxiety that Mrs. Hudson, who did not know on what delicate ground she was treading, was disposed to chide him, caressingly, as a mere expression of tenderness. He foresaw that she would bring down the hovering thunderbolt on her head.

"In God's name," Roderick cried,

"don't remind me of my obligations! It's intolerable to me, and I don't believe it's pleasant to Mallet. I know they're tremendous—I know I shall never repay them. I'm bankrupt! Do you know what that means?"

The poor lady sat staring, dismayed, and Rowland angrily interfered. "Don't talk such stuff to your mother!" he cried. "Don't you see you're frightening her?"

"Frightening her? she may as well be frightened first as last. Do I frighten you, mother?" Roderick demanded.

"Oh, Roderick, what *do* you mean?" whimpered the poor lady. "Mr. Mallet, what does he mean?"

"I mean that I'm an angry, savage, disappointed, miserable man!" Roderick went on. "I mean that I can't do a stroke of work nor think a profitable thought! I mean that I'm in a state of helpless rage and grief and shame! Helpless, helpless—that's what it is. You can't help me, poor mother—not with kisses, nor tears, nor prayers! Mary can't help me—not for all the honor she does me, nor all the big books on art that she pores over. Mallet can't help me—not with all his money, nor all his good example, nor all his friendship, which I'm so profoundly well aware of: not with it all multiplied a thousand times and repeated to all eternity! I thought you would help me, you and Mary; that's why I sent for you. But you can't, don't think it! The sooner you give up the idea the better for you. Give up being proud of me, too; there's nothing left of me to be proud of! A year ago I was a mighty fine fellow; but do you know what has become of me now? I've gone to the devil!"

There was something in the ring of Roderick's voice, as he uttered these words, which sent them home with convincing force. He was not talking for effect, or the mere sensuous pleasure of extravagant and paradoxical utterance, as had often enough been the case ere this; he was not even talking viciously or ill-humoredly. He was talking passionately, desperately, and from an irresistible need to throw off the oppressive

burden of his mother's confidence. His cruel eloquence brought the poor lady to her feet, and she stood there with clasped hands, petrified and voiceless. Mary Garland quickly left her place, came straight to Roderick, and laid her hand on his arm, looking at him with all her tormented heart in her eyes. He made no movement to disengage himself; he simply shook his head several times, in dogged negation of her healing powers. Rowland had been living for the past month in such intolerable expectancy of disaster that now that the ice was broken, and the fatal plunge taken, his foremost feeling was almost elation; but in a moment his orderly instincts and his natural love of superficial smoothness overtook it.

"I really don't see, Roderick," he said, "the profit of your talking in just this way at just this time. Don't you see how you are making your mother suffer?"

"Do I enjoy it myself?" cried Roderick. "Is the suffering all on your side and theirs? Do I look as if I were happy, and were stirring you up with a stick for my amusement? Here we all are in the same boat; we might as well understand each other! These women must know that I'm not to be counted on. That sounds remarkably cool, no doubt, and I certainly don't deny your right to be utterly disgusted with me."

"Will you keep what you have got to say till another time," said Mary, "and let me hear it alone?"

"Oh, I'll let you hear it as often as you please; but what's the use of keeping it? I'm in the humor; it won't keep! It's a very simple matter. I'm a failure, that's all; I'm not a first-rate man. I'm second-rate, tenth-rate, anything you please. After that, it's all one!"

Mary Garland turned away and buried her face in her hands; but Roderick, struck, apparently, in some unwonted fashion with her gesture, drew her towards him again, and went on in a somewhat different tone. "It's hardly worth while we should have any private talk about all this, Mary," he said. "The

thing would be comfortable for neither of us. It's better, after all, that it be said once for all and dismissed. There are things I can't talk to you about. Can I, at least? You are such a queer creature!"

"I can imagine nothing you should n't talk to me about," said Mary.

"You're not afraid?" he demanded, sharply, looking at her.

She turned away abruptly, with lowered eyes, hesitating a moment. "Anything you think I should hear, I will hear," she said. And then she returned to her place at the window and took up her work.

"I've had a great blow," said Roderick. "I was a great ass, but it does n't make the blow any easier to bear."

"Mr. Mallet, tell me what Roderick means!" said Mrs. Hudson, who had found her voice, in a tone more peremptory than Rowland had ever heard her use.

"He ought to have told you before," said Roderick. "Really, Rowland, if you will allow me to say so, you ought! You could have given a much better account of all this than I myself; better, especially, in that it would have been more lenient to me. You ought to have let them down gently; it would have saved them a great deal of pain. But you always want to keep things so smooth! Allow me to say that it's very weak of you."

"I hereby renounce such weakness!" said Rowland.

"Oh, what is it, sir; what is it?" groaned Mrs. Hudson, insistently.

"It's what Roderick says: he's a failure!"

Mary Garland, on hearing this declaration, gave Rowland a single glance and then rose, laid down her work, and walked rapidly out of the room. Mrs. Hudson tossed her head and timidly bristled. "This from *you*, Mr. Mallet!" she said with an injured air which Rowland found harrowing.

But Roderick, most characteristically, did not in the least resent his friend's assertion; he sent him, on the contrary, one of those large, clear looks of his,

which seemed to express a stoical pleasure in Rowland's frankness, and which set his companion, then and there, wondering again, as he had so often done before, at the extraordinary contradictions of his temperament. "My dear mother," Roderick said, "if you had had eyes that were not blinded by this sad maternal vanity, you would have seen all this for yourself; you would have seen that I'm anything but prosperous."

"Is it anything about money?" cried Mrs. Hudson. "Oh, do write to Mr. Striker!"

"Money?" said Roderick. "I have n't a cent of money; I'm bankrupt!"

"Oh, Mr. Mallet, how could you let him?" asked Mrs. Hudson, terribly.

"Everything I have is at his service," said Rowland, feeling ill.

"Of course Mr. Mallet will help you, my son!" cried the poor lady, eagerly.

"Oh, leave Mr. Mallet alone!" said Roderick. "I've squeezed him dry; it's not my fault, at least, if I have n't!"

"Roderick, what have you done with all your money?" his mother demanded.

"Thrown it away! It was no such great amount. I've done nothing this winter."

"You have done nothing?"

"I've done no work! Why in the world did n't you guess it and spare me all this? Could n't you see I was idle, distracted, dissipated?"

"Dissipated, my dear son?" Mrs. Hudson repeated.

"That's over for the present! But could n't you see—could n't Mary see—that I was in a damnably bad way?"

"I have no doubt Miss Garland saw," said Rowland.

"Mary has said nothing!" cried Mrs. Hudson.

"Oh, she's a fine girl!" Rowland said.

"Have you done anything that will hurt poor Mary?" Mrs. Hudson asked.

"I have only been thinking night and day of another woman!"

Mrs. Hudson dropped helplessly into her seat again. "Oh dear, dear, had n't we better go home?"

"Not to get out of *her* way!" Roderick said. "She has started on a career of her own, and she does n't care a straw for me. My head was filled with her; I could think of nothing else; I would have sacrificed everything to her—you, Mary, Mallet, my work, my fortune, my future, my honor! I was in a fine state, eh? I don't pretend to be giving you good news; but I'm telling the simple, literal truth, so that you may know why I've gone to the dogs. She pretended to care greatly for all this, and to be willing to make any sacrifice in return; she had a magnificent chance, for she was being forced into a mercenary marriage with a man she detested. She led me to believe that she would give this up, and break short off, and keep herself free and sacred and pure for me. This was a great honor, and you may believe that I valued it. It turned my head, and I lived only to see my happiness come to pass. She did everything to encourage me to hope it would; everything that her infernal coquetry and falsity could suggest."

"Oh, I say, this is too much!" Rowland broke out.

"Do you defend her?" Roderick cried, with a renewal of his passion. "Do you pretend to say that she gave me no hopes?" He had been speaking with growing bitterness, quite losing sight of his mother's pain and bewilderment in the passionate joy of publishing his wrongs. Since he was hurt, he must cry out; since he was in pain, he must scatter his pain abroad. Of his never thinking of others, save as they spoke and moved from his cue, as it were, this extraordinary insensibility to the injurious effects of his eloquence was a capital example; the more so as the motive of his eloquence was never an appeal for sympathy or compassion, things to which he seemed perfectly indifferent and of which he could make no use. The great and characteristic point with him was the perfect absoluteness of his own emotions and experience. He never saw himself as part of a whole; only as the clear-cut, sharp-edged, isolated individual, rejoicing or raging, as the case

might be, but needing in any case absolutely to affirm himself. All this, to Rowland, was ancient history, but his perception of it stirred within him afresh, at the sight of Roderick's sense of having been betrayed. That *he*, under the circumstances, should not in fairness be the first to lodge a complaint of betrayal was a point to which, at his leisure, Rowland was of course capable of rendering impartial justice; but Roderick's present desperation was so peremptory that it imposed itself on one's sympathies. "Do you pretend to say," he went on, "that she did n't lead me along to the very edge of fulfillment and stupefy me with all that she suffered me to believe, all that she sacredly promised? It amused her to do it, and she knew perfectly well what she really meant. She never meant to be sincere; she never dreamed she could be. She's a ravenous flirt, and why a flirt is a flirt is more than I can tell you. I can't understand playing with those matters; for me they're serious, whether I take them up or lay them down. I don't see what's in your head, Rowland, to attempt to defend Miss Light; you were the first to cry out against her! You told me she was dangerous, and I pooh-poohed you. You were right; you're always right. She's as cold and false and heartless as she's beautiful, and she has sold her heartless beauty to the highest bidder. I hope he knows what he gets!"

"Oh, my son," cried Mrs. Hudson, plaintively, "how could you ever care for such a dreadful creature?"

"It would take long to tell you, dear mother!"

Rowland's lately-deepened sympathy and compassion for Christina was still throbbing in his mind, and he felt that, in loyalty to it, he must say a word for her. "You believed in her too much at first," he declared, "and you believe in her too little now."

Roderick looked at him with eyes almost lurid, beneath lowering brows. "She is an angel, then, after all?—that's what you want to prove!" he cried. "That's consoling for me, who

have lost her! You're always right, I say; but, dear friend, in mercy, be wrong for once!"

"Oh yes, Mr. Mallet, be merciful!" said Mrs. Hudson, in a tone which, for all its gentleness, made Rowland stare. The poor fellow's stare covered a great deal of concentrated wonder and apprehension—a presentiment of what a small, sweet, feeble, elderly lady might be capable of, in the way of suddenly generated animosity. There was no space in Mrs. Hudson's tiny maternal mind for complications of feeling, and one emotion existed only by turning another over flat and perching on top of it. She was evidently not following Roderick at all in his dusky aberrations. Sitting without, in dismay, she only saw that all was darkness and trouble, and as Roderick's glory had now quite outstripped her powers of imagination and urged him beyond her jurisdiction, so that he had become a thing too precious and sacred for blame, she found it infinitely comfortable to lay the burden of their common affliction upon Rowland's broad shoulders. Had he not promised to make them all rich and happy? And this was the end of it! Rowland felt as if his trials were, in a sense, only beginning. "Had n't you better forget all this, my dear?" Mrs. Hudson said. "Had n't you better just quietly attend to your work?"

"Work, madam?" cried Roderick. "My work's over. I can't work—I have n't worked all winter. If I were fit for anything, this sentimental collapse would have been just the thing to cure me of my apathy and break the spell of my idleness. But there's a perfect vacuum here!" And he tapped his forehead. "It's bigger than ever; it grows bigger every hour!"

"I'm sure you have made a beautiful likeness of your poor little mother," said Mrs. Hudson, coaxingly.

"I had done nothing before, and I have done nothing since! I quarreled with an excellent man, the other day, from mere exasperation of my nerves, and threw away five thousand dollars!"

"Threw away—five thousand dollars!" Roderick had been wandering

among formidable abstractions and allusions too dark to penetrate. But here was a concrete fact, lucidly stated, and poor Mrs. Hudson, for a moment, looked it in the face. She repeated her son's words a third time with a gasping murmur, and then, suddenly, she burst into tears. Roderick went to her, sat down beside her, put his arm round her, fixed his eyes coldly on the floor, and waited for her to weep herself out. She leaned her head on his shoulder and sobbed broken-heartedly. She said not a word, she made no attempt to scold; but the desolation of her tears was overwhelming. It lasted some time—too long for Rowland's courage. He had stood silent, wishing simply to appear very respectful; but the elation that was mentioned a while since had utterly ebbed, and he found his situation intolerable. He walked away—not, perhaps, on tiptoe, but with a total absence of bravado in his tread.

The next day, while he was at home, the servant brought him the card of a visitor. He read with surprise the name of Mrs. Hudson, and hurried forward to meet her. He found her in his sitting-room, leaning on the arm of her son and looking very pale, her eyes red with weeping, and her lips tightly compressed. Her advent puzzled him, and it was not for some time that he began to understand the motive of it. Roderick's countenance threw no light upon it; but Roderick's countenance, full of light as it was, in a way, itself, had never thrown light upon anything. He had not been in Rowland's rooms for several weeks, and he immediately began to look at those of his own works which adorned them. He lost himself in silent contemplation. Mrs. Hudson had evidently armed herself with dignity, and, so far as she might, she meant to be impressive. Her success may be measured by the fact that Rowland's whole attention centred in the fear of seeing her begin to weep. She told him that she had come to him for practical advice; she begged to remind him that she was a stranger in the land. Where were they to go, please? what were they to do? Rowland glanced

at Roderick, but Roderick had his back turned and was gazing at his Adam with the intensity with which he might have examined Michael Angelo's Moses.

"Roderick says he does n't know, he does n't care," Mrs. Hudson said; "he leaves it entirely to you."

Many another man, in Rowland's place, would have greeted this information with an irate and sarcastic laugh, and told his visitors that he thanked them infinitely for their confidence, but that, really, as things stood now, they must settle these matters between themselves; many another man might have so demeaned himself, even if, like Rowland, he had been in love with Mary Garland and pressing-ly conscious that her destiny was also part of the question. But Rowland swallowed all hilarity and all sarcasm, and let himself seriously consider Mrs. Hudson's petition. His wits, however, were but indifferently at his command; they were dulled by his sense of the inexpressible change in Mrs. Hudson's attitude. Her visit was evidently intended as a formal reminder of the responsibilities Rowland had worn so lightly. Mrs. Hudson was doubtless too sincerely humble a person to suppose that if he had been recreant to his vows of vigilance and tenderness, her still, small presence would operate as a chastisement. But by some diminutive logical process of her own she had convinced herself that she had been weakly trustful, and that she had suffered Rowland to think too meanly, not only of her understanding, but of her social consequence. A visit in her best gown would have an admonitory effect as regards both of these attributes; it would cancel some favors received, and show him that she was no such fool! These were the reflections of a very shy woman, who, determining for once in her life to hold up her head, was perhaps carrying it a trifle extravagantly.

"You know we have very little money to spend," she said, as Rowland remained silent. "Roderick tells me that he has debts and nothing at all to pay them with. He says I must write to Mr. Striker to sell my house for what it will bring, and

send me out the money. When the money comes I must give it to him. I'm sure I don't know; I never heard of anything so dreadful! My house is all I have. But that is all Roderick will say. We must be very economical."

Before this speech was finished Mrs. Hudson's voice had begun to quaver softly, and her face, which had no capacity for the expression of superior wisdom, to look as humbly appealing as before. Rowland turned to Roderick and spoke like a school-master. "Come away from those statues, and sit down here and listen to me!"

Roderick started, but obeyed with the most graceful docility.

"What do you propose to your mother to do?" Rowland asked.

"Propose?" said Roderick, absently. "Oh, I propose nothing."

The tone, the glance, the gesture with which this was said were horribly irritating (though obviously without the slightest intention of being so), and for an instant an imprecation rose to Rowland's lips. But he checked it, and he was afterwards glad he had done so. "You must do something," he said. "Choose, select, decide!"

"My dear Rowland, how you talk!" Roderick cried. "The very point of the matter is that I can't do anything. I'll do as I'm told, but I don't call that doing. We must leave Rome, I suppose, though I don't see why. We have got no money, and you have to pay money on the railroads."

Mrs. Hudson surreptitiously wrung her hands. "Listen to him, please!" she cried. "Not leave Rome, when we have stayed here later than any Christians ever did before! It's this dreadful place that has made us so unhappy."

"That's very true," said Roderick, serenely. "If I had not come to Rome, I would n't have risen, and if I had not risen, I should n't have fallen."

"Fallen — fallen!" murmured Mrs. Hudson. "Just hear him!"

"I'll do anything you say, Rowland," Roderick added. "I'll do anything you want. I've not been unkind to my mother — have I, mother? I was

unkind yesterday, without meaning it; for after all, all that had to be said. Murder will out, and my low spirits can't be hidden. But we talked it over and made it up, did n't we? It seemed to me we did. Let Rowland decide it, mother; whatever he suggests will be the right thing." And Roderick, who had hardly removed his eyes from the statues, got up again and went back to look at them.

Mrs. Hudson fixed her eyes upon the floor, in silence. There was not a trace in Roderick's face, or in his voice, of the bitterness of his emotion of the day before, and not a hint of his having the lightest weight upon his conscience. He looked at Rowland with his frank, luminous eye as if there had never been a difference of opinion between them; as if each had ever been for both, unalterably, and both for each.

Rowland had received a few days before a letter from a lady of his acquaintance, a worthy Scotswoman domiciled in a villa upon one of the olive-covered hills near Florence. She held her apartment in the villa upon a long lease, and she enjoyed for a sum not worth mentioning the possession of an extraordinary number of noble, stone-floored rooms, with ceilings vaulted and frescoed, and barred windows commanding the loveliest view in the world. She was a needy and thrifty spinster, who never hesitated to declare that the lovely view was all very well, but that for her own part, she lived in the villa for cheapness, and that if she had a clear three hundred pounds a year she would go and really enjoy life near her sister, a baronet's lady, at Glasgow. She was now proposing to make a visit to this exhilarating city, and she desired to turn an honest penny by sub-letting for a few weeks her historic Italian chambers. The terms on which she occupied them enabled her to ask a rent almost jocosely small, and she begged Rowland to do what she called a little genteel advertising for her. Would he say a good word for her rooms to his numerous friends, as they left Rome? He said a good word for them now to Mrs. Hud-

son, and told her in dollars and cents what a cheap summer's lodging she might secure. He dwelt upon the fact that she would strike a truce with *tables-d'hôte* and have a cook of her own, amenable possibly to instruction in the Northampton mysteries. He had touched a tender chord; Mrs. Hudson became almost cheerful. Her sentiments upon the *table-d'hôte* system and upon foreign household habits generally were remarkable, and, if we had space for it, would repay analysis; and the idea of reclaiming a lost soul to the Puritanic canons of cookery quite lightened the burden of her depression. While Rowland set forth his case Roderick was slowly walking round the magnificent Adam, with his hands in his pockets. Rowland waited for him to manifest an interest in their discussion, but the statue seemed to fascinate him and he remained calmly heedless. Rowland was a practical man; he possessed conspicuously what is called the sense of detail. He entered into Mrs. Hudson's position minutely, and told her exactly why it seemed good that she should remove immediately to the Florentine villa. She received his advice with great frigidity, looking hard at the floor and sighing, like a person well on her guard against an insidious optimism. But she had nothing better to propose, and Rowland received her permission to write to his friend that he had let the rooms.

Roderick assented to this decision without either sighs or smiles. "A Florentine villa is a good thing!" he said. "I'm at your service."

"I'm sure I hope you'll get better there," moaned his mother, gathering her shawl together.

Roderick laid one hand on her arm and with the other pointed to Rowland's statues. "Better or worse, remember this: I did those things!" he said.

Mrs. Hudson gazed at them vaguely, and Rowland said, "Remember it yourself!"

"They're horribly good!" said Roderick.

Rowland solemnly shrugged his shoulders; it seemed to him that he had noth-

ing more to say. But as the others were going, a last light pulsation of the sense of undischarged duty led him to address to Roderick a few words of parting advice. "You'll find the Villa Pandolfini very delightful, very comfortable," he said. "You ought to be very contented there. Whether you work or whether you loaf, it's a place for an artist to be happy in. I hope you'll work."

"I hope I may!" said Roderick with a magnificent smile.

"When we meet again, have something to show me."

"When we meet again? Where the deuce are you going?" Roderick demanded.

"Oh, I hardly know; over the Alps."

"Over the Alps! You're going to leave me?" Roderick cried.

Rowland had most distinctly meant to leave him, but his resolution immediately wavered. He glanced at Mrs. Hudson and saw that her eyebrows were lifted and her lips parted in soft irony. She seemed to accuse him of a craven shirking of trouble, to demand of him to repair his cruel havoc in her life by a solemn renewal of zeal. But Roderick's expectations were the oddest! Such as they were, Rowland asked himself why he should n't make a bargain with them. "You desire me to go with you?" he asked.

"If you don't go, I won't — that's all! How in the world shall I get through the summer without you?"

"How will you get through it with me? That's the question."

"I don't pretend to say; the future is a dead blank. But without you it's not a blank — it's certain damnation!"

"Mercy, mercy!" murmured Mrs. Hudson.

Rowland made an effort to stand firm, and for a moment succeeded. "If I go with you, will you try to work?"

Roderick, up to this moment, had been looking as unperturbed as if the deep agitation of the day before were a thing of the remote past. But at these words his face changed formidably; he flushed and scowled, and all his passion

returned. "Try to work!" he cried. "Try — try! work — work! In God's name don't talk that way, or you'll drive me mad! Do you suppose I'm trying *not* to work? Do you suppose I stand rotting here for the fun of it? Don't you suppose I would try to work for myself before I tried for you?"

"Mr. Mallet," cried Mrs. Hudson, piteously, "will you leave me alone with *this*?"

Rowland turned to her and informed her, gently, that he would go with her to Florence. After he had so pledged himself he thought not at all of the pain of his position as mediator between the mother's resentful grief and the son's incurable weakness; he drank deep, only, of the satisfaction of not separating from Mary Garland. If the future was a blank to Roderick, it was hardly less so to himself. He had at moments a distinct foreboding of impending calamity. He paid it no especial deference, but it made him feel indisposed to take the future into his account. When, on his going to take leave of Madame Grandoni, this lady asked at what time he would come back to Rome, he answered that he was coming back either never or forever. When she asked him what he meant, he said he really could n't tell her, and parted from her with much genuine emotion; the more so, doubtless, that she blessed him in a quite loving, maternal fashion, and told him she honestly believed him to be the best fellow in the world.

The Villa Pandolfini stood directly upon a small grass-grown piazza, on the top of a hill which sloped straight from one of the gates of Florence. It offered to the outer world a long, rather low façade, colored a dull, dark yellow, and pierced with windows of various sizes, no one of which, save those on the ground floor, was on the same level with any other. Within, it had a great, cool, gray cortile, with high, light arches around it, heavily-corniced doors, of majestic altitude, opening out of it, and a beautiful mediæval well on one side of it. Mrs. Hudson's rooms opened into a small garden supported on immense sub-

structions, which were planted on the farther side of the hill, as it sloped steeply away. This garden was a charming place. Its south wall was curtained with a dense orange vine, a dozen fig-trees offered you their large-leaved shade, and over the low parapet the soft, grave Tuscan landscape kept you company. The rooms themselves were as high as chapels and as cool as royal sepulchres. Silence, peace, and security seemed to abide in the ancient house and make it an ideal refuge for aching hearts. Mrs. Hudson had a stunted, brown-faced Maddalena, who wore a crimson handkerchief passed over her coarse, black locks and tied under her sharp, pertinacious chin, and a smile which was as brilliant as a prolonged flash of lightning. She smiled at everything in life, especially the things she did n't like and which kept her talent for mendacity in healthy exercise. A glance, a word, a motion was sufficient to make her show her teeth at you, like a cheerful she-wolf. This inextinguishable smile constituted her whole vocabulary in her dealings with her melancholy mistress, to whom she had been bequeathed by the late occupant of the apartment, and who, to Rowland's satisfaction, promised to be diverted from her maternal sorrows by the still deeper perplexities of Maddalena's theory of roasting, sweeping, and bed-making.

Rowland took rooms at a villa a trifle nearer Florence, whence in the summer mornings he had five minutes' walk in the sharp, black, shadow-strip projected by winding, flower-topped walls, to join his friends. The life at the Villa Pandolfini, when it had fairly defined itself, was tranquil and monotonous, but it might have borrowed from exquisite circumstance an absorbing charm. If a sensible shadow rested upon it, this was because it had an inherent vice; it was feigning a repose which it very scantily felt. Roderick had lost no time in giving the full measure of his uncompromising despair, and as he was the central figure of the little group, as he held its heart-strings all in his own hand, it reflected faithfully the eclipse of his

own genius. No one had ventured upon the cheerful commonplace of saying that the change of air and of scene would restore his spirits; this would have had, under the circumstances, altogether too silly a sound. The change in question had done nothing of the sort, and his companions had, at least, the comfort of their perspicacity. An essential spring had dried up within him, and there was no visible spiritual law for making it flow again. He was rarely violent, he expressed little of the irritation and ennui that he must have constantly felt; it was as if he believed that a spiritual miracle for his redemption was just barely possible, and was therefore worth waiting for. The most that one could do, however, was to wait grimly and doggedly, suppressing an imprecation as, from time to time, one looked at one's watch. An attitude of positive urbanity toward life was not to be expected; it was doing one's duty to hold one's tongue and keep one's hands off one's own windpipe, and other peoples'. Roderick had long silences, fits of profound lethargy, almost of stupefaction. He used to sit in the garden by the hour, with his head thrown back, his legs outstretched, his hands in his pockets, and his eyes fastened upon the blinding summer sky. He would gather a dozen books about him, tumble them out on the ground, take one into his lap, and leave it with the pages unturned. These moods would alternate with hours of extreme restlessness, during which he mysteriously absented himself. He bore the heat of the Italian summer like a salamander, and used to start off at high noon for long walks over the hills. He often went down into Florence, rambled through her close, dim streets, and lounged away mornings in the churches and galleries. On many of these occasions Rowland bore him company, for they were the times when he was most like his former self. Before Michael Angelo's statues and the pictures of the early Tuscans, he quite forgot his own infelicitities, and picked up the thread of his old æsthetic loquacity. He had a particular fondness for Andrea del Sarto,

and affirmed that if he had been a painter he would have taken the author of the *Madonna del Sacco* for his model. He found in Florence some of his Roman friends, and went down on certain evenings to meet them. More than once he asked Mary Garland to go with him into town, and showed her the things he most cared for. He had some modeling clay brought up to the villa and deposited in a room suitable for his work; but when this had been done he turned the key in the door and the clay never was touched. His eye was heavy and his hand cold, and his mother put up a secret prayer that he might be induced to see a doctor. But on a certain occasion, when her prayer became articulate, he had a great outburst of anger and begged her to know, once for all, that his health was better than it had ever been. On the whole, and most of the time, he was a sad spectacle; he looked so hopelessly idle. If he was not querulous and bitter, it was because he had taken an extraordinary vow not to be; a vow heroic, for him, a vow which those who knew him well had the tenderness to appreciate. Talking with him was like skating on thin ice, and his companions had a constant mental vision of spots designated "dangerous."

This was a difficult time for Rowland; he said to himself that he would endure it to the end, but that it must be his last adventure of the kind. Mrs. Hudson divided her time between looking askance at her son, with her hands tightly clasped about her pocket-handkerchief, as if she were wringing it dry of the last hour's tears, and turning her eyes much more directly upon Rowland, in the mutest, the feeblest, the most intolerable reproachfulness. She never phrased her accusations, but he felt that in the unilluminated void of the poor lady's mind they loomed up like vaguely-outlined monsters. Her demeanor caused him the acutest suffering, and if, at the outset of his enterprise, he had seen, how dimly soever, one of those plaintive eyebeams in the opposite scale, the brilliancy of Roderick's promises would have counted for little. They made their

way to the softest spot in his conscience and kept it chronically aching. If Mrs. Hudson had been loquacious and vulgar, he would have borne even a less valid persecution with greater fortitude. But somehow, neat and noiseless and dimly lady-like, as she sat there, keeping her grievance green with her soft-dropping tears, her displeasure conveyed an overwhelming imputation of brutality. He felt like a reckless trustee who has speculated with the widow's mite and is haunted with the reflection of ruin that he sees in her tearful eyes. He did everything conceivable to be polite to Mrs. Hudson, and to treat her with distinguished deference. Perhaps his exasperated nerves made him overshoot the mark and rendered his civilities a trifle peremptory. She seemed capable of believing that he was trying to make a fool of her; she would have thought him cruelly recreant if he had suddenly departed in desperation, and yet she gave him no visible credit for his constancy. Women are said by some authorities to be cruel; I don't know how true this is, but it may at least be pertinent to remark that Mrs. Hudson was very much of a woman. It often seemed to Rowland that he had too decidedly forfeited his freedom, and that there was something positively grotesque in a man of his age and circumstances living in such a moral bondage.

But Mary Garland had helped him before, and she helped him now — helped him not less than he had assured himself she would when he found himself drifting to Florence. Yet her help was rendered in the same unconscious, unacknowledged fashion as before; there was no explicit change in their relations. After that distressing scene in Rome which had immediately preceded their departure, it was of course impossible that there should not be on Miss Garland's part some frankness of allusion to Roderick's sad condition. She had been present, the reader will remember, during only half of his unsparing confession, and Rowland had not seen her confronted with any absolute proof of Roderick's passion for Christina Light. But he knew

that she knew far too much for her happiness; Roderick had told him, shortly after their settlement at the Villa Pandolfini, that he had had a "tremendous talk" with his cousin. Rowland asked no questions about it; he preferred not to know what had passed between them. If their interview had been purely painful, he wished to ignore it for Miss Garland's sake, and if it had sown the seeds of reconciliation, he wished to close his eyes to it for his own—for the sake of that unshaped idea, forever dismissed and yet forever present, which hovered in the background of his consciousness, with a hanging head, as it were, and yet an unshamed glance, and whose lightest motions were an effectual bribe to patience. Was the engagement broken? Rowland wondered, yet without asking. But it hardly mattered, for if, as was more than probable, Miss Garland had peremptorily released her cousin, her own heart had by no means recovered its liberty. It was very certain to Rowland's mind that if she had given him up she had by no means ceased to care for him passionately, and that, to exhaust her charity for his weaknesses, Roderick would have, as the phrase is, a long row to hoe. She spoke of Roderick as she might have done of a person suffering from a serious malady which demanded much tenderness; but if Rowland had found it possible to accuse her of dishonesty he would have said now that she believed appreciably less than she pretended to in her victim's being an involuntary patient. There are women whose love is caretaking and patronizing, and who rather prefer a weak man because he gives them a comfortable sense of strength. It did not in the least please Rowland to believe that Mary Garland was one of these; for he held that such women were only males in petticoats, and he was convinced that Miss Garland's heart was constructed after the most perfect feminine model. That she was a very different woman from Christina Light did not at all prove that she was less a woman, and if the Princess Casamassima had gone up into a high place to publish her disrelish of a man who lacked the virile will, it was

very certain that Mary Garland was not a person to put up, at any point, with what might be called the princess's leavings. It was Christina's constant practice to remind you of the complexity of her character, of the subtlety of her mind, of her troublous faculty of seeing everything in a dozen different lights. Mary Garland had never pretended not to be simple; but Rowland had a theory that she had really a more multitudinous sense of human things, a more delicate imagination, and a finer instinct of character. She did you the honors of her mind with a grace far less regal, but was not that faculty of quite as remarkable an adjustment? If in poor Christina's strangely commingled nature there was circle within circle, and depth beneath depth, it was to be believed that Mary Garland, though she did not amuse herself with dropping stones into her soul, and waiting to hear them fall, laid quite as many sources of spiritual life under contribution. She had believed Roderick was a fine fellow when she bade him farewell beneath the Northampton elms, and this belief, to her young, strenuous, concentrated imagination, had meant many things. If it was to grow cold, it would be because disenchantment had become total and won the battle at each successive point.

Miss Garland had even in her face and carriage something of the preoccupied and wearied look of a person who is watching at a sick-bed; Roderick's broken fortunes, his dead ambitions, were a cruel burden to the heart of a girl who had believed that he possessed "genius," and supposed that genius was to one's spiritual economy what full pockets were to one's domestic. And yet, with her, Rowland never felt, as with Mrs. Hudson, that undercurrent of reproach and bitterness toward himself, that impertinent implication that he had defrauded her of happiness. Was this justice, in Miss Garland, or was it mercy? The answer would have been difficult, for she had almost let Rowland feel before leaving Rome that she liked him well enough to forgive him an injury. It was partly, Rowland fancied, that there were occasional lapses, deep and sweet, in her

sense of injury. When, on arriving at Florence, she saw the place Rowland had brought them to in their trouble, she had given him a look and said a few words to him that had seemed not only a remission of guilt but a positive reward. This happened in the court of the villa—the large gray quadrangle, overstretched, from edge to edge of the red-tiled roof, by the soft Italian sky. Mary had felt on the spot the sovereign charm of the place; it was reflected in her deeply intelligent glance, and Rowland immediately accused himself of not having done the villa justice. Miss Garland took a mighty fancy to Florence, and used to look down wistfully at the towered city from the windows and garden. Roderick having now no pretext for not being her cicerone, Rowland was no longer at liberty, as he had been in Rome, to propose frequent excursions to her. Roderick's own invitations, however, were not frequent, and Rowland more than once ventured to introduce her to a gallery or a church. These expeditions were not so blissful, to his sense, as the rambles they had taken together in Rome, for his companion only half surrendered herself to her enjoyment, and seemed to have but a divided attention at her command. Often, when she had begun with looking intently at a picture, her silence, after an interval, made him turn and glance at her. He usually found that if she was looking at the picture still, she was not seeing it. Her eyes were fixed, but her thoughts were wandering, and an image more vivid than any that Raphael or Titian had drawn had superposed itself upon the canvas. She asked fewer questions than before, and seemed to have lost heart for consulting guide-books and encyclopædias. From time to time, however, she uttered a deep, full murmur of contentment. Florence in midsummer was perfectly void of travelers, and the dense little city gave forth its æsthetic aroma with a larger frankness, as the nightingale sings when the listeners have departed. The churches were deliciously cool, but the gray streets were stifling, and the great, dove-tailed polygons of

pavement as hot to the tread as molten lava. Rowland, who suffered from intense heat, would have found all this uncomfortable in solitude; but Florence had never charmed him so completely as during these midsummer strolls with his preoccupied companion. One evening they had arranged to go on the morrow to the Academy. Miss Garland kept her appointment, but as soon as she appeared, Rowland saw that something painful had befallen her. She was doing her best to look at her ease, but her face bore the marks of tears. Rowland told her that he was afraid she was ill, and that if she preferred to give up the visit to Florence he would submit with what grace he might. She hesitated a moment and then said she preferred to adhere to their plan. "I am not well," she presently added, "but it's a moral malady, and in such cases I consider your company beneficial."

"But if I am to be your doctor," said Rowland, "you must tell me how your illness began."

"I can tell you very little. It began with Mrs. Hudson being unjust to me, for the first time in her life. And now I'm already better!"

I mention this incident because it confirmed an impression of Rowland's from which he had derived a certain consolation. He knew that Mrs. Hudson considered her son's ill-regulated passion for Christina Light a very regrettable affair, but he suspected that her manifest compassion had been all for Roderick, and not in the least for Mary Garland. She was fond of the young girl, but she had valued her primarily, during the last two years, as a kind of assistant priestess at Roderick's shrine. Roderick had honored her by asking her to become his wife, but that poor Mary had any rights in consequence, Mrs. Hudson was quite incapable of perceiving. Her sentiment on the subject was of course not very vigorously formulated, but she was unprepared to admit that Miss Garland had any ground for complaint. Roderick was very unhappy; that was enough, and Mary's duty was to join her patience and her prayers to those of

his doting mother. Roderick might fall in love with whom he pleased; no doubt that women trained in the mysterious Roman arts were only too proud and too happy to make it easy for him; and it was very presuming in poor, plain Mary to feel any personal resentment. Mrs. Hudson's philosophy was of too narrow a scope to suggest that a mother may forgive where a mistress cannot, and she thought herself greatly aggrieved that Miss Garland was not so disinterested as herself. She was ready to drop dead in Roderick's service, and she was quite capable of seeing her companion falter and grow faint, without a tremor of compunction. Mary, apparently, had given some intimation of her belief that if constancy is the flower of devotion, reciprocity is the guarantee of constancy, and Mrs. Hudson had rebuked her failing faith and called it cruelty. That Miss Garland had found it hard to reason with Mrs. Hudson, that she suffered deeply from the elder lady's softly bitter imputations, and that, in short, he had companionship in misfortune, — all this made Rowland find a certain luxury in his discomfort.

The party at Villa Pandolfini used to sit in the garden in the evenings, which Rowland almost always spent with them. Their entertainment was in the heavily perfumed air, in the dim, far starlight, in the crenelated tower of a neighboring villa, which loomed vaguely above them in the warm darkness, and in such conversation as depressing reflections allowed. Roderick, clad always in white, roamed about like a restless ghost, silent for the most part, but making from time to time a brief observation, characterized by the most fantastic cynicism. Roderick's contributions to the conversation were indeed always so fantastic that, though half the time they wearied him unspeakably, Rowland made an effort to treat them humorously. With Rowland alone Roderick talked a great deal more; often about things related to his own work, or about artistic and æsthetic matters in general. He talked as well as ever, or even better; but his talk always ended in a torrent of groans

and curses. When this current set in, Rowland straightway turned his back or stopped his ears, and Roderick now witnessed these movements with perfect indifference. When the latter was absent from the star-lit circle in the garden, as often happened, Rowland knew nothing of his whereabouts; he supposed him to be in Florence, but he never learned what he did there. All this was not enlivening, but with an even, muffled tread the days followed each other and brought the month of August to a close. One particular evening at this time was most enchanting; there was a perfect moon, looking so extraordinarily large that it made everything its light fell upon seem small; the heat was tempered by a soft west wind, and the wind was laden with the odors of the early harvest. The hills, the vale of the Arno, the shrunken river, the domes of Florence, were vaguely effaced by the dense moonshine; they looked as if they were melting out of sight like an exorcised vision. Rowland had found the two ladies alone at the villa, and he had sat with them for an hour. He felt absolutely hushed by the solemn splendor of the scene, but he had risked the remark that, whatever life might yet have in store for either of them, this was a night that they would never forget.

"It's a night to remember on one's death-bed!" Miss Garland exclaimed.

"Oh, Mary, how can you!" murmured Mrs. Hudson, to whom this savored of profanity, and to whose shrinking sense, indeed, the accumulated loveliness of the night seemed to have something shameless and defiant.

They were silent after this, for some time, but at last Rowland addressed certain idle words to Miss Garland. She made no reply, and he turned to look at her. She was sitting motionless, with her head pressed to Mrs. Hudson's shoulder, and the latter lady was gazing at him through the silvered dusk with a look which gave a sort of spectral solemnity to the sad, weak meaning of her eyes. She had the air, for the moment, of a little, old malevolent fairy. Miss Garland, Rowland perceived in an in-

stant, was not absolutely motionless; a tremor passed through her figure. She was weeping, or on the point of weeping, and she could not trust herself to speak. Rowland left his place and wandered to another part of the garden, wondering at the motive of her sudden tears. Of women's sobs in general he had a sovereign dread, but these, somehow, gave him a certain pleasure. When he returned to his place Miss Garland had raised her head and banished her tears. She came away from Mrs. Hudson and they stood for a short time leaning against the parapet.

"It seems to you very strange, I suppose," said Rowland, "that there should be any trouble in such a world as this."

"I used to think," she answered, "that if any trouble came to me I would bear it like a stoic. But that was at home, where things don't speak to us of enjoyment as they do here. Here it is such a mixture; one does n't know what to choose, what to believe. Beauty stands there—beauty such as this night and this place, and all this sad, strange summer, have been so full of—and it penetrates to one's soul and lodges there, and keeps saying that man was not made to suffer, but to enjoy. This place has undermined my stoicism, but—shall I tell you? I feel as if I were saying something sinful—I love it!"

"If it is sinful, I absolve you," said Rowland, "in so far as I have power. We are made, I suppose, both to suffer and to enjoy. As you say, it's a mixture. Just now and here, it seems a peculiarly strange one. But we must take things in turn."

His words had a singular aptness, for he had hardly uttered them when Roderick came out from the house, evidently in his darkest mood. He stood for a moment gazing hard at the view.

"It's a very beautiful night, my son," said his mother, going to him timidly, and touching his arm.

He passed his hand through his hair and let it stay there, clasping his thick locks. "Beautiful?" he cried; "of course it's beautiful! Everything is beautiful; everything is insolent, defi-

ant, atrocious with beauty. Nothing is ugly but me—me and my poor dead brain!"

"Oh, my dearest son," pleaded poor Mrs. Hudson, "don't you feel any better?"

Roderick made no immediate answer; but at last he spoke in a different voice. "I came expressly to tell you that you need n't trouble yourselves any longer to wait for something to turn up. Nothing *will* turn up! It's all over! I said when I came here I would give it a chance. I have given it a chance. Have n't I, eh? Have n't I, Rowland? It's no use; the thing's a failure! Do with me now what you please. I recommend you to set me up there at the end of the garden, and shoot me."

"I feel strongly inclined," said Rowland gravely, "to go and get my revolver."

"Oh, mercy on us, what language!" cried Mrs. Hudson.

"Why not?" Roderick went on. "This would be a lovely night for it, and I should be a lucky fellow to be buried in this garden. But bury me alive, if you prefer. Take me back to Northampton."

"Roderick, will you really come?" cried his mother.

"Oh yes, I'll go! I might as well be there as anywhere—reverting to idiocy and living upon alms. I can do nothing with all this; perhaps I should really like Northampton. If I'm to vegetate for the rest of my days, I can do it there better than here."

"Oh, come home, come home," Mrs. Hudson said, "and we shall all be safe and quiet and happy. My dearest son, come home with your poor mother!"

"Let us go, then, and go quickly!" Mrs. Hudson flung herself upon his neck for gratitude. "We'll go to-morrow," she cried. "The Lord is very good to me."

Mary Garland said nothing to this; but she looked at Rowland, and her eyes seemed to contain a kind of alarmed appeal. Rowland noted it with exultation, but even without it he would have broken into an eager protest.

"Are you serious, Roderick?" he demanded.

"Serious? of course not! How can a man with a crack in his brain be serious? how can a muddle-head reason? But I'm not jesting, either; I can no more make jokes than utter oracles!"

"Are you willing to go home?"

"Willing? God forbid! I'm simply amenable to force; if my mother chooses to take me, I won't resist. I can't! I've come to that!"

"Let me resist, then," said Rowland.

"Go home as you are now? I can't stand by and see it."

It may have been true that Roderick had lost his sense of humor, but he scratched his head with a gesture that was almost comical in its effect. "You are a queer fellow! I should think I would disgust you horribly."

"Stay another year," Rowland simply said.

"Doing nothing?"

"You *shall* do something. I'm responsible for your doing something."

"To whom are you responsible?"

Rowland, before replying, glanced at Miss Garland, and his glance made her speak quickly. "Not to me!"

"I'm responsible to myself," Rowland declared.

"My poor, dear fellow!" said Roderick.

"Oh, Mr. Mallet, are n't you satisfied?" cried Mrs. Hudson, in the tone in which Niobe may have addressed the avenging archers, after she had seen her eldest-born fall. "It's out of all nature keeping him here. When we're in a poor way, surely our own dear native land is the place for us. Do leave us to ourselves, sir!"

This just failed of being a dismissal in form, and Rowland bowed his head to it. Roderick was silent for some moments; then, suddenly, he covered his face with his two hands. "Take me at least out of this terrible Italy," he cried, "where everything mocks and reproaches and torments and eludes me!

Take me out of this land of impossible beauty and put me in the midst of ugliness. Set me down where nature is coarse and flat, and men and manners are vulgar. There must be something awfully ugly in Germany. Pack me off there!"

Rowland answered that if he wished to leave Italy the thing might be arranged; he would think it over and submit a proposal on the morrow. He suggested to Mrs. Hudson in consequence that she should spend the autumn in Switzerland, where she would find a fine tonic climate, plenty of fresh milk, and several *pensions* at three francs and a half a day. Switzerland, of course, was not ugly, but one could not have everything.

Mrs. Hudson neither thanked him nor assented; but she wept and packed her trunks. Rowland had a theory, after the scene which led to these preparations, that Mary Garland was weary of waiting for Roderick to come to his senses, that the faith which had bravely borne his manhood company hitherto, on the tortuous march he was leading it, had begun to believe it had gone far enough. This theory was not vitiated by something she said to him on the day before that on which Mrs. Hudson had arranged to leave Florence.

"Cousin Sarah, the other evening," she said, "asked you to please leave us. I think she hardly knew what she was saying, and I hope you have not taken offense."

"By no means; but I honestly believe that my leaving you would contribute greatly to Mrs. Hudson's comfort. I can be your hidden providence, you know; I can watch you at a distance, and come on the scene at critical moments."

Miss Garland looked for a moment on the ground; and then, with sudden earnestness, "I beg you to come with us!" she said.

It need hardly be added that after this Rowland went with them.

Henry James, Jr.

OF SOME RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

THE assertion has a strange, at first, indeed, almost a harsh and brutal sound, and yet it is unquestionably true, that, so far as the general welfare, the common good of mankind is concerned, few lives are so profitably expended as those of the unfortunate victims of railroad accidents. This, it is true, may not be saying much; for it is a melancholy fact that there are few things of which either nature or man is, as a rule, more lavish than human life; provided always that the methods used in extinguishing it are customary and not unduly obtrusive on the sight and nerves. As a necessary consequence of this wastefulness, it follows also that the results which flow from the extinguishment of the individual life are, as a rule, pitifully small. Any person curious to satisfy himself as to the truth of either or both of these propositions can do so easily enough by visiting those frequent haunts in which poverty and typhoid lurk in company; or yet more easily by a careful study of the weekly bills of mortality as they are issued by the authorities of any great city. Indeed, compared with the massive battalions daily sacrificed in the perpetual conflict which mankind seems forever doomed to wage against intemperance, bad sewerage, and worse ventilation, the victims of regular warfare by sea and land count as but single spies. The worst of it is, too, that if the blood of the martyrs is in these cases at all the seed of the church, it is a seed terribly slow of germination. Each step in the slow progress is a human Golgotha.

It is far otherwise with the victims of railroad disasters; they, at least, do not lose their lives without great and immediate compensating benefits to mankind. After each new railroad "horror," as it is called, the whole world travels with an appreciably increased degree of safety. The causes which led to it are anxiously investigated by ingenious men, new appliances are invented,

new precautions are imposed, a greater and more watchful care is inculcated. And hence it has resulted that each year, and in obvious consequence of each fresh catastrophe, travel by rail has become safer and safer, until it has been said, and with no inconsiderable degree of truth too, that the very safest place into which a man can put himself is the inside of a first-class railroad carriage on a train in full motion.

The study of railroad horrors is, therefore, the furthest possible from being a useless one, and a record of them is hardly less instructive than interesting. If carried too far it is apt, as matter for light reading, to become somewhat monotonous; though, about railroad accidents as about everything else, there is none the less an almost endless variety. Even in the forms of sudden death on the rail, nature seems to take a grim delight in an infinitude of surprises.

With a true dramatic propriety, the ghastly record, which has since grown so long, begins with the opening of the first railroad, literally on the very morning which finally ushered the great system into existence as a successfully accomplished fact, the eventful 15th of September, 1830.

DEATH OF MR. HUSKISSON.

That day had opened upon Liverpool bright and warm; the city was thronged with strangers, while gay and eager crowds lined the new thoroughfare on either side throughout its entire length, from the Mount Olives cut to Manchester. The arrangements were very perfect, and, during its earlier hours, the great gala occasion seemed likely to pass away unmarred by any mishap. A brilliant party, consisting of the directors of the new enterprise and their invited guests, were to pass over the road from Liverpool to Manchester, dine at the latter place, and return to Liverpool in the

afternoon. Their number was large and they filled eight trains of carriages, drawn by as many locomotives. The Duke of Wellington, then prime minister, was the most prominent personage there, and he with his party occupied the state cars, which were drawn by the locomotive *Northumbrian*, upon which George Stephenson himself that day officiated as engineer. In a car of one of the succeeding trains was Mr. William Huskisson, then a member of Parliament for Liverpool and eminent among the more prominent public men of the day as a financier and economist. He had been very active in promoting the construction of the Liverpool & Manchester road, and now that it was completed he had exerted himself greatly to render its opening day a success worthy an enterprise the far-reaching consequences of which he was among the few to appreciate. All the trains had started promptly from Liverpool, and had proceeded gayly along through an ovation of applause until at eleven o'clock they had reached Parkside, seventeen miles upon their journey, where it had been arranged that the locomotives were to replenish their supplies of water. As soon as the trains had stopped, disregarding every caution against their so doing, the excited and joyous passengers left their carriages and mingled together, eagerly congratulating one another upon the unalloyed success of the occasion. Mr. Huskisson, though in poor health and somewhat lame, was one of the most excited of the throng, and among the first to thus expose himself. Presently he caught the eye of the Duke of Wellington, standing at the door of his car. Now it so happened that for some time previous a coolness had existed between the two public men, the duke having as premier, with that military curtness for which he was famed, dismissed Mr. Huskisson from the cabinet of which he had been a member, and that, as was generally considered, without any sufficient cause. There had in fact been a most noticeable absence of courtesy in that ministerial crisis. The two now met face to face for the first time since

the breach between them had taken place, and the duke's manner evinced a disposition to be conciliatory which was by no means usual with that austere soldier. Mr. Huskisson at once responded to the overture, and, going up to the door of the state carriage, he and his former chief shook hands and then entered into conversation. As they were talking, the duke seated in his car and Mr. Huskisson standing between the tracks, the *Rocket* locomotive — the same famous *Rocket* which a year previous had won the five hundred pounds prize, and by so doing established forever the feasibility of rapid steam locomotion — came along upon the other track to take its place at the watering station. It came up slowly and so silently that its approach was hardly noticed; until, suddenly, an alarm was given, and, as every one immediately ran to resume his place, some commotion naturally ensued. In addition to being lame, Mr. Huskisson seemed also under these circumstances to be quite agitated, and, instead of quietly standing against the side of the carriage and allowing the *Rocket* to pass, he nervously tried to get round its open door, which was swinging out across the space between the two tracks in such a way that the approaching locomotive struck it, flinging it back, and at the same time throwing Mr. Huskisson down. He fell on his face in the open space between the tracks, but with his left leg over the inner of the two rails upon which the *Rocket* was moving, so that one of its wheels ran obliquely up the limb to the thigh, crushing it shockingly. As if to render the distressing circumstances of the catastrophe complete, it so happened that the unfortunate man had left his wife's side when he got out of his car, and now he had been flung down before her eyes as he sought to reënter it. He was immediately raised, but he knew that his hurt was mortal, and his first exclamation was, "I have met my death!" He was at once placed on one of the state carriages, to which the *Northumbrian* locomotive was attached, and in twenty-five minutes was carried to *Eccles*, a distance of fifteen

miles, where medical assistance was obtained. He was far beyond its reach, however, and upon the evening of the same day, before his companions of the morning had completed their journey, he was dead.

Necessarily the accident to Mr. Huskisson threw a deep gloom over the remainder of the celebration, and it was, indeed, only with the utmost difficulty that the Duke of Wellington was prevailed upon not at once to return to Liverpool. The party did at last go on, but the day, which in its earlier hours had promised to be so bright and so auspicious, proved in its later hours sad and anxious enough. In the first place, the crowd which thronged along the railroad track was so great as to be wholly beyond control; neither was it a peculiarly good-natured or well-disposed gathering. For just then the public distress and discontent throughout England was greater than it had been within the memory of any man living; and, indeed, even now, it may be fairly questioned whether England ever saw a sadder or more anxious year than that in which the railroad era at last struggled painfully into life. Not unnaturally, in view of his official position and his hard, unyielding character, — set like a flint against any measure of sympathy or reform, — the premier-duke was probably the most unpopular man in the United Kingdom; so now, as the excursionists approached Manchester, the eyes of the prime minister were offended by distasteful mottoes and emblems, while more than once missiles even were thrown at the train. Finally, the directors were very glad to get the ministerial party out of Manchester and back to Liverpool at the cost of a derangement of their entire schedule for the day; nor did the duke subsequently hear Brougham's famous speech, made at the dinner given at Liverpool in honor of the event, in which with such infinite oratorical skill he referred at once to the wonders of the system that day inaugurated and to the catastrophe which had saddened its opening observances.

"When," he said, "I saw the diffi-

culties of space, as it were, overcome; when I beheld a kind of miracle exhibited before my astonished eyes; when I saw the rocks excavated and the gigantic power of man penetrating through miles of the solid mass, and gaining a great, a lasting, an almost perennial conquest over the powers of nature by his skill and industry; when I contemplated all this, was it possible for me to avoid the reflections which crowded into my mind, not in praise of man's great success, not in admiration of the genius and perseverance he had displayed, or even of the courage he had shown in setting himself against the obstacles that matter afforded to his course — no! but the melancholy reflection, that these prodigious efforts of the human race, so fruitful of praise but so much more fruitful of lasting blessings to mankind, have forced a tear from my eye by that unhappy casualty which deprived me of a friend and you of a representative!"

Though wholly attributable to his own carelessness, the death of so prominent a character as Mr. Huskisson, on such an occasion, could not but make a deep impression on the public mind. The fact that the dying man was carried seventeen miles in twenty-five minutes, in search of rest and medical aid, served rather to stimulate the vague apprehension of danger which thereafter associated itself with the new means of transportation, and converted it into a dangerous method of carriage which called for no inconsiderable display of nerve on the part of those using it. Indeed, as respects the safety of travel by rail there is an edifying similarity between the impressions which prevailed in England forty-five years ago and those which prevail in China now; for, when only last year it was proposed to introduce railroads into the Celestial Empire, a vigorous native protest was fulminated against them, in which, among other things scarcely less astounding, it was alleged that "in all countries where railroads exist they are considered a very dangerous mode of locomotion, and, beyond those who have very urgent busi-

ness to transact, no one thinks of using them."

On this subject, however, of the dangers incident to journeys by rail, a writer of nearly half a century back, who has left us one of the earliest descriptions of the Liverpool & Manchester road, thus reassured the public of those days, with a fresh quaintness of style which lends a present value to his words: "The occurrence of accidents is not so frequent as might be imagined, as the great weight of the carriages" (they weighed about one tenth part as much as those now in use in America) "prevents them from easily starting off the rails; and so great is the momentum acquired by these heavy loads moving with such rapidity, that they easily pass over considerable obstacles. Even in those melancholy accidents where loss of life has been sustained, the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers, though run over by the wheels, have caused little irregularity in the motion, and the passengers in the carriages have not been sensible that any impediment has been encountered on the road."

Indeed, from the time of Mr. Huskisson's death, during a period of over eleven years, railroads enjoyed a remarkable and most fortunate exemption from accidents. During all that time there did not occur a single disaster resulting in any considerable loss of life. This happy exemption was probably due to a variety of causes. Those early roads were, in the first place, remarkably well and thoroughly built, and were very cautiously operated under a light volume of traffic. The precautions then taken and the appliances in use would, it is true, strike the modern railroad superintendent as both primitive and comical; for instance, they involved the running of independent pilot locomotives in advance of all night passenger trains, and it was, by the way, on a pioneer locomotive of this description, on the return trip of the excursion party from Manchester after the accident to Mr. Huskisson, that the first recorded attempt was made in the direction of our present elaborate system of night sig-

nals. On that occasion obstacles were signaled to those in charge of the succeeding trains by a man on the pioneer locomotive, who used for that purpose a bit of lighted tarred rope. Through all the years between 1830 and 1841, nevertheless, not a single serious railroad disaster had to be recorded. Not that the corporations did not owe the exemption, among other things, to very fortunate and narrow escapes; and, curiously enough, the first accident which was at all serious in its character, which occurred after the death of Mr. Huskisson, was in its circumstances — except as respected loss of life — almost an exact parallel to the famous Revere disaster which happened in Massachusetts in August, 1871. It chanced on the Liverpool & Manchester Railway on the 23d of December, 1832.

THE RAINHILL COLLISION OF 1832.

The second-class morning train had stopped at the Rainhill station to take in passengers, when those upon it heard through the dense fog another train, which had left Manchester forty-five minutes later, coming towards them at a high rate of speed. When it first became visible it was but one hundred and fifty yards off, and a collision was inevitable. Those in charge of the stationary train, however, succeeded in getting it under a slight headway, and in so much diminished the shock of the collision; but the last five carriages were notwithstanding injured, the one at the end being totally demolished. Though quite a number of the passengers were cut and bruised, and several were severely hurt, one only, strange to say, was killed. This result was very different from that experienced by the Massachusetts corporation at Revere nearly forty years later, and, as the circumstances were much the same, it is necessary to conclude that luck varied.

Indeed, the luck — for it was nothing else — of those earlier times was truly amazing. Thus on this same Liverpool & Manchester road, as a first-class train on the morning of April 17, 1836, was

moving at a speed of some thirty miles an hour, an axle broke under the first passenger coach, causing the whole train to leave the track and throwing it down the embankment, which at that point was twenty feet high. The cars were rolled over, and the passengers in them tumbled about topsy-turvy; nor, as they were securely locked in, could they even extricate themselves when at last the wreck of the train reached firm bearings. And yet no one was killed. Here the corporation was saved by one chance in a thousand, and its almost miraculous good fortune received terrible illustration in a disaster which recently occurred on the Great Western Railway under almost precisely similar conditions, — that at Shipton-on-Cherwell, on December 24, 1874.

THE SHIPTON-ON-CHERWELL ACCIDENT.

It was the day immediately preceding Christmas, and every train which at that holiday season leaves London is densely packed, for all England seems then to gather away from its cities to the country hearths. Accordingly, the ten o'clock London express on the Great Western Railway, when it left Oxford that morning, was made up of no less than fifteen passenger carriages and baggage vans, drawn by two powerful locomotives and containing nearly three hundred passengers. About seven miles north of Oxford, as the train, moving at a speed of some thirty to forty miles an hour, was rounding a gentle curve in the approach to the bridge over the little river Cherwell, the tire of one of the wheels of the passenger coach next behind the locomotive broke, throwing it off the track. For a short distance it was dragged along in its place; but almost immediately those in charge of the locomotives noticed that something was wrong, and most naturally, and with the very best of intentions, they instantly did the very worst thing which under the circumstances it was in their power to do: they applied their brakes and reversed their engines; their single thought was

to stop the train. Had locomotives and cars been equipped with the continuous train-brakes now so generally in use in America, this action of the engine drivers would have checked at the same instant the speed of each particular car, and probably any serious catastrophe would have been averted. With the train equipped as it was, however, had these men, instead of crowding on their brakes and reversing their engines, simply shut off their steam, and by a gentle application of the brakes checked the speed gradually, and so as to avoid any strain on the couplings, the cars would probably have held together and remained upon the road-bed. Instead of this, however, the sudden checking of the two ponderous locomotives converted them into an anvil, as it were, upon which the unfortunate leading car, already off the rails, was crushed under the weight and impetus of the succeeding cars. The train instantly zig-zagged in every direction under the pressure, the couplings which connected it together snapping; and the cars, after leaving the rails to the right and left and running down the embankment of about thirteen feet in height, came to a stand-still at last, several of them in the reverse order from that which they had held while in the train. The first carriage was run over and completely destroyed; the five rear ones were alone left upon the road-bed, and of these two only were on the rails; of the ten which went down the embankment, two were demolished. In this disaster thirty-four passengers lost their lives, and sixty-five others, besides four employes of the company, were injured.

These two disasters, divided from each other by the lapse of more than a third of a century, were similar in every respect except loss of life; for, while a surprising immunity in this respect marked the first, the last ranks among the most fatal railroad catastrophes on record. Yet, upon the other hand, it may well be questioned whether the first was not wholly barren of results in so far as any increased safety in travel by rail was concerned; for, like other mortals, railroad officers are apt after some hair-breadth

escape to bless their fortunate stars for the present good, rather than to take anxious heed for future dangers. The English, also, are especially prone to conservatism. In this respect there is, indeed, something almost ludicrously characteristic in the manner with which those interested in the railway management of that country strain at their gnats while they swallow their camels. They have grappled with the great question of city travel with a superb financial and engineering audacity which has left all other communities hopelessly distanced; but, while carrying their passengers under and over the ebb and flow of the Thames and among the chimney-pots of densest London, to leave them on the very steps of the Royal Exchange, they have never been able to devise any satisfactory means for putting the traveler, in case of disaster, in communication with the engineer of his train. It is, indeed, a fact which would be wholly curious were it not partly comical, that, after the ingenuity of all England had for a third of a century exhausted itself in vain efforts at the solution of this tremendous problem, it appeared at the Shipton-on-Cherwell investigation that the associated general managers of the leading railways "did not think that any [such] means of communication was at all required, or likely to be useful or successful." So also as respects the application of the train-brake, which places the speed of each car under the direct and instantaneous control of him who is in charge of the locomotive; for years the success of these brakes has been conceded even by the least progressive of American railroad managers, and the want of them had directly and obviously contributed to the Shipton-on-Cherwell disaster, even if it had not wholly caused its murderous destructiveness; and yet in the investigation which ensued from it, it appeared that the authorities of the Great Western Railway, being eminently "practical men," still entertained "very great doubts of the wisdom of adopting continuous brakes at all." Such conservatism as this is open to but one description of argument, the *ultima*

ratio of railroad logic. So long as luck averts the loss of life in railroad disasters, no occasion is seen for disturbing time-honored precautions or antiquated appliances. While, however, a disaster like that of December 24, 1874, may not convince, it does compel: incredulity and conservatism vanish, silenced, at least, in presence of so frightful a row of corpses as on that morning made ghastly the banks of the Cherwell. The general introduction of train-brakes upon the railways of Great Britain will date from that event.

THE DEODAND.

To return, however, to those earlier years during which wholesale railroad slaughters were as yet unknown. One curious illustration of this fact appeared in the quaint penalty which was, in case of disasters on railways resulting in a loss of human life, imposed upon the corporations. It was a principle of English common law, derived from the feudal period, that anything through the instrumentality of which death occurred was forfeited to the crown as a deodand; accordingly, down to the year 1840, and even later, we find, in all cases where persons were killed, records of deodands levied by the coroner's juries upon the locomotives. These appear to have been arbitrarily imposed and graduated in amount accordingly as circumstances seemed to excite in greater or less degree the sympathies or the indignation of the jury. In November, 1838, for instance, a locomotive exploded upon the Liverpool & Manchester road, killing its engineer and fireman; and for this escapade a deodand of twenty pounds was assessed upon it by the coroner's jury; while upon another occasion, in 1839, where the locomotive struck and killed a man and horse at a street crossing, the deodand was fixed at no less a sum than fourteen hundred pounds, the full value of the engine. Yet in this last case there did not appear to be any circumstances rendering the corporation liable in civil damages. The deodand seems to have been looked upon as a species of rude penalty im-

posed on the use of dangerous appliances, a sharp reminder to the corporations to look closely after their locomotives and employés. As, however, accidents increased in frequency, it became painfully apparent that "crowner's 'quest law'" was not in any appreciable degree better calculated to command the public respect in the days of Victoria than in those of Elizabeth, and the ancient usage was accordingly at last abolished. Certainly the position of railroad corporations would now be even more hazardous than it is, if, after every catastrophe resulting in death, the coroner's jury of the vicinage enjoyed the power of arbitrarily imposing on them such additional penalty, in addition to all other liabilities, as might seem to it proper under the circumstances of the case.

The period of exemption lasted eleven years, and, curiously enough, the record of great catastrophes opened on the Great Western Railway and upon the 24th of December, a day which seems to have been peculiarly unfortunate in the annals of that company, seeing that it was likewise the date of the Shipton-on-Cherwell disaster. Upon that day in 1841, a train, while moving through a thick fog at a high rate of speed, came suddenly in contact with a mass of earth which had slid from the embankment at the side on to the track. Instantly the whole rear of the train was piled up on top of the first carriage, which happened to be crowded with passengers, eight of whom were killed on the spot, while seventeen others were more or less injured. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death, and at the same time, as if to give the corporation a forcible hint to look closer to the condition of its embankments, a deodand of one hundred pounds was levied on the locomotive and tender.

TELESCOPING.

The disaster in this case was due to the telescoping, as it is termed, of cars. That is, the cars are closed up in each other like the slides of a telescope, under

the immense pressure of the instantaneous stopping of a train in rapid motion. This is, upon the whole, the most frightful danger to which travel by rail is liable, and there are but two ways in which provision can be made to meet it. The occurrence of accident may be guarded against through an unsleeping and all-pervading vigilance; or, where it must occur, an equipment may be provided so strong as to be capable of meeting and resisting it. Now, so long as trains go at great speed and depend for their safety on human precaution, it is inevitable that they will occasionally run upon some unexpected obstacle. The simple wonder is that they do this so infrequently. Were it not an accomplished fact, the security in this respect which has been attained would be deemed simply impossible. Though sometimes inevitable, the occurrence of accidents of this description may, however, in the vastly larger proportion of the few instances in which they must occur, be rendered harmless just in proportion as those in charge of a train can reduce its speed, or as the train itself, through its more perfect construction, can resist the pressure of a sudden shock. Improved brakes and stronger and heavier car construction are the great safeguards against telescoping, and the advance made in these respects of late years on the American railroads has been little short of wonderful. This has been due to two inventions, both of which have only recently been brought into general use: the atmospheric train-brake, and what is, from the name of its inventor, known as the Miller platform and buffer. By the first the velocity of the whole train in its every part is placed directly and immediately under the control of its engineer; and by the last the cars of a train are practically converted into one continuous body, in which there are no separate or loosely connected parts to be crushed into each other, or piled on top of each other. Had the train upon the Great Western Railway at Shipton-on-Cherwell, in 1874, been equipped with the continuous train-brake, the worst features of that catastrophe would

certainly have been averted, and it would have been passed over unnoticed as a simple, ordinary case of derailment. Had the cars of which that train was composed, or those of the other train on the same road just thirty-three years before, been built with the Miller platform and buffer, their strength, converting them into substances too hard to be crushed, would in both cases have resisted the shock caused by the sudden stopping of the locomotives.

THE FOXBOROUGH ACCIDENT.

A very apt illustration of what might have been the result in these cases was furnished in an accident, not dissimilar to that at Shipton-on-Cherwell in character, which happened in Massachusetts on the Boston & Providence Railroad upon July 15, 1872. As an express train was running up to Boston about noon of that day, and at a rate of speed of some forty miles an hour, it came in contact with a horse and wagon at a grade crossing in the town of Foxborough. The train was made up of thoroughly well-built cars, equipped with both the Miller platform and the Westinghouse train-brake. There was no time in which to check the speed, and it thus became a simple question of strength of construction, to be tested in an unavoidable collision. The engine struck the wagon, and instantly destroyed it. The horse had already cleared the rails when the wagon was struck, but, a portion of his harness getting caught on the locomotive, he was thrown down and dragged a short distance until his body came in contact with the platform of a station close to the spot of collision. The body was then forced under the cars, having been almost instantaneously rolled and pounded up into a hard, unyielding mass. The results which ensued were certainly very singular. Next to the locomotive was an ordinary baggage and mail car, and it was under this car, and between its forward and its hind truck, that the body of the horse was forced; coming then directly in contact with the truck of the rear wheels, it tore it from its fastenings and

thus let the rear end of the car drop upon the track. In falling, this end snapped the coupling by its weight, and so disconnected the train, the locomotive going off towards Boston dragging this single car, with one end of it bumping along the track. Meanwhile the succeeding car of the train had swept over the body of the horse and the disconnected truck, which were thus brought in contact with its own wheels, which in their turn were also torn off; and so great was the impetus that in this way all of the four passenger cars which composed that part of the train were successively driven clean off their rolling gear, and not only did they then slide off the track, but they crossed a railroad siding which happened to be at that point, went down an embankment some three or four feet in height, demolished a fence, passed into an adjoining field, and then at last, after glancing from the stump of a large oak-tree, they finally came to a stand-still some two hundred feet from the point at which they had left the track. There was not in this case even an approach to telescoping; on the contrary, each car rested perfectly firmly in its place as regarded all the others, not a person was injured, and when the wheelless train at last became stationary the astonished passengers got up and hurried through the doors, the very glass in which as well as that in the windows was unbroken. Here was an indisputable victory of skill and science over accident, showing most vividly to what an infinitesimal extreme the dangers incident to telescoping may be reduced.

THE DIFFERENCE. 1854 AND 1874.

The vast progress in this direction made within twenty years was again even more forcibly illustrated by the results of two accidents almost precisely similar in character, which occurred, the one on the Great Western Railroad of Canada, in October, 1854, the other on the Boston & Albany, in Massachusetts, in October, 1874. In the first case a regular train made up of a locomotive and seven cars, while approach-

ing Detroit at a speed of some twenty miles an hour, ran into a gravel train of fifteen cars which was backing towards it at a speed of some ten miles an hour. The locomotive of the passenger train was thrown completely off the track and down the embankment, dragging after it a baggage car. At the head of the passenger portion of the train were two second-class cars filled with emigrants; both of these were telescoped and demolished, and all their unfortunate occupants either killed or injured. The front of the succeeding first-class car was then crushed in, and a number of those in it were hurt. In all, no less than forty-seven persons lost their lives, while sixty others were maimed or severely bruised. So much for a collision in October, 1854. In October, 1874, on the Boston & Albany road, the regular New York express train, consisting of a locomotive and seven cars, while going during the night at a speed of forty miles an hour, was suddenly, near the Brimfield station, thrown by a misplaced switch into a siding upon which a number of platform freight cars were standing. The train was thoroughly equipped, having both Miller platform and Westinghouse brake. The six seconds which intervened, in the darkness, between notice of displacement and the collision, did not enable the engineer to check perceptibly the speed of his train, and when the blow came it was a simple question of strength to resist. The shock must have been tremendous, for the locomotive and tender were flung off the track to the right and the baggage car to the left, the last being thrown across the interval between the siding and the main track and resting obliquely over the latter. The forward end of the first passenger car was thrown beyond the baggage car up over the tender, and its rear end, as well as the forward end of the succeeding car, was injured. As in the Foxborough case, several of the trucks were jerked out from under the cars to which they belonged, but not a person on the train was more than slightly bruised, the cars were not disconnected, nor was there a suggestion even of telescoping.

Such contrasts are their own best comment.

THE VERSAILLES ACCIDENT IN 1842.

Going back once more to the early days, a third of a century since, before yet the periodical recurrence of slaughters had caused either train-brake or Miller platform to be imagined as possibilities, before, indeed, there was yet any record of what we would now consider a regular railroad field-day, with its long train of accompanying horrors, including in the grisly array death by crushing, scalding, drowning, burning, and impalement, — going back to the year 1840, or thereabouts, we find that the railroad companies experienced a notable illustration of the truth of the ancient adage that it never rains but it pours; for it was then that the long immunity was rudely broken in upon. After that time disasters on the rail seemed to tread upon one another's heels in quick and frightful succession. Within a few months of the English catastrophe of December 24, 1841, there happened in France one of the most famous and most horrible railroad slaughters ever recorded. It took place on the 8th of May, 1842. It was the birthday of the king, Louis Philippe, and, in accordance with the usual practice, the occasion had been celebrated at Versailles by a great display of the fountains. At half past five o'clock these had stopped playing, and a general rush ensued for the trains then about to leave for Paris. That which went by the road along the left bank of the Seine was densely crowded, and was so long that it required two locomotives to draw it. As it was moving at a high rate of speed between Bellevue and Meudon, the axle of the foremost of these two locomotives broke, letting the body of the engine drop to the ground. It instantly stopped, and the second locomotive was then driven by its impetus on top of the first, crushing its engineer and fireman, while the contents of both the fire-boxes were scattered over the roadway and among the *débris*. Three carriages crowded with passengers were then piled on top of this burning mass,

and there crushed together into each other. The doors of the train were all locked, as was then and indeed is still the custom in Europe, and it so chanced that the carriages had all been newly painted. They blazed up like pine kindlings. Some of the carriages were so shattered that a portion of those in them were enabled to extricate themselves, but no less than forty were held fast; and of these such as were not so fortunate as to be crushed to death in the first shock perished hopelessly in the flames before the eyes of a throng of impotent lookers-on. Some fifty-two or fifty-three persons were supposed to have lost their lives in this disaster, and more than forty others were injured; the exact number of the killed, however, could never be ascertained, as the telescoping of the cars on top of the two locomotives had made of the destroyed portion of the train a veritable holocaust of the most hideous description. Not only did whole families perish together, — in one case no less than eleven members of the same family sharing a common fate, — but the remains of such as were destroyed could neither be identified nor separated. In one case a female foot was alone recognizable, while in others the bodies were calcined and fused into an indistinguishable mass. The Academy of Sciences appointed a committee to inquire whether Admiral D'Urville, a distinguished French navigator, was among the victims. His body was thought to be found, but it was so terribly mutilated that it could be recognized only by a sculptor, who chanced some time before to have taken a phrenological cast of his skull. His wife and only son had perished with him.

It is not easy now to conceive the excitement and dismay which this catastrophe caused throughout France. The new invention was at once associated in the minds of an excitable people with novel forms of imminent death. France had at best been laggard enough in its adoption of the new appliance, and now it seemed for a time as if the Versailles disaster was to operate as a barrier in the way of all further railroad develop-

ment. Persons availed themselves of the steam roads already constructed as rarely as possible, and then in fear and trembling, while steps were taken to substitute horse for steam power on other roads then in process of construction.

The disaster was, indeed, one well calculated to make a deep impression on the popular mind, for it lacked almost no attribute of the dramatic and terrible. There were circumstances connected with it, too, which gave it a sort of moral significance, — contrasting so suddenly the joyous return from the country *fête* in the pleasant afternoon of May, with what De Quincey has called the terror of sudden death. It contained a whole homily on the familiar text. As respects the number of those killed and injured, also, the Versailles accident has not often been surpassed; perhaps never in Europe. In this country it was surpassed on one occasion at least, and then under circumstances very similar to it. This was the accident at Camphill station, about twelve miles from Philadelphia, on the 17th of July, 1856, which befell an excursion train carrying some eleven hundred children, who had gone out on a Sunday-school picnic in charge of their teachers and friends.

THE CAMPHILL ACCIDENT.

It was the usual story. The road had but a single track, and the train, both long and heavy, had been delayed and was running behind its schedule time. The conductor thought, however, that the next station could yet be reached in time to meet and there pass a regular train coming towards him. It may have been a miscalculation of seconds, it may have been a difference of watches, or perhaps the regular train was slightly before its time; but, however it happened, as the excursion train, while running at speed, was rounding a reverse curve, it came full upon the regular train, which had just left the station. In those days, as compared with the present, the cars were but egg-shells, and the shock was terrific. The loco-

motives struck each other, and, after rearing themselves up for an instant, it is said, like living animals, fell to the ground, mere masses of rubbish. In any case the force of the shock was sufficient to hurl both engines from the track and lay them side by side at right angles and some distance from it. As only the excursion train happened to be running at speed, it alone had all the impetus necessary for telescoping; three of its cars accordingly closed in upon each other, and the children in them were crushed; as in the Versailles accident, two succeeding cars were driven on to this mass, and then fire was set to the whole from the ruins of the locomotives. It would be hard to imagine anything more thoroughly heart-rending, for the holocaust was of little children on a party of pleasure. Five cars in all were burned, and sixty-six persons perished; the injured numbered more than a hundred.

Of this disaster nothing could be said either in excuse or in extenuation; it was not only one of the worst description, but it was one of that description the occurrence of which is most frequent. An excursion train, while running against time on a single-track road, came in collision with a regular train. The record is full of similar disasters, closing with that at Far Rockaway on the South Side Railroad of Long Island, upon the 5th of July, 1875, with its ten killed and thirty injured. Primarily, of course, the conductors of the excursion trains were at fault in all these cases; nor should it be forgotten that the unfortunate man who had charge of the Camphill train destroyed himself the next day by swallowing arsenic. But in reality, in these and in all similar cases,—both those which have happened and those hereafter surely destined to happen,—the final responsibility does not rest upon the unfortunate or careless subordinate; nor should the weight of punishment be visited upon him. It belongs elsewhere. At this late day no board of directors, nor president, nor superintendent has any right to operate a single-track road without the constant use of the telegraph; and, if they persist in so doing, it should be

under a constant and well understood liability to the penalties for manslaughter. That the telegraph can be used to block, as it is termed, double-track roads, by dividing them into sections, upon no one of which two trains can be running at the same time, is matter of long and daily experience. There is nothing new or experimental about it. It is a system which has been forced on the more crowded lines of the world as an alternative to perennial killings. That in the year 1875, excursion trains should rush along single-track roads and hurl themselves against regular trains is sufficiently incredible; but that such roads should be operated without the constant aid of the telegraph as a means of blocking their tracks for every irregular train indicates a degree of wanton carelessness, or an excess of incompetence, for which adequate provision should be made in the criminal law.

COLLISIONS CAUSED BY THE TELEGRAPH.

And yet, even with the wires in active use, collisions like those at Far Rockaway and at Camphill will occasionally take place. They have sometimes, indeed, even been caused by the telegraph, so that railroad officials at two adjoining stations on the same road, having launched trains at each other beyond recall, have busied themselves while waiting for tidings of the inevitable collision in summoning medical assistance for those sure soon to be injured. In such cases, however, the mishap can almost invariably be traced to some defect in the system under which the telegraph is used; such as a neglect to exact return messages to insure accuracy, or the delegating to inexperienced subordinates the work which can be properly performed only by a principal. This was singularly illustrated in a terrible collision which took place at Thorpe, between Norwich and Great Yarmouth, on the Great Eastern Railway in England, on the 10th of September, 1874. The line had in this place but a single track, and the mail train to Norwich, under the rule,

had to wait at a station called Brundell until the arrival there of the evening express from Yarmouth, or until it received permission by the telegraph to proceed. On the evening of the disaster the express train was somewhat behind its time, and the inspector wrote a dispatch directing the mail to come forward without waiting for it. This dispatch he left in the telegraph office unsigned, while he went to attend to other matters. Just then the express train came along, and he at once allowed it to proceed. Hardly was it under way when the unsigned dispatch occurred to him, and the unfortunate man dashed to the telegraph office only to learn that the operator had forwarded it. Under the rules of the company no return message was required. A second dispatch was instantly sent to Brundell to stop the mail; the reply came back that the mail was gone. A collision was inevitable.

The two trains were of very equal weight, the one consisting of fourteen and the other of thirteen carriages. They were both drawn by powerful locomotives, the drivers of which had reason for putting on an increased speed, believing, as each had cause to believe, that the other was waiting for him. The night was intensely dark and it was raining heavily, so that, even if the brakes were applied, the wheels would slide along the slippery track. Under these circumstances the two trains rushed upon each other round a slight curve which sufficed to obscure their headlights. The combined momentum must have amounted to little less than sixty miles an hour, and the shock was heard through all the neighboring village. The funnel of the locomotive drawing the

mail train was swept away, and the other locomotive seemed to rush on top of it, while the carriages of both trains followed until a mound of locomotives and shattered cars was formed which the descending torrents alone hindered from becoming a funeral pyre. So sudden was the collision that the driver of one of the engines did not apparently have an opportunity to shut off the steam, and his locomotive, though forced from the track and disabled, yet remained some time in operation in the midst of the wreck. In both trains, very fortunately, there were a number of empty cars between the locomotives and the carriages in which the passengers were seated, and they were utterly demolished; but for this fortunate circumstance, the Thorpe collision might well have proved the most disastrous of all railroad accidents. As it was, the men on both the locomotives were instantly killed, together with seventeen passengers, and four other passengers subsequently died of their injuries; making a total of twenty-five deaths, besides fifty cases of injury.

No more violent collision than this at Thorpe probably ever took place; and yet, as curiously illustrating how rapidly the most severe shock expends its force, it is said that two gentlemen in the last carriage of one of the trains, finding themselves suddenly stopped close to their destination, supposed it was for some unimportant cause, and concluded at once to take advantage of such a happy chance by getting out and walking to their homes, which they did, and learned only the next morning of the catastrophe in which they had been unconscious participants.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

GREAT was the general surprise of the dancing class when this large, tall, handsome English girl, of about eighteen, entered the room in a rose-colored silk dress, with very low neck and very short sleeves, white satin shoes, and white kid gloves; her long auburn ringlets and ivory shoulders glancing in the ten o'clock morning sunlight with a sort of incongruous splendor, and her whole demeanor that of the most innocent and modest tranquillity.

Mademoiselle Descuilles shut her book to with a snap, and sat bolt upright and immovable, with eyes and mouth wide open. Young Mr. Guillet blushed purple, and old Mr. Guillet scraped a few interjections on his fiddle and then, putting it down, took a resonant pinch of snuff, by way of restoring his scattered senses.

No observation was made, however, and the lesson proceeded, young Mr. Guillet turning scarlet each time either of his divergent orbs of vision encountered his serenely unconscious full-dressed pupil; which certainly, considering that he was a member of the Grand Opera *corps de ballet*, was a curious instance of the purely conventional ideas of decency which custom makes one accept. The stripping of the bosom and careful covering of the back of the neck and shoulders in the days of our great-grandmothers, who were bare-faced before and shame-faced behind, was a ludicrous exemplification of the same partial sense of decency. It was reserved for the Empress Eugénie to countenance a fashion which, for the first time in historical France, uncovered alike back and bosom and the arms, up to the shoulders and armpits.

This lady, whose strangely checkered fortunes are now part of European history, joined to a peculiarly devout sentiment of religion, such as she conceived and believed it, a passion for dress, which, combined with her "piety,"

must have produced a singularly incongruous medley of influences on the female France over whose modes and morals she held for some eventful years imperial sway. In one of her dressing-rooms she had a set of lay figures or dolls of life-size, upon which she used to study for hours the different effects of different fashions. In her château of Biarritz, whither she retired for summer ease and relaxation, and the grander influences of the rocks and waves of the Atlantic shore, her dressing-room contained a sort of cupola, in which the dress she was about to wear was suspended, so that it might descend upon her person standing beneath, without the *crumpling* intervention of the hands of even the best trained *dame d'atours*. In the Middle Ages such a piece of machinery would have suggested the terrible insecurity of royal life, and a device to escape the chances of assassination which the throwing of a mass of drapery over the head and shoulders might favor; in the nineteenth century, it testified to the desire of a great princess that her gown should be put upon her "*sans faire un pli*." The princes of the house of Orleans preserved at Claremont, in the sketch-books they brought back from some early tours in Spain, spirited portraits, from nature, of the *séduisante* Eugénie de Teba, in every variety of Spanish national costume. After their expulsion and exile from France, and the confiscation of their property by Louis Napoleon, these sketches of his wife, then Empress of the French, continued to adorn their portfolios, with curious reminiscences of gay riding parties, in which she, in her picturesque costume, was always the principal figure. After Louis Napoleon's marriage, Lady C— (then still *la grande Mademoiselle*) stayed at the Tuileries during one of her visits to Paris, and among other things my curiosity elicited from her was the confirmation of the general im-

pression that even then, when the empress was young, and undoubtedly beautiful, her face was painted like a mask, not only white and red, but darkened under the eyes, and with the veins on her temples traced in blue on the white enamel with which they were plastered. I remember, when the emperor and empress made their first triumphal visit to England, I asked another friend, who had been present at a royal night at the opera, how the two ladies of France and England looked: "The Empress Eugénie? Oh, *such* a pretty woman! and *so* beautifully dressed!" "And the queen?" "Very plain, very dowdy; but she looked like a queen." Writing to an English lady, her friend, during her husband's absence with the French army in Italy (it was the campaign of Magenta and Solferino), the empress thus described her anxiety for his fate and fortunes, and her own principal occupation during his danger: "Ah, *ma chère*, quelle existence! Je ne fais que trembler, et essayer des robes!"

Whatever want of assiduity I may have betrayed in my other studies, there was no lack of zeal for my dancing lessons. I had a perfect passion for dancing, which long survived my school-days, and I am persuaded that my natural vocation was that of an opera dancer. Far into middle life I never saw beautiful dancing without a rapture of enthusiasm, and used to repeat from memory whole dances after seeing Duvernay or Ellsler, as persons with a good musical ear can repeat the airs of the opera first heard the night before. And I remember during Ellsler's visit to America, when I had long left off dancing in society, being so transported with her execution of a Spanish dance called *El Jaleo de Xeres*, that I was detected by my cook, who came suddenly upon me in my store-room, in the midst of sugar, rice, tea, coffee, flour, etc., standing on the tips of my toes, with my arms above my head, in one of the attitudes I had most admired in that striking and picturesque performance. The woman withdrew in speechless amazement, and I alighted on my heels, feeling wonderfully foolish.

How I thought I never should be able to leave off dancing! and so I thought of riding! and so I thought of singing! and could not imagine what life would be like, when I could no more do these things. I was not wrong, perhaps, in thinking it would be difficult to leave them off: I had no conception how easily they would leave me off.

Vastly different from the wild rambles in the flowery valley of the Liane and on the sandy dunes of the sea-shore at Boulogne was the melancholy monotony of our Paris school promenades,—the two-and-two prim procession in the Champs Élysées, then more like the dismal Stygian fields than fields Elysian, in their shabby, untidy, comparative loneliness. For then no fine streets and avenues opened upon them, no smart hotels bordered them. There was no gleaming fountain and blooming shrubbery at the Rond Point to break the long line of road from the Place Louis Quinze to the Barrière de l'Étoile. All the gay and grand pageant of architecture and horticulture that the reign of Louis Napoleon has seen appear and disappear along that broad thoroughfare, lately glittering and glancing with flashing Parisian existence, and still more lately swept bare with a hurricane of ruin by Parisian frenzy, had not begun to diversify the vast space that I remember as stretching from the Élysée Bourbon and the Avenue Marbœuf up to the Arc de Triomphe, a wide solitude of mangy trees and moldy benches. Close to the Barrière de l'Étoile, in those days, still existed a place of public resort called *Beaujon*, where the famous *Montagnes Russes* afforded the Parisian cockneys, five-and-forty years ago, an epitome of the experience of the traveler of the present day descending the course of the Fell railway on the southern slope of Mont Cenis.

Varying our processions in the Champs Élysées were less formal excursions in the Jardin du Luxembourg, and as the picture-gallery in the palace was opened gratuitously on certain days of the week, we were allowed to wander through it and form our taste for art among the

samples of the modern French school of painting there collected: the pictures of David, Gérard, Girodet, etc., the Dido and Æneas, the Romulus and Tatius with the Sabine women interposing between them, Hippolytus before Theseus and Phædra, Atala being laid in her grave by her lover,—compositions with which innumerable engravings have made England familiar,—the theatrical conception and hard coloring and execution of which (compensated by masterly grouping and incomparable drawing) did not prevent their striking our uncritical eyes with delighted admiration, and making this expedition to the Luxembourg one of my favorite afternoon recreations. These pictures are now all in the gallery of the Louvre, illustrating the school of art of the consulate and early empire of Bonaparte.

Another favorite promenade of ours, and the one that I preferred even to the hero-worship of the Luxembourg, was the Parc Monceaux. This estate, the private property of the Orleans family, confiscated by Louis Napoleon and converted into a whole new *quartier* of his new Paris, with splendid streets and houses, and an exquisite public flower-garden in the midst of them, was then a solitary and rather neglected *Jardin Anglais* (so called), or park, surrounded by high walls and entered by a small wicket, the porter of which required a permit of admission before allowing ingress to the domain. I remember never seeing a single creature but ourselves in the complete seclusion of this deserted pleasure. It had grass and fine trees and winding walks, and little brooks fed by springs that glimmered in cradles of moss-grown, antiquated rock-work; no flowers or semblance of cultivation, but a general air of solitude and wildness that recommended it especially to me and recalled as little as possible the great, gay city which surrounded it.

My real holidays, however (for I did not go home during the three years I spent in Paris), were the rare and short visits my father paid me while I was at school. At all other seasons Paris might have been Patagonia for anything I saw

or heard or knew of its brilliant gayety and splendid variety. But during those holidays of his and mine, my enjoyment and his were equal, I verily believe, though probably not (as I then imagined) perfect. Pleasant days of joyous *camaraderie* and *flânerie*!—in which everything, from being new to me, was almost as good as new to my indulgent companion: the Rue de Rivoli, the Tuileries, the Boulevard, the Palais Royal, the *déjeuner à la fourchette* at the Café Riche, the dinner in the small *cabinet* at the Trois Frères, or the Cadran Bleu, and the evening climax of the theatre on the Boulevard, where Philippe, or Léontine Fay, or Poitier and Brunet, made a school of dramatic art of the small stages of the Porte St. Martin, the Variétés, and the Vaudeville.

My father's days in Paris, in which he escaped from the hard labor and heavy anxiety of his theatrical life of actor, manager, and proprietor, and I from the dull routine of school-room studies and school-ground recreations, were pleasant days to him, and golden ones in my girlish calendar. I remember seeing, with him, a piece called *Les deux Sergens*, a sort of modern *Damon and Pythias*, in which the heroic friends are two French soldiers, and in which a celebrated actor of the name of Philippe performed the principal part. He was the predecessor and model of Frédéric Lemaitre, who, himself infinitely superior to his pupil and copyist, Mr. Fechter (who has achieved so much reputation by a very feeble imitation of Lemaitre's most remarkable parts), was not to be compared with Philippe in the sort of sentimental melodrama of which *Les deux Sergens* was a specimen.

This M. Philippe was a remarkable man, not only immensely popular for his great professional merit, but so much respected for an order of merit not apt to be enthusiastically admired by Parisians,—that of a moral character and decent life,—that at his funeral a very serious riot occurred in consequence of the Archbishop of Paris, according to the received opinion and custom of the day, refusing to allow him to be buried in

consecrated ground; the profane player's calling, in the year of grace 1823, or thereabouts, being still one which disqualified its followers for receiving the sacraments of the Roman Catholic Church, and therefore, of course, for claiming Christian burial. The general feeling of the Parisian public, however, was in this case too strong for the ancient anathema of the church. The Archbishop of Paris was obliged to give way, and the dead body of the worthy actor was laid in the sacred soil of Père la Chaise. I believe that since that time the question has never again been debated, nor am I aware that there is any one more peculiarly theatrical cemetery than another in Paris.

In a letter of Talma's to Charles Young upon my uncle John's death, he begs to be numbered among the subscribers to the monument about to be erected to Mr. Kemble in Westminster Abbey; adding the touching remark, "Pour moi, je serai heureux si les prêtres me laissent enterrer dans un coin de mon jardin."

The excellent moral effect of this species of class prejudice is admirably illustrated by an anecdote I have heard my mother tell. One evening when she had gone to the Grand Opera with M. Jouy, the wise and witty *Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*, talking with him of the career and circumstances of the young ballet women (she had herself, when very young, been a dancer on the English stage), she wound up her various questions with this: "Et y en a-t-il qui sont filles de bonne conduite? qui sont sages?" "Ma foi!" replied the *Hermite*, shrugging his shoulders, "elles auraient grand tort; personne n'y croirait."

A charming vaudeville called *Michel et Christine*, with that charming actress, Madame Alan Dorval, for its heroine, was another extremely popular piece at that time, which I went to see with my father. The time of year at which he was able to come to Paris was unluckily the season at which all the large theatres were closed. Nevertheless by some happy chance I saw one performance at

the Grand Opera of that great dancer and actress, Bigottini, in the ballet of the *Folle par Amour*; and I shall never forget the wonderful pathos of her acting and the grace and dignity of her dancing. Several years after, I saw Madame Pasta in Paesiello's pretty opera of the *Nina Pazza*, on the same subject, and hardly know to which of the two great artists to assign the palm in their different expression of the love-crazed girl's despair.

I also saw several times, at this period of his celebrity, the inimitable comic actor, Poitier, in a farce called *Les Danaïdes* that was making a furor; a burlesque upon a magnificent mythological ballet produced with extraordinary splendor of decoration at the *Académie Royale de Musique*, and of which this travesty drew all Paris in crowds; and certainly anything more ludicrous than Poitier as the wicked old King Danaus, with his fifty daughters, it is impossible to imagine.

The piece was the broadest and most grotesque quizz of the "grand genre classique et héroïque," and was almost the first of an order of entertainments which have gone on increasing in favor up to the present day of universally triumphant parody and burlesque, by no means as laughable and by no means as unobjectionable. Indeed, farcical to the broadest point as was that mythological travesty of *The Danaïdes*, it was the essence of decency and propriety compared with *La grande Duchesse*, *La belle Hélène*, *Orphée aux Enfers*, *La Biche au Bois*, *Le petit Faust*, and all the vile succession of indecencies and immoralities that the female good society of England in these latter years has delighted in witnessing, without the help of the mask which enabled their great-grandmothers to sit out the plays of Wycherley, Congreve, and Farquhar, chaste and decorous in their crude coarseness, compared with the French operatic burlesques of the present day.

But by far the most amusing piece in which I recollect seeing Poitier was one in which he acted with the equally celebrated Brunet, and in which they both

represented English women, — *Les Anglaises pour Rire*.

The Continent was then just beginning to make acquaintance with the traveling English, to whom the downfall of Bonaparte had opened the gates of Europe, and who then began, as they have since continued, in ever-increasing numbers, to carry amazement and amusement from the shores of the Channel to those of the Mediterranean, by their wealth, insolence, ignorance, and cleanliness.

Within the last twenty years, indeed, the lustre of their peculiarities has been somewhat dimmed by some of the same and even more astonishing ones of their worthy descendants and successors, the traveling Americans. The merits of both sets of visitors have been amiably summed up by our epigrammatic friends: "*Otez du gentilhomme tout ce qui le rend aimable, vous avez l'Anglais: otez de l'Anglais tout ce qui le rend supportable, vous avez l'Américain.*" In spite of which severe sentence l'Anglais and l'Américain, especially of the feminine gender, continue to rush abroad and revel in Paris.

Les Anglaises pour Rire was a caricature (if such a thing were possible) of the English female traveler of that period. Coal-scuttle, poke bonnets, short and scanty skirts, huge splay feet arrayed in indescribable shoes and boots, short-waisted, tight-fitting spencers, colors which not only swore at each other, but caused all beholders to swear at them, — these were the outward and visible signs of the British fair of that day. To these were added, in this representation of them by these French appreciators of their attractions, a mode of speech in which the most ludicrous French in the most barbarous accent was uttered in alternate bursts of loud abruptness and languishing drawl. Sudden, grotesque playfulness was succeeded by equally sudden and grotesque bashfulness; now an eager intrepidity of wild enthusiasm defying all decorum, and then a sour, severe reserve, full of angry and terrified suspicion of imaginary improprieties. Tittering shyness, all giggle-gaggle and blush;

stony and stolid stupidity impenetrable to a ray of perception; awkward, angular postures and gestures, and jerking saltatory motions; Brobdingnag strides and straddles, and kittenish frolics and friskings; sharp, shrill little whinnying squeals and squeaks followed by lengthened, sepulchral "O-h's," all formed together such an irresistibly ludicrous picture as made *Les Anglaises pour Rire* of Poitier and Brunet one of the most comical pieces of acting I have seen in all my life.

Mrs. Rowden's establishment in Hans Place had been famous for occasional dramatic representations by the pupils; and though she had become in her Paris days what in the religious jargon of that day was called serious, or even methodistical, she winked at, if she did not absolutely encourage, sundry attempts of a similar sort which her Paris pupils got up.

Once it was a vaudeville composed expressly in honor of her birthday by the French master, in which I had to sing, with reference to her, the following touching tribute, to a well-known vaudeville tune: —

"C'est une mère!
Qui a les premiers droits sur nos cœurs?
Qui partage, d'une ardeur sincère,
Et nos plaisirs et nos douleurs?
C'est une mère!"

I suppose this trumpery was stamped upon my brain by the infinite difficulty I had in delivering it gracefully, with all the point and all the pathos the author assured me it contained, at Mrs. Rowden, surrounded by her friends and guests, and not suggesting to me the remotest idea of my mother or anybody else's mother.

After this we got up Madame de Genlis' little piece of *L'Isle Heureuse*, in which I acted the accomplished and conceited princess who is so judiciously rejected by the wise and ancient men of the island, in spite of the several foreign tongues she speaks fluently, in favor of the tender-hearted young lady who, in defiance of all sound systems of political and social economy, always walks about attended by the poor of the island in a body, to whom she distrib-

utes food and clothes in a perpetual stream of charity, and whose prayers and blessings lift her very properly to the throne, while the other young woman is left talking to all the ambassadors in all their different languages at once.

Our next dramatic attempt came to a disastrous and premature end. I do not know who suggested to us the witty and clever little play of *Roxelane*; the versification of the piece is extremely easy and graceful, and the preponderance of female characters and convenient Turkish costume, of turbans and caftans and loose, voluminous trousers, had appeared to us to combine various advantages for our purpose. Mademoiselle Descuillès had consented to fill the part of *Solyman*, the magnificent and charming Sultan, and I was to be the saucy French heroine, "*dont le nez en l'air semble narguer l'amour*," the *séillante* *Roxelane*. We had already made good progress in the only difficulty our simple appreciation of matters dramatic presented to our imagination, the committing the words of our parts to memory, when Mrs. Rowden, from whom all our preparations on such occasions were kept sacredly secret, lighted upon the copy of the play, with all the MS. marks and directions for our better guidance in the performance; and great were our consternation, dismay, and disappointment when, with the offending pamphlet in her hand, she appeared in our midst and indignantly forbade the representation of any such piece, after the following ejaculatory fashion, and with an accent difficult to express by written signs: "*May, commang! maydemosels, je suis atonnay! May! commang! Mademose! Descuillès, je suis surprise! Kesse ke say! vous permattay maydemosels être lay filles d'ung seraglio! je ne vou pau! je vous defang! je suis biang atonnay!*" And so she departed, with our prompter's copy, leaving us rather surprised, ourselves, at the unsuspected horror we had been about to perpetrate, and Mademoiselle Descuillès shrugging her shoulders and smiling, and not probably quite convinced of the criminality of a piece of which the heroine, a pretty Frenchwoman, revolutionizes the Otto-

man Empire by inducing her Mahometan lover to dismiss his harem and confine his affections to her, whom he is supposed to marry after the most orthodox fashion possible in those parts.

Rossini has partly embodied the same story in his opera *L'Italiana in Algeri*, of which, however, the heroine is naturally his own countrywoman.

Our dramatic ardor was considerably damped by this event, and when next it revived, our choice could not be accused of levity. Our aim was infinitely more ambitious, and our task more arduous. Racine's *Andromaque* was selected for our next essay in acting, and was, I suppose, pronounced unobjectionable by the higher authorities. Here, however, our main stay and support, Mademoiselle Descuillès, interposed a very peculiar difficulty. She had very good-naturedly learned the part of *Solyman*, in the other piece, for us, and whether she resented the useless trouble she had had on that occasion, or disliked that of committing several hundred of Racine's majestic verses to memory, I know not; but she declared that she would only act the part of *Pyrrhus*, which we wished her to fill, if we would read it aloud to her till she knew it, while she worked at her needle. Of course we had to accept any condition she chose to impose upon us, and so we all took it by turns, whenever we saw her industrious fingers flying through their never-ending task, to seize up Racine and begin pouring her part into her ears. She actually learned it so, and our principal difficulty after so teaching her was to avoid mixing up the part of *Pyrrhus*, which we had acquired by the same process, with every other part in the play.

The dressing of this classical play was even more convenient than our contemplated Turkish costume could have been. A long white skirt drawn round the waist, a shorter one, with slits in it for arm-holes, drawn round the neck by way of tunic, with dark blue or scarlet Greek pattern border, and ribbon of the same color for girdle, and sandals, formed a costume that might have made *Rachel* or *Ristori* smile, but which satisfied all

our conceptions of antique simplicity and grace; and so we played our play.

Mademoiselle Descuilles was Pyrrhus; a tall blonde, with an insipid face and good figure, Andromaque; Elizabeth P——, my admired and emulated superior in all things, Oreste (not superior, however, in acting; she had not the questionable advantage of dramatic blood in her veins); and myself, Hermione (in the performance of which I very presently gave token of mine). We had an imposing audience, and were all duly terrified, became hoarse with nervousness, swallowed raw eggs to clear our throats, and only made ourselves sick with them as well as with fright. But at length it was all over; the tragedy was ended, and I had electrified the audience, my companions, and, still more, myself; and so, to avert any ill effects from this general electrification, Mrs. Rowden thought it wise and well to say to me, as she bade me good night, "Ah, my dear, I don't think your parents need ever anticipate your going on the stage; you would make but a poor actress." And she was right enough. I did make but a poor actress, certainly, though that was not for want of natural talent for the purpose, but for want of cultivating it with due care and industry. At the time she made that comment upon my acting I felt very well convinced, and have since had good reason to know, that my school-mistress thought my performance a threat, or promise (I know not which to call it), of decided dramatic power, as I believe it was.

That was the last of our school plays, the excitement produced by which may have suggested to our worthy teacher an anecdote with which she not long after enlivened our evening religious exercises at bed-time. She generally read us some book of devotion before prayers, and on this occasion she selected the following story: A fashionable lady, extremely fond of the theatre, was one day expatiating with great vivacity, to the Rev. Dr. Somebody, upon all the delights she derived from going to the play. "First, you know, doctor," said the lively lady, "there is the pleasure of anticipation,

then the delight of the performance, and then the enjoyment of the recollection!"

"Add to which, madam," said the amiable divine, "the pleasure you will derive from all these pleasures on your death-bed." This was rather a powerful piece of sensational religionism for a lady the solitary ornament of whose drawing-room was John Kemble as Coriolanus; and I remember feeling not *shocked*, English, but *choquée*, French, at this implied condemnation of the vocation of my whole family. I believe Mrs. Rowden had taken fright at my performance of Hermione, and judged it expedient to extinguish, by as much cold water as she could throw upon it, any incipient taste I might entertain for the stage. With this performance of Andromaque, however, all such taste, if it ever existed, evaporated, and though a few years afterward the stage became my profession, it was the very reverse of my inclination. I adopted the career of an actress with as strong a dislike to it as was compatible with my exercising it at all.

I now became acquainted with all Racine's and Corneille's plays, from which we were made to commit to memory the most remarkable passages; and I have always congratulated myself upon having become familiar with all these fine compositions before I had any knowledge whatever of Shakespeare. Acquaintance with his works might, and I suppose certainly would, have impaired my relish for the great French dramatists, whose tragedies, noble and pathetic in spite of the stiff formality of their construction, the bald rigidity of their adherence to the classic unities, and the artificial monotony of the French heroic rhymed verse, would have failed to receive their due appreciation from a taste and imagination already familiar with the glorious freedom of Shakespeare's genius. As it was, I learned to delight extremely in the dignified pathos and stately tragic power of Racine and Corneille, in the tenderness, refinement, and majestic vigorous simplicity of their fine creations, and possessed a treasure of intellectual enjoyment in their plays, before opening the first page of that wonderful volume

which contains at once the history of human nature and human existence.

After I had been about a year and a half at school, Mrs. Rowden left her house in the Rue d'Angoulême and moved to a much finer one at the very top of the Champs Élysées, a large, substantial stone mansion within lofty iron gates and high walls of inclosure. It was the last house on the left-hand side within the Barrière de l'Étoile, and stood on a slight eminence and back from the Avenue des Champs Élysées by some hundred yards. For many years after I had left school, on my repeated visits to Paris, the old stone house bore on its gray front the large "Institution de jeunes Demoiselles" which betokened the unchanged tenor of its existence. But the rising tide of improvement has at length swept it away, and modern Paris has rolled over it and its place remembers it no more. It was a fine old house, roomy, airy, bright, sunny, cheerful, with large apartments and a capital play-ground, formed by that old-fashioned device, a quincunx of linden-trees, under whose shade we carried on very Amazonian exercises, fighting having become one of our favorite recreations.

This house was said to have belonged to Robespierre at one time, and a very large and deep well in one corner of the play-ground was invested with a horrid interest in our imaginations by tales of *noyades* on a small scale, supposed to have been perpetrated in its depths by his orders. This charm of terror was, I think, rather a gratuitous addition to the attractions of this uncommonly fine well; but undoubtedly it added much to the fascination of one of our favorite amusements, which was throwing into it the heaviest stones we could lift and rushing to the farthest end of the play-ground, which we sometimes reached before the resounding *bumps* from side to side ended in a sullen splash into the water at the bottom. With our removal to the Barrière de l'Étoile the direction of our walks altered, and our visits to the Luxembourg Gardens and the Parc Monceaux were exchanged for expeditions to the Bois de Boulogne; then how different from the

charming pleasure-ground of Paris which it became under the reforming taste and judgment of Louis Napoleon!

Between the back of our play-ground and the village suburb of Chaillot scarcely a decent street or even house then existed; there was no splendid Avenue de l'Impératrice, with bright villas standing on vivid carpets of flowers and turf. Our way to the "wood" was along the dreariest of dusty high-roads, bordered with mean houses and disreputable-looking *estaminets*; and the Bois de Boulogne itself, then undivided from Paris by the fortifications which subsequently encircled the city, was a dismal network of sandy avenues and *carrefours*, traversed in every direction by straight, narrow, gloomy paths, a dreary wilderness of low thickets and tangled copsewood.

There were no bright sparkling basins with gay kiosks and chalets on their shores, and fleets of pretty boats with fluttering pennons disputing the smooth surface with the graceful swans; no vast, brilliant concourse of flashing equipages, vying with each other in the splendor of their horses, their harness, and servants' liveries; no throngs of exquisitely dressed women sauntering or sitting in the shade; no scene of magical enchantment, when with the approach of twilight the water reflected the flying images of hundreds of carriages pursuing each other in glittering procession along the banks. None of the wonderful pageant of gay magnificence enlivened it, which the last years of the late empire displayed there, and the recollection of which, rising like a splendid vision from the rather melancholy solitude of my still earlier impressions, adds so inexpressibly to the horror of the desolation which has within the past few years torn and defaced that beautiful pleasure-ground, and turned its bright avenues and inviting shades into the field of carnage of Frenchmen slaughtering Frenchmen under the contemptuous gaze of foreign soldiers, their more merciful enemies.

I have said that I never returned home during my three years' school life in Paris;

but portions of my holidays were spent with a French family, kind friends of my parents, who received me as an *enfant de la maison* among them. They belonged to the *petite bourgeoisie* of Paris. Mr. A—— had been in some business, I believe, but when I visited him he was living as a small *rentier* in a pretty little house on the main road from Paris to Versailles.

It was just such a residence as Balzac describes with such minute finish in his scenes of Parisian and provincial life: a sunny little *maisonnette*, with green *jalousies*, a row of fine linden-trees clipped into arches in front of it, and behind, the trim garden with its wonderfully productive dwarf *espaliers*, full of delicious pears and Renée Claudes (that queen of amber-tinted, crimson-freckled greengages), its apricots, as fragrant as flowers, and its glorious, spice-breathing carnations.

The mode of life and manners of these worthy people were not refined or elegant, but essentially hospitable and kind; and I enjoyed the sunny freedom of my holiday visits to them extremely. The marriage of their daughter opened to me a second Parisian home of the same class, but with greater pretensions to social advantages, derived from the great city in the centre of which it stood.

I was present at the celebration of Caroline A——'s marriage to one of the head masters of a first-class boarding-school for boys, of which he subsequently became the principal director. It was in the Rue de Clichy, and thither the bride departed after a jolly, rollicking, noisy wedding, beginning with the religious solemnization at church and procession to the *mairie*, for due sanction of the civil authorities, and ending with a bountiful, merry, early afternoon dinner, and the not over-refined ancient custom of the distribution of the *jarretière de la mariée*. The jarretière was a white satin ribbon tied at a discreet height above the bride's ankle, and removed thence by the best man and cut into pieces, for which an animated scramble took place among the male

guests, each one who obtained a piece of the white favor immediately fastening it in his button-hole. Doubtless, in earlier and coarser times, it was the bride's real garter that was thus distributed, and our elegant white and silver rosettes are the modern representatives of this primitive wedding "favor," which is a relic of ages when both in England and in France usages obtained at the noblest marriages which would be tolerated by no class in either country now;

"When bluff King Hal the stocking threw,
And Katharine's hand the curtain drew."

I have a distinct recollection of the merry uproar caused by this ceremony, and of the sad silence that fell upon the little, sunny dwelling when the new-married pair and all the guests had returned to Paris, and I helped poor Madame A—— and her old *cuisinière* and *femme de charge*, both with tearful eyes, to replace the yellow *velours d'Utrecht* furniture in its accustomed position on the shiny *parquet* of the best *salon*, with the slippery little bits of foot-rugs before the empty *bergères* and *canapés*.

My holidays after this time were spent with M. and Madame R——, in whose society I remember frequently seeing a literary man of the name of Pélissier, a clever writer, a most amusing talker, and an admirable singer of Béranger's songs.

Another visitor at their house was M. Rio, the eminent member of the French ultramontane party, the friend of Lammenais, Lacordaire, Montalembert, the La Ferronays, the hero of the Jeune Vendée, the learned and devout historian of Christian art. I think my friend M. R—— was a Breton by birth, and that was probably the tie between himself and his remarkable Vendéan friend, whose tall, commanding figure, dark complexion, and powerful black eyes gave him more the appearance of a Neapolitan or Spaniard, than of a native of the coast of ancient Armorica. M. Rio was then a young man, and probably in Paris for the first time, at the beginning of the literary career of which he has furnished so interesting a sketch

in the autobiographical volumes which form the conclusion of his *Histoire de l'Art Chrétien*. Five-and-twenty years later, while, passing my second winter in Rome, I heard of M. Rio's arrival there, and of the unbounded satisfaction he expressed at finding himself in the one place where no restless wheels beat time to, and no panting chimneys breathed forth the smoke of the vast, multiform industry of the nineteenth century; where the sacred stillness of unprogressive conservatism yet prevailed undisturbed. Gas had, indeed, been introduced in the English quarter; but M. Rio could shut his eyes when he drove through that, and there still remained darkness enough elsewhere for those who loved it better than light. Matters are going worse for them now, and the new brooms that sweep clean in the hands of Victor Emmanuel's government threaten to destroy forever the odor of sanctity which still, in 1852, pervaded pontifical Rome. Dirt and darkness, indeed, have almost ceased to be distinguishing characteristics of the Catholic capital of the world; and there are English men and women who deplore their expulsion as though they were the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace no longer to be found in Rome.

During one of my holiday visits to M. R——, a ball was given at his young gentlemen's school, to which I was taken by him and his wife. It was my very first ball, and I have a vivid recollection of my white muslin frock and magnificent *ponceau* sash. At this festival I was introduced to a lad with whom I was destined to be much more intimately acquainted in after years as one of the best amateur actors I ever saw, and who married one of the most charming and distinguished women of European society, Pauline de la Ferronays, whose married name has obtained wide celebrity as that of the authoress of *Le Récit d'une Sœur*.

I remained in Paris till I was between fifteen and sixteen years old, and then it was determined that I should return home. The departure of Elizabeth

P—— had left me without competitor in my studies among my companions, and I was at an age to be better at home than at any school.

My father came to fetch me, and the only adventure I met with on the way back was losing my bonnet, blown from my head into the sea, on board the packet, which obliged me to purchase one as soon as I reached London; and having no discreeter guide of my proceedings, I so far imposed upon my father's masculine ignorance in such matters as to make him buy for me a full-sized Leghorn flat, under the circumference of which enormous *sombrero* I seated myself by him on the outside of the Weybridge coach, and amazed the gaping population of each successive village we passed through with the vast dimensions of the thatch I had put on my head.

Weybridge was not then reached by train in half an hour from London; it was two or three hours' coach distance; a rural, rather deserted-looking, and most picturesque village, with the desolate domain of Portmore Park, its mansion falling to ruin, on one side of it, and on the other the empty house and fine park of Oatlands, the former residence of the Duke of York.

The straggling little village lay on the edge of a wild heath and common country that stretches to Guilford and Godalming and all through that part of Surrey to Tunbridge Wells, Brighton, and the Sussex coast, — a region of light, sandy soil, hiding its agricultural poverty under a royal mantle of golden gorse and purple heather, and with large tracts of blue aromatic pine wood and one or two points of really fine scenery, where the wild moorland rolls itself up into ridges and rises to crests of considerable height, which command extensive and beautiful views: such as the one from the summit of Saint George's Hill, near Weybridge, and the top of Blackdown, the noble site of Tennyson's fine house, whence, over miles of wild wood and common, the eye sweeps to the downs above the Sussex cliffs and the glint of the narrow seas.

We had left London in the afternoon,

and did not reach Weybridge until after dark. I had been tormented the whole way down by a nervous fear that I should not know my mother's face again; an absence of three years, of course, could not justify such an apprehension, but it had completely taken possession of my imagination and was causing me much distress, when, as the coach stopped in the dark at the village inn, I heard the words, "Is there any one here for Mrs. Kemble?" uttered in a voice which I knew so well that I sprang, hat and all, into my mother's arms, and effectually got rid of my fear that I should not know her.

Her rural yearnings had now carried her beyond her suburban refuge at Craven Hill, and she was infinitely happy in her small cottage habitation on the outskirts of Weybridge and the edge of its picturesque common. Tiny, indeed, it was, and but for her admirable power of contrivance could hardly have held us with any comfort; but she delighted in it, and so did we all except my father, who like most men had no real taste for the country; the men who appear to themselves and others to like it confounding their love for hunting and shooting with that of the necessary field of their sports. Anglers seem to me to be the only sportsmen who really have a taste for and love of nature, as well as for fishy water. At any rate, the silent, solitary, and comparatively still character of their pursuit enables them to study and appreciate beauty of scenery more than the violent exercise and excitement of fox-hunting, whatever may be said in favor of the picturesque influences of beating preserves and wading through turnip fields with keepers and companions more or less congenial.

Of deer-stalking and grouse-shooting I do not speak; a man who does not become enthusiastic in his admiration of wild scenery while following these sports must have but half the use of his eyes.

Perhaps it was hardly fair to expect my father to relish extremely a residence where he was as nearly as possible too high and too wide, too long and too large, for every room in the house. He used

to come down on Saturday and stay till Monday morning, but the rest of the week he spent at what was then our home in London, No. 5 Soho Square; it was a handsome, comfortable, roomy house, and has now, I think, been converted into a hospital.

The little cottage at Weybridge was covered at the back with a vine, which bore with the utmost luxuriance a small, black, sweet-water grape, from which, I remember, one year my mother determined to make wine; a direful experiment, which absorbed our whole harvest of good little fruit, filled every room in the house with unutterable messes, produced much fermentation of temper as well as wine, and ended in a liquid product of such superlative nastiness that to drink it defied our utmost efforts of obedience and my mother's own resolute courage; so it was with acclamations of execration made libations of,—to the infernal gods, I should think,—and no future vintage was ever tried, to our great joy.

The little plot of lawn on which our cottage stood was backed by the wild purple swell of the common, and that was crested by a fine fir wood, a beautiful rambling and scrambling ground, full of picturesque and romantic associations with all the wild and fanciful mental existences which I was then beginning to enjoy. And even as I glide through it now, on the railroad that has laid its still depths open to the sun's glare and scared its silence with the eldritch snort and shriek of the iron team, I have visions of Undine and Sintram, the elves, the little dog Stromian, the wood-witch, and all the world of supernatural beauty and terror which then peopled its recesses for me, under the influence of the German literature that I was becoming acquainted with through the medium of French and English translations, and that was carrying me on its tide of powerful enchantment far away from the stately French classics of my school studies.

Besides our unusual privilege of grape growing in the open air, our little estate boasted a magnificent beurré pear-tree,

a small arbor of intertwined and peculiarly fine filbert and cob-nut trees; and some capital greengage and apple trees; among the latter a remarkably large and productive ribstone pippin. So that in the spring the little plot of land was flower-full and in the autumn fruitful, and we cordially indorsed my mother's preference for it to the London house in Soho Square.

The sort of orchard which contained all these objects of our regard was at the back of the house; in front of it, however, the chief peculiarity (which was by no means a beauty) of the place was displayed.

This was an extraordinary mound or hillock of sand about half an acre in circumference, which stood at a distance of some hundred yards immediately in front of the cottage, and in the middle of what ought to have been a flower garden, if this uncouth protuberance had not effectually prevented the formation of any such ornamental setting to our house. My mother's repeated applications to our landlord (the village baker) to remove or allow her to remove this unsightly encumbrance were unavailing. He thought he might have future use for the sand, and he knew he had no other present place of deposit for it; and there it remained, defying all my mother's ingenuity and love of beauty to convert it into anything useful or ornamental, or other than a cruel eye-sore and disfigurement to our small domain.

At length she hit upon a device for abating her nuisance, and set about executing it as follows. She had the sand dug out of the interior of the mound and added to its exterior, which she had graded and smoothed and leveled and turfed so as to resemble the glacis of a square bastion or casemate, or other steep, smooth-sided earth-work in a fortification. It was, I suppose, about twenty feet high, and sloped at too steep an angle for us to scale or descend it; a good footpath ran round the top, accessible from the entrance of the sand heap, the interior walls of which she turfed (to speak Irish) with heather, and the ground or floor of this curious inclosure

she planted with small clumps of ever-green shrubs, leaving a broad walk through the middle of it to the house door. A more curious piece of domestic fortification never adorned a cottage garden. It looked like a bit of Robinson Crusoe's castle, perhaps even more like a portion of some deserted fortress. It challenged the astonishment of all our visitors, whose invariable demand was, "What is that curious place in the garden?" "The mound," was the reply; and the mound was a delightful playground for us, and did infinite credit to my mother's powers of contrivance.

Forty years and more elapsed between my first acquaintance with Weybridge and my last visit there. The Duke of York's house at Oatlands, afterwards inhabited by my friends Lord and Lady Ellesmere, had become a country hotel, pleasant to all its visitors but those who, like myself, saw ghosts in its rooms and on its gravel walks; its lovely park, a nest of "villas," made into a suburb of London by the railroads that intersect in all directions the wild moorland twenty miles from the city, which looked, when I first knew it, as if it might be a hundred.

I read and spent a night at the Oatlands hotel, and walked, before I did so, to my mother's old cottage. The tiny house had had some small additions and looked new and neat and well-cared-for. The mound, however, still stood its ground, and had relapsed into something of its old savage condition; it would have warranted a theory of Mr. Oldbuck's as to its possible former purposes and origin. I looked at its crumbled and irregular wall, from which the turf had peeled or been washed away, at the tangled growth of grasses and weeds round the top, crenelated with many a breach and gap, and the hollow, now choked up with luxuriant evergreens that overtopped the inclosure and forbade entrance to it, and thought of my mother's work and my girlish play there, and was glad to see her old sand-heap was still standing, though her planting had with the blessing of time made it impenetrable to me.

Our cottage was the last decent dwelling on that side of the village; between ourselves and the heath and pine wood there was one miserable shanty, worthy of the poorest potato patch in Ireland. It was inhabited by a ragged ruffian of the name of E—, whose small domain we sometimes saw undergoing arable processes by the joint labor of his son and heir, a ragged ruffian some sizes smaller than himself, and of a half-starved jackass, harnessed together to the plow he was holding; occasionally the team was composed of the quadruped and a tattered and fierce-looking female biped, a more terrible object than even the man and boy and beast whose labors she shared.

On the other side our nearest neighbors, separated from us by the common and its boundary road, were a family of the name of S—, between whose charming garden and pretty residence and our house a path was worn by a constant interchange of friendly intercourse.

Their story was a curious one. Mr. S— had been a journeyman bricklayer, and was an absolutely ignorant and extremely vulgar, coarse man. He had made a very considerable fortune by prosperous speculations, and had married and lost a wife, by whom he had had four children, two sons and two daughters, all over twenty, the eldest over thirty years old. They were all Catholics, and the ladies had been partly trained, I think, in some nunnery. The men appeared to have had no education; the younger lived at home with his sisters, under his father's despotic drunken rule; the elder, whatever his occupation was, lived away and seldom came down to Weybridge, and having escaped from the dominion of the paternal roof was altogether more like the common run of usual folk than those who remained under its shadow.

They were all gentle and refined compared with their father, but shy and silent and nervous even to savageness; at least the younger son and daughter, who had a melancholy air of half-crazed, staring strangeness that made them look more like frightened animals than hu-

man beings accustomed to the intercourse of their kind. This, however, in truth they were not; they lived a life of utter seclusion under the brutal home tyranny of their old father, between whom and the rest of the family the elder sister interposed the protection of a most remarkable mind and character.

Of all phenomena one of the most incomprehensible is surely that of the difference between children born of the same parents and educated under the same influences; a mystery that defies with unforeseen results all the calculations of our present most limited physiological and psychological knowledge, and to the utter confusion of all theories of education leaves open a wide door, alike for fear and hope, under the most advantageous and the most unfavorable conditions of birth and training.

How Miss S— came to be her father's daughter is absolutely inconceivable, or why she alone of all her family inherited the higher nature of her mother's family type (if indeed it was her mother's and not some more distant one that was reproduced in her) is equally unaccountable. The brothers and sister were gentle, inoffensive people, commonplace in mind, manner, appearance, and deportment, but for the peculiar and oppressive diffidence of their air and demeanor; they were quite plain, the younger son and daughter unusually so; the men had both the large limbs and tall stature of the bricklayer, their father, whose robust, heavy frame, coarse face, and loud, overpowering voice made one shrink even from the most amicable encounter with him.

The elder daughter, a woman of about thirty, had one of the finest figures I ever saw; tall and commanding, with long, well-shaped limbs and a magnificent carriage of a very noble head, grandly set upon a splendid throat and shoulders, her movements were singularly graceful, and her whole appearance imposing and dignified in a high degree. Her face was disfigured by the smallpox, but the outline of the features was delicate and refined, and the expression of it as sweet and simple as it was sad.

Her voice became her countenance, and her whole air and manner were strikingly distinguished and noble; she seemed to me a sort of beau ideal of a lady abbess. Poor woman, she was shy and reticent too about her wretched home and its trials, but my mother's warm and sympathetic nature invited confidence, and the circumstances of her father's life and character were common village gossip, and became so notoriously so that her infrequent references to them were no revelations to my mother.

Miss S—— was nominally the head of her father's house, and the handsome carriage and horses of the establishment were supposed to be kept for her convenience. The father had a strange pride in her, in spite of the coarse brutality of his manner even to her; and she undoubtedly possessed a certain control over him, and exerted it at times to screen her sister and brother from the outbursts of his drunken violence.

Mr. S—— professed to be what his daughter was, a devout Roman Catholic; he built a small chapel in his grounds, and at stated times Catholic priests came there to solemnize the holy rites of their Christianity.

All the servants of the family were of the same persuasion as themselves, and among them were two young girls, sisters, whom Miss S—— had taken and charitably trained almost from their childhood, in whose aspect and demeanor the terrified timidity that characterized the whole household reached a really ludicrous climax. They were rather pretty young women, especially the younger, with small, slight, starved-looking figures, pale, sad, abject faces, weak winking eyes, and soft, sandy hair.

Habitually, if not noticed or spoken to, they ran about the house, and in and out on their various errands, like a couple of white mice; if, however, they were spoken to or required to speak, they looked like frightened rabbits, and generally prefaced their hardly audible words by entirely ineffectual efforts to bring forth any sound above a whisper.

The younger of these poor girls her old master seduced, though he was al-

most old enough to be her grandfather, and continued to keep her under the same roof with his daughters and her own sister, until the influence of his eldest daughter and that of his priests, which she brought to bear upon him, prevailed upon him to lessen the scandal by marrying the poor child; and then the members of that family certainly held towards each other more anomalous relative positions than any people out of the novels of George Eliot or of the Brontës. Miss S—— and her brother and sister were absolutely dependent upon their father, and were compelled to make their home with him: nor am I at all sure that had this not been the case his eldest daughter would have thought it right, after his marriage, to withdraw herself from him, however painful her position was.

The wretched little Mrs. S——, to whose habitual nervous, terrified timidity was now added a bitter sense of shame and degradation, never addressed her husband's daughters or sons but as "ma'am" and "sir," as in her former housemaid days; while her own sister, whom nothing would induce to leave Miss S——, to whom she was devotedly attached, retained her menial position in the family and discharged its duties with a concentrated scorn of her master's wife (to whom she never opened her lips, and of whom she never made mention but as "*she*") that was wonderful in a creature apparently so absolutely feeble.

It was a curious thing, after the marriage, to meet the carriage with Miss S—— sitting as usual, with her air of severe serenity, by the side of the little, shrinking, blinking wife of her father, who looked exactly as if she had been caught and caged in the corner of the carriage, and would jump out of the window like a frightened cat, if her companion turned her head. The whole family, and their relations with each other, were all like things "in a book," especially Miss S—— herself, whose moral strength and religious steadfastness of character were in truth the power that held them together, and enabled them to

live in tolerable decency and not intolerable discord. With our departure from Weybridge all intercourse between ourselves and the S——s ceased, and on my last return to that place I found their property passed into other hands, and themselves hardly remembered in the neighborhood.

I followed no regular studies whatever during our summer at Weybridge. We lived chiefly in the open air, on the heath, in the beautiful wood above the meadows of Brooklands, and in the neglected, picturesque inclosure of Portmore Park, whose tenantless, half-ruined mansion, and noble cedars, with the lovely windings of the river Wey in front, made it a place an artist would have delighted to spend his hours in.

We haunted it constantly for another purpose. My mother had a perfect passion for fishing, and would spend whole days by the river, pursuing her favorite sport. We generally all accompanied her, carrying baskets and tackle and bait, kettles and camp stools, and looking very much like a family of gypsies on the tramp. We were each of us armed with a rod, and were more or less interested in the sport. We often started after an early breakfast, and, taking our luncheon with us, remained the whole day long absorbed in our quiet occupation.

My mother was perfectly unobservant of all rules of angling, in her indiscriminate enthusiasm, and "took to the water" whether the wind blew, the sun shone, or the rain fell; fishing — under the most propitious or unpropitious circumstances — was, not indeed necessarily catching fish, but still, fishing; and she was almost equally happy whether she did or did not catch anything. I have known her remain all day in patient expectation of the "glorious nibble," stand through successive showers, with her clothes between whiles drying on her back, and only reluctantly leave the water's edge when it was literally too dark to see her float.

I think she thought of fishing as Charles Fox did of gambling: "The pleasantest thing in the world is to play at cards when you win, and the next pleasantest is to play at cards when you lose." As for her magnanimous disregard of rules, something is to be said even for that. I remember once, in Perthshire, seeing a dear and lovely little Scotch friend of mine receive her rod from her gamekeeper with the warning, "Ou weel, mem, ye 'll just hae yer trouble for yer pains; naething wull rise with this wind blowing;" and the first dexterous cast of her tiny white wrist and delicate line brought three trout out of the water.

Although we all fished, I was the only member of the family who inherited my mother's passion for it, and it only developed much later in me, for at this time I often preferred taking a book under the trees by the river side, to throwing a line; but towards the middle of my life I became a fanatical fisherwoman, and was obliged to limit my waste of time to one day in the week, spent on the Lenox lakes, or I should infallibly have wandered thither and dreamed away my hours on their charming shores or smooth expanse daily.

I have often wondered that both my mother and myself (persons of exceptional impatience of disposition and irritable excitability of temperament) should have taken such delight in so still and monotonous an occupation, especially to the point of spending whole days in an unsuccessful pursuit of it. The fact is that the excitement of hope, keeping the attention constantly alive, is the secret of the charm of this strong fascination, infinitely more than even the exercise of successful skill. And this element of prolonged and at the same time intense expectation, combined with the peculiarly soothing nature of the external objects which surround the angler, forms at once a powerful stimulus and a sedative especially grateful in their double action upon excitable organizations.

Frances Anne Kemble.

HOMAGE.

NAY, comrade, 't is a weary path we tread
Through this world's desert spaces, dull and dry,
And long ago died out youth's morning red,
And low the sunset fires before us lie:

And you are worn, though brave the face you wear.
Forbear the deprecating gesture, take
The honest admiration that I bear
Your genius, and be mute, for friendship's sake.

Up to your lips I lift a generous wine,
Pure, perfumed, potent, living, sparkling bright,
A deep cup, brimming with a draught divine;
Drink, then, and be refreshed with my delight.

It gladdens you? You know the gift sincere?
You dreamed not life yet held a thing so sweet?
Nay, noble friend, your thanks I will not hear,
But I shall cast my roses at your feet,

And go my way rejoicing that 't is I
Who recognize, acknowledge, judge you best,
Proud that a star so steadfast lights the sky,
And in the power of blessing you most blest.

Celia Thaxter.

ANDERSEN'S SHORT STORIES.

It is customary to speak of Andersen's best known short stories as fairy tales; wonder-stories is in some respects a more exact description, but the name has hardly a native sound. Andersen himself classed his stories under the two heads of *historier* and *eventyr*; the *historier* corresponds well enough with its English mate, being the history of human action, or, since it is a short history, the story; the *eventyr*, more nearly allied perhaps to the German *abenteuer* than to the English *adventure*, presumes an element of strangeness causing wonder, while it does not necessarily demand the machinery of the supernatural.

When we speak of fairy tales, we have before our minds the existence, for artistic purposes, of a spiritual world peopled with beings that exercise themselves in human affairs, and are endowed in the main with human attributes, though possessed of certain ethereal advantages, and generally under orders from some superior power, often dimly understood as fate; the Italians, indeed, call the fairy *fata*. In a rough way we include under the title of fairies all the terrible and grotesque shapes as well, and this world of spiritual beings is made to consist of giants, ogres, brownies, pixies, nisse, gnomes, elves, and whatever

other creatures have found in it a local habitation and name. The fairy itself is generally represented as very diminutive, the result, apparently, of an attempted compromise between the imagination and the senses, by which the existence of fairies for certain purposes is conceded on condition they shall be made so small that the senses may be excused from recognizing them.

The belief in fairies gave rise to the genuine fairy tale, which is now an acknowledged classic, and the gradual elimination of this belief from the civilized mind has been attended with some awkwardness. These creations of fancy—if we must so dismiss them—had secured a somewhat positive recognition in literature before it was finally discovered that they came out of the unseen and therefore could have no life. Once received into literature they could not well be ignored, but the understanding, which appears to serve as special police in such cases, now has orders to admit no new-comers unless they answer to one of three classes: either they must be direct descendants of the fairies of literature, having certain marks about them to indicate their parentage, or they must be teachers of morality thus disguised, or they may be mere masqueraders; one thing is certain, they must spring from no belief in fairy life, but be one and all referred to some sufficient cause,—a dream, a moral lesson, a chemical experiment. But it is found that literature has its own sympathies, not always compassed by the mere understanding, and the consequence is that the sham fairies in the sham fairy tales never really get into literature at all, but disappear in limbo; while every now and then a genuine fairy, born of a genuine, poetic belief, secures a place in spite of the vigilance of the guard.

Perhaps nothing has done more to vulgarize the fairy than its introduction upon the stage; the charm of the fairy tale is in its divorce from human experience; the charm of the stage is in its realization, in miniature, of human life. If the frog is heard to speak, if the dog is turned before one's eyes into a prince,

by having cold water dashed over it, the charm of the fairy tale has fled, and in its place we have only the perplexing pleasure of legerdemain. The effect of producing these scenes upon the stage is to bring them one step nearer to sensuous reality, and one step further from imaginative reality; and since the real life of fairy is in the imagination, a cruel wrong is done when it is dragged from its shadowy hiding-place and made to turn into ashes under the calcium light of the understanding.

By a tacit agreement fairy tales have come to be consigned to the nursery; the old tools of superstition have become the child's toys, and when a writer comes forward, now, bringing new fairy tales, it is almost always with an apology, not for trespassing upon ground already occupied, but for indulging in what is no longer belief, but make-belief. "My story," he is apt to say, "is not true; we none of us believe it, and I shall give you good evidence before I am done that least of all do I believe it. I shall probably explain it by referring it to a strange dream, or shall justify it by the excellent lesson it is to teach. I adopt the fairy form as suited to the imagination of children; it is a childish thing, and I am half ashamed, as a grown person, to be found engaged in such nonsense." Out of this way of regarding fairy tales has come that peculiar monstrosity of the times, the scientific fairy tale, which is nothing short of an insult to a whole race of innocent beings. It may be accepted as a foregone conclusion that with a disbelief in fairies the genuine fairy tale has died, and that it is better to content ourselves with those stories which sprang from actual belief, telling them over to successive generations of children, than to seek to extend the literature by any ingenuity of modern skepticism. There they are, the fairy tales without authorship, as imperishable as nursery ditties; scholarly collections of them may be made, but they will have their true preservation, not as specimens in a museum of literary curiosities, but as children's toys. Like the sleeping princess in the wood, the

fairy tale may be hedged about with bristling notes and thickets of commentaries, but the child will pass straight to the beauty, and awoken for his own delight the old charmed life.

It is worth noting, then, that just when historical criticism, under the impulse of the Grimms, was ordering and accounting for these fragile creations, — a sure mark that they were ceasing to exist as living forms in literature, — Hans Christian Andersen should have come forward as master in a new order of stories, which may be regarded as the true literary successor to the old order of fairy tales, answering the demands of a spirit which rejects the pale ghost of the scientific or moral or jocular or pedantic fairy tale. Andersen, indeed, has invented fairy tales purely such, and has given form and enduring substance to traditional stories current in Scandinavia; but it is not upon such work that his real fame rests, and it is certain that while he will be mentioned in the biographical dictionaries as the writer of novels, poems, romances, dramas, sketches of travel, and an autobiography, he will be known and read as the author of certain short stories, of which the charm at first glance seems to be in the sudden discovery of life and humor in what are ordinarily regarded as inanimate objects, or what are somewhat compassionately called dumb animals. When we have read and studied the stories further, and perceived their ingenuity and wit and humane philosophy, we can after all give no better account of their charm than just this, that they disclose the possible or fancied parallel to human life carried on by what our senses tell us has no life, or our reason assures us has no rational power.

The life which Andersen sets before us is in fact a dramatic representation upon an imaginary stage, with puppets that are not pulled by strings, but have their own muscular and nervous economy. The life which he displays is not a travesty of human life, it is human life repeated in miniature under conditions which give a charming and unexpected variety. By some transmigration, souls

have passed into tin-soldiers, balls, tops, beetles, money-pigs, coins, shoes, leap-frogs, matches, and even such attenuated individualities as darning-needles; and when, informing these apparently dead or stupid bodies, they begin to make manifestations, it is always in perfect consistency with the ordinary conditions of the bodies they occupy, though the several objects become by this endowment of souls suddenly expanded in their capacity. Perhaps in nothing is Andersen's delicacy of artistic feeling better shown than in the manner in which he deals with his animated creations when they are brought into direct relations with human beings. The absurdity which the bald understanding perceives is dexterously suppressed by a reduction of all the factors to one common term. For example, in his story of *The Leap-Frog*, he tells how a flea, a grasshopper and a leap-frog once wanted to see which could jump highest, and invited the whole world "and everybody else besides who chose to come," to see the performance. The king promised to give his daughter to the one who jumped the highest, for it was stale fun when there was no prize to jump for. The flea and the grasshopper came forward in turn and put in their claims; the leap-frog also appeared, but was silent. The flea jumped so high that nobody could see where he went to, so they all asserted that he had not jumped at all; the grasshopper jumped in the king's face, and was set down as an ill-mannered thing; the leap-frog, after reflection, leaped into the lap of the princess, and thereupon the king said, "There is nothing above my daughter; therefore to bound up to her is the highest jump that can be made: but for this, one must possess understanding, and the leap-frog has shown that he has understanding. He is brave and intellectual." "And so," the story declares, "he won the princess." The barren absurdity of a leap-frog marrying a princess is perhaps the first thing that strikes the impartial reader of this abstract, and there is very likely something offensive to him in the notion; but in the story itself this absurdity is so

delightfully veiled by the succession of happy turns in the characterization of the three jumpers, as well as of the old king, the house-dog, and the old councilor "who had had three orders given him to make him hold his tongue," that the final impression upon the mind is that of a harmonizing of all the characters, and the king, princess, and councilor can scarcely be distinguished in kind from the flea, grasshopper, leap-frog, and house-dog. After that, the marriage of the leap-frog and princess is quite a matter of course.

The use of speaking animals in story was no discovery of Andersen's, and yet in the distinction between his wonder-story and the well-known fable lies an explanation of the charm which attaches to his work. The end of every fable is *hæc fabula docet*, and it was for this palpable end that the fable was created. The lion, the fox, the mouse, the dog, are in a very limited way true to the accepted nature of the animals which they represent, and their intercourse with each other is governed by the ordinary rules of animal life, but the actions and words are distinctly illustrative of some morality. The fable is an animated proverb. The animals are made to act and speak in accordance with some intended lesson, and have this for the reason of their being. The lesson is first; the characters, created afterward, are, for purposes of the teacher, disguised as animals; very little of the animal appears, but very much of the lesson. The art which invented the fable was a modest handmaid to morality. In Andersen's stories, however, the spring is not in the didactic but in the imaginative. He sees the beetle in the imperial stable stretching out his thin legs to be shod with golden shoes like the emperor's favorite horse, and the personality of the beetle determines the movement of the story throughout; egotism, pride at being proud, jealousy, and unbounded self-conceit are the furniture of this beetle's soul, and his adventures one by one disclose his character. Is there a lesson in all this? Precisely as there is a lesson in any picture of human life where the

same traits are sketched. The beetle, after all his adventures, some of them ignominious but none expelling his self-conceit, finds himself again in the emperor's stable, having solved the problem why the emperor's horse had golden shoes. "They were given to the horse on my account," he says, and adds, "the world is not so bad after all, but one must know how to take things as they come." There is in this and other of Andersen's stories a singular shrewdness, as of a very keen observer of life, singular because at first blush the author seems to be a sentimentalist. The satires, like *The Emperor's New Clothes* and *The Swiftest Runners*, mark this characteristic of shrewd observation very cleverly. Perhaps, after all, we are stating most simply the distinction between his story and the fable when we say that humor is a prominent element in the one and absent in the other; and to say that there is humor is to say that there is real life.

It is frequently said that Andersen's stories accomplish their purpose of amusing children by being childish, yet it is impossible for a mature person to read them without detecting repeatedly the marks of experience. There is a subtle undercurrent of wisdom that has nothing to do with childishness, and the child who is entertained returns to the same story afterward to find a deeper significance than it was possible for him to apprehend at the first reading. The forms and the incident are in consonance with childish experience, but the spirit which moves through the story comes from a mind that has seen and felt the analogue of the story in some broader or coarser form. The story of *The Ugly Duckling*, is an inimitable presentation of Andersen's own tearful and finally triumphant life; yet no child who reads the story has its sympathy for a moment withdrawn from the duckling and transferred to a human being. Andersen's nice sense of artistic limitations saves him from making the older thought obtrude itself upon the notice of children, and his power of placing himself at the same angle of vision

with children is remarkably shown in one instance, where, in Little Klaus and Big Klaus, death is treated as a mere incident in the story, a surprise but not a terror.

Now that Andersen has told his stories, it seems an easy thing to do, and we have plenty of stories written for children that attempt the same thing, sometimes also with moderate success; for Andersen's discovery was after all but the simple application to literature of a faculty which has always been exercised. The likeness that things inanimate have to things animate is constantly forced upon us; it remained for Andersen to pursue the comparison further, and, letting types loose from their antitypes, to give them independent existence. The result has been a surprise in literature and a genuine addition to literary forms. It is possible to follow in his steps, now that he has shown us the way, but it is no less evident that the success which he attained was due not merely to his happy discovery of a latent property, but to the nice feeling and strict obedience to laws of art with which he made use of

his discovery. Andersen's genius enabled him to see the soul in a darning-needle, and he perceived also the limitations of the life he was to portray, so that while he was often on the edge of absurdity he did not lose his balance. Especially is it to be noted that these stories, which we regard as giving an opportunity for invention when the series of old-fashioned fairy tales had been closed, show clearly the coming in of that temper in novel-writing which is eager to describe things as they are. Within the narrow limits of his miniature story, Andersen moves us by the same impulse as the modern novelist who depends for his material upon what he has actually seen and heard, and for his inspiration upon the power to penetrate the heart of things; so that the old fairy tale finds its successor in this new realistic wonder-story, just as the old romance gives place to the new novel. In both, as in the corresponding development of poetry and painting, is found a deeper sense of life and a finer perception of the intrinsic value of common forms.

Horace E. Scudder.

GRAPES.

AMID the arbor's amber-tarnished vine,
Faint fluttering to the south wind's languid sigh,
Under this drowsy haze of mellow sky,
The ripe grapes droop their clustered globes of wine!

And even amid these bland luxurious hours,
They seem like exiles reft of cherished rights,
Here in our treacherous North, whose autumn nights
Drop chilly dews upon the dying flowers!

Fair clusters, while our woods in ruin flame,
Do yearnings through your rich blood vaguely thrill
For glimmering vineyard, olive-mantled hill,
And Italy, which is summer's softer name?

Or do you dream of some old ducal board,
Blazing with Venice glass and costliest plate,
Where princely banqueters caroused in state,
And through the frescoed hall the long feast roared?

Or how brocaded dame and plumed grandee
 Saw your imperial-colored fruit heaped up
 On radiant salver or in chiseled cup,
 Where some proud marble gallery faced the sea?

Or yet do your strange yearnings, loath to cease,
 Go wandering on, till dearer visions rise
 Of the pale temples and the limpid skies,
 The storied shores and haunted groves of Greece?

Greece, where the god was yours, of such renown —
 That sleek-limbed reveling boy, supremely fair,
 Who, with the ambrosial gold of his wild hair,
 Would wreath your purple opulence for a crown!

Edgar Fawcett.

THE OLD RÉGIME IN THE OLD DOMINION.

It was a very beautiful and enjoyable life that the Virginians led in that ancient time, for it certainly seems ages ago, before the war came to turn old ideas upside down and convert the picturesque commonwealth into a commonplace modern State. It was a soft, dreamy, deliciously quiet life, a life of repose, an old life, with all its sharp corners and rough surfaces long ago worn round and smooth. Everything fitted everything else, and every point in it was so well settled as to leave no work of improvement for anybody to do. The Virginians were satisfied with things as they were, and if there were reformers born among them, they went elsewhere to work changes. Society in the Old Dominion was like a well rolled and closely packed gravel walk, in which each pebble has found precisely the place it fits best. There was no giving way under one's feet, no uncomfortable grinding of loose materials as one walked about over the firm and long-used ways of the Virginian social life.

Let me hasten to say that I do not altogether approve of that life, by any means. That would be flat blasphemy against the god Progress, and I have no stomach for martyrdom, even of our

modern, fireless sort. I frankly admit in the outset, therefore, that the Virginians of that old time, between which and the present there is so great a gulf fixed, were idle people. I am aware that they were, when I lived among them, extravagant for the most part, and in debt altogether. It were useless to deny that they habitually violated all the wise precepts laid down in the published writings of Poor Richard, and set at naught the whole gospel of thrift. But their way of living was nevertheless a very agreeable one to share or to contemplate, the more because there was nothing else like it anywhere in the land.

A whole community with as nearly as possible nothing to do is apt to develop a considerable genius for enjoyment, and the Virginians, during somewhat more than two centuries of earnest and united effort in that direction, had partly discovered and partly created both a science and an art of pleasant living. Add to idleness and freedom from business cares a climate so perfect that existence itself is a luxury within their borders, and we shall find no room for wonder that these people learned how to enjoy themselves. What they learned, in this regard, they

remembered, too. Habits and customs once found good were retained, I will not say carefully, — for that would imply effort, and the Virginians avoided unnecessary effort, always, — but tenaciously. The Virginians were born conservatives, constitutionally opposed to change. They loved the old because it was old, and disliked the new, if for no better reason, because it was new; for newness and rawness were well-nigh the same in their eyes.

This constitutional conservatism, without which their mode of life could never have been what it was, was nourished by both habit and circumstance. The Virginians were not much given to traveling beyond their own borders, and when they did go into the outer world it was only to find a manifestation of barbarism in every departure from their own prescriptive standards and models. Not that they were more bigoted than other people, for in truth I think they were not, but their bigotry took a different direction. They thought well of the old and the moss-grown, just as some people admire all that is new and garish and fashionable.

But chief among the causes of that conservatism which gave tone and color to the life we are considering was the fact that ancient estates were carefully kept in ancient families, generation after generation. If a Virginian lived in a particular mansion, it was strong presumptive proof that his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather had lived there before him. There was no law of primogeniture, to be sure, by which this was brought about, but there were well-established customs which amounted to the same thing. Family pride was a ruling passion, and not many Virginians of the better class hesitated to secure the maintenance of their family's place in the ranks of the untitled peerage by the sacrifice of their own personal prosperity, if that were necessary, as it sometimes was. To the first-born son went the estate usually, by the will of the father and with the hearty concurrence of the younger sons, when there happened to be any

such. The eldest brother succeeded the father as head of the house, and took upon himself the father's duties and the father's burdens. Upon him fell the management of the estate; the maintenance of the mansion, which, under the laws of hospitality obtaining there, was no light task; the education of the younger sons and daughters; and last, though commonly not by any means least, the management of the hereditary debt. The younger children always had a home in the old mansion, secured to them by the will of their father sometimes, but secure enough in any case by a custom more binding than any law; and there were various other ways of providing for them. If the testator were rich, he divided among them his bonds, stocks, and other personal property not necessary to the prosperity of the estate, or charged the head of the house with the payment of certain legacies to each. The mother's property, if she had brought a dower with her, was usually portioned out among them, and the law, medicine, army, navy, and church offered them genteel employment if they chose to set up for themselves. But these arrangements were subsidiary to the main purpose of keeping the estate in the family, and maintaining the mansion-house as a seat of elegant hospitality. So great was the importance attached to this last point, and so strictly was its observance enjoined upon the new lord of the soil, that he was frequently the least to be envied of all. I remember a case in which a neighbor of my own, a very wealthy gentleman whose house was always open and always full of guests, dying, left each of his children a plantation. To the eldest son, however, he gave the home estate, worth three or four times as much as any of the other plantations, and with it he gave the young man also a large sum of money. But he charged him with the duty of keeping open house there at all times, and directed that the household affairs should be conducted always precisely as they had been during his own life-time; and the charge well-nigh outweighed the inheritance. The new master of the

place lived in Richmond, where he was engaged in manufacturing, and after the death of the father the old house stood tenantless, but open as before. Its troops of softly shod servants swept and dusted and polished as of old. Breakfast, dinner, and supper were laid out every day at the accustomed hours, under the old butler's supervision, and as the viands grew cold his silent subordinates waited, trays in hand, at the back of the empty chairs, during the full time appointed for each meal. I have stopped there for dinner, tea, or to spend the night, many a time, in company with one of the younger sons, who lived elsewhere, or with some relation of the family, or alone, as the case might be, and I have sometimes met others there. But our coming or not was a matter of indifference. Guests knew themselves always welcome, but whether guests came or not the household affairs suffered no change. The destruction of the house by fire finally lifted this burden from its owner's shoulders, as the will did not require him to rebuild. But while it stood its master's large inheritance was of very small worth to him. And in many other cases the apparent preference given to the eldest son, in the distribution of property, was in reality only a selection of his shoulders to bear the family's burdens.

In these and other ways old estates of greater or less extent were kept together, and old families remained lords of the soil; and it is not easy to overestimate the effect of this upon the people. As there is nothing so successful as success, so there is nothing so conservative as conservatism; and a man to whom a great estate, with an historical house upon it and an old family name attached to it, has descended through several generations, could hardly be other than a conservative in feeling and influence. These people were the inheritors of the old and the established. Upon them had devolved the sacred duty of maintaining the reputation of a family name. They were no longer mere individuals, whose acts affected only themselves, but were chiefs and

representatives of honorable houses, and as such bound to maintain a reputation of vastly more worth than their own. Their fathers before them were their exemplars, and in a close adherence to family customs and traditions lay their safety from unseemly lapses. The old furniture, the old wainscot on the walls, the old pictures, the old house itself, perpetually warned them against change as in itself unbecoming and dangerous to the dignity of their race.

And so changes were unknown in their social system. As their fathers lived so lived they, and there was no feature of their life pleasanter than its fixity. One always knew what to expect and what to do. There were no perplexing uncertainties to breed awkwardness and vexation. There was no room for shams and no temptation to vulgar display, and so shams and display had no chance to become fashionable.

Aside from the fact that the old and the substantial were the respectable, the social status of every person was so fixed and so well known that display was unnecessary on the part of the good families, and useless on the part of others. The old ladies constituted a college of heralds, and could give you, at a moment's notice, any pedigree you might choose to ask for. The goodness of a good family was a fixed fact, and needed no demonstration, and no *parvenu* could work his way into the charmed circle by vulgar ostentation, or by any other means whatever. As one of the old dames used to phrase it, ostentatious people were thought to be "rich before they were ready."

As the good families gave law to the society of the land, so their chiefs ruled the State in a more positive and direct sense. The plantation owners, as a matter of course, constituted only a minority of the voting population, at least after the constitution of 1850 swept away the rule making the ownership of real estate a necessary qualification for suffrage; but they governed the State, nevertheless, as completely as if they had been in the majority. Families naturally followed

the lead of their chiefs, voting together as a matter of clan pride, when no principle was involved, and so the plantation owners controlled directly a large part of the population. But a more important point was that the ballot was wholly unknown in Virginia until after the war, and as the large land-owners were deservedly men of influence in the community, they had little difficulty, under a system of *viva voce* voting, in carrying things their own way, in all matters on which they were at all agreed among themselves. It often happened that a whig would continue year after year to represent a democratic district, or *vice versa*, in the legislature or in Congress, merely by force of his large family connection and influence.

All this was an evil, if we choose to think it so. It was undemocratic, certainly, but it worked wonderfully well, and the system was good in this, at least, that it laid the foundations of politics among the wisest and best men the State had; for as a rule the planters were the educated men of the community, the reading men, the scholars, the thinkers, and well-nigh every one of them was familiar with the whole history of parties and of statesmanship. Politics was deemed a necessary part of every gentleman's education, and the youth of eighteen who could not recapitulate the doctrines set forth in the resolutions of 1798, or tell you the history of the Missouri compromise or the Wilmot proviso, was thought lamentably deficient in the very rudiments of culture. They had little to do, and they thought it the bounden duty of every free American citizen to prepare himself thus for the proper and intelligent performance of his functions in the body politic. As a result, if Virginia did not always send wise men to the councils of the State and nation, she sent no politically ignorant ones at any rate.

It was a point of honor among Virginians never to shrink from any of the duties of a citizen. To serve as road overseer or juryman was often disagreeable to men who loved ease and comfort as they did, but every Virginian felt him-

self in honor bound to serve whenever called upon, and that without pay, too, as it was deemed in the last degree disreputable to accept remuneration for doing the plain duty of a citizen.

It was the same with regard to the magistracy. Magistrates were appointed until 1850, and after that chosen by election, but under neither system was any man free to seek or to decline the office. Appointed or elected, one must serve, if he would not be thought to shirk his duties as a good man and citizen; and though the duties of the office were sometimes very onerous, there was practically no return of any sort made. Magistrates received no salary, and it was not customary for them to accept the small perquisites allowed them by law. Under the old constitution the senior justice of each county was ex-officio high sheriff, and the farming of the shrievalty — for the high sheriff always farmed the office — yielded some pecuniary profit; but any one magistrate's chance of becoming the senior was too small to be reckoned in the account; and under the new constitution of 1850 even this was taken away, and the sheriffs were elected by the people. But to be a magistrate was deemed an honor, and very properly so, considering the nature of a Virginian magistrate's functions. The honor was one never to be sought, however, by direct or indirect means, and to seek it was to lose caste hopelessly.

The magistrates were something more than justices of the peace. A bench of three or more of them constituted the county court, a body having a wide civil and criminal jurisdiction of its own, and concurrent jurisdiction with the circuit court over a still larger field. This county court sat monthly, and in addition to its judicial functions was charged with considerable legislative duties for the county, under a system which gave large recognition to the principle of local self-government. Four times a year it held grand jury terms, — an anomaly in magistrates' courts, I believe, but an excellent one nevertheless, as experience proved. In a large class of criminal cases a bench of five justices, sitting

in regular term, was a court of oyer and terminer.

The concurrent jurisdiction of this county court, as I have said, was very large, and as its sessions were monthly, while those of the circuit judges were held but twice a year, very many important civil suits, involving considerable interests, were brought there rather than before the higher tribunal. And here we encounter a very singular fact. The magistrates were usually planters, never lawyers, and yet, as the records show, the proportion of county court decisions reversed on appeal for error was always smaller than that of decisions made by the higher tribunals, in which regular judges sat. At the first glance this seems almost incredible, and yet it is a fact, and its cause is not far to seek. The magistrates, being unpaid functionaries, were chosen for their fitness only. Their election was a sort of choosing of arbitrators, and the men elected were precisely the kind of men commonly selected by honest disputants as umpires, — men of integrity, probity, and intelligence. They came into court conscious of their own ignorance of legal technicalities, and disposed to decide questions rather upon principles of "right between man and man" than upon the letter of the law; and as the law is, in the main, founded upon precisely these principles of abstract justice, their decisions usually proved sound in law as well as right in fact.

But the magistrates were not wholly without instruction even in technical matters of law. They learned a good deal by long service, — their experience often running over a period of thirty or forty years on the bench, — and in addition to the skill which intelligent men must have gained in this way, they had still another resource. When the bench thought it necessary to inform itself on a legal point, the presiding magistrate asked in open court for the advice of counsel, and in such an event every lawyer not engaged in the case at bar, or in another involving a like principle, was under obligation to give a candid expression of his opinion.

The system was a very peculiar and interesting one, and in Virginia it was about the best, also, that could have been hit upon, though it is more than doubtful whether it would work equally well anywhere else. All the conditions surrounding it were necessary to its success, and those conditions were of a kind that cannot be produced at will; they must grow. In the first place, the intelligence and culture of the community must not be concentrated in certain centres, as is usually the case, especially in commercial and manufacturing States, but must be distributed pretty evenly over the country, else the material out of which such a magistracy can be created will not be where it is needed; and in the very nature of the case it cannot be imported for the purpose. There must be also a fixed public sentiment sufficiently strong to compel the best men to serve when chosen, and the best men must be men of wealth and leisure, else they cannot afford to serve, for such a magistracy must of necessity be unpaid. In short, the system can work well only under the conditions which gave it birth in Virginia, and those conditions will probably never again exist in any of these States. But the fact that under our system of government the people of each State are free to suit their local institutions to their local circumstances, so sharply illustrated in the peculiar constitution of the Virginian county courts, is one which no thinking man can contemplate with indifference. It is a matter of small moment to the citizen of Massachusetts or New York that Virginia once had a very peculiar judiciary; but it is not a matter of slight importance that our scheme of government leaves every State free to devise for itself a system of local institutions adapted to its needs and the character and situation of its people; that it is not uniformity we have sought and secured, in our attempt to establish a government by the people, but a wise diversity, rather; that experience, and not theory, is our guide; that our institutions are cut to fit our needs, and not to match a fixed pattern; and that the necessities of one part of the

country do not prescribe a rule for another part.

But this is neither a philosophical treatise nor a centennial oration; return we therefore to the region of small facts. It is a little curious that, with their reputed fondness for honorary titles of all kinds, the Virginians never addressed a magistrate as "judge," even in that old time when the functions of the justice fairly entitled him to the name. And it is stranger still, perhaps, that in Virginia members of the legislature were never called "honorable," that distinction being strictly held in reserve for members of Congress and of the national cabinet. This fact seems all the more singular when we remember that in the view of Virginians the States were nations, while the general government was little more than their accredited agent, charged with the performance of certain duties and holding certain delegated powers which were subject to recall at any time.

I have said that every educated Virginian was familiar with politics, but this is only half the truth. They knew the details quite as well as the general facts, and there were very many of them, not politicians, and never candidates for office of any kind, who could give from memory an array of dates and other figures of which the *Tribune Almanac* would have no occasion to be ashamed. Not to know the details of the vote in Connecticut in any given year was to lay one's self open to a suspicion of incompetence; to confess forgetfulness of the "ayes and noes" on any important division in Congress, was to rule one's self out of the debate as an ignoramus. I say debate advisedly, for there was always a debate on political matters when two Virginian gentlemen met anywhere except in church during sermon-time. They argued earnestly, excitedly, sometimes even violently, but ordinarily without personal ill-feeling. In private houses they could not quarrel, being gentlemen and guests of a common host, or standing in the relation of guest and host to each other; in more public places — for they discussed politics in all places and at

all times — they refrained from quarrelling because to quarrel would not have been proper. But they never lost an opportunity to make political speeches at each other; alternately, sometimes, but quite as often both, or all, at once.

It would sometimes happen, of course, that two or more gentlemen, meeting, would find themselves agreed in their views, but the pleasure of indulging in a heated political discussion was never foregone for any such paltry reason as that. Finding no point on which they could disagree, they would straightway join forces and do valiant battle against the common enemy. That the enemy was not present to answer made no difference. They knew all his positions and all the arguments by which his views could be sustained, quite as well as he did, and they combated these. It was funny, of course, but the participants in these one-sided debates never seemed to see the ludicrous points of the picture.

A story is told of one of the fiercest of these social political debaters — a story too well vouched for among his friends to be doubted — which will serve perhaps to show how unnecessary the presence of an antagonist was to the successful conduct of a dispute. It was "at a dining day," to speak in the native idiom, and it so happened that all the guests were whigs, except Mr. E——, who was the staunchest of Jeffersonian democrats. The discussion began, of course, the moment the ladies left the table, and it speedily waxed hot. Mr. E——, getting the ear of the company in the outset, laid on right and left with his customary vigor, rasping the whigs on their sorest points, arguing, asserting, denouncing, demonstrating, — to his own entire satisfaction, — for perhaps half an hour; silencing every attempt at interruption by saying, —

"Now wait, please, till I get through; I'm one against seven, and you must let me make my points. Then you can reply."

He finished at last, leaving every whig nerve quivering, every whig face burning with suppressed indignation, and every whig breast full, almost to burst-

ing, with a speech in reply. The strongest debater of them all managed to begin first, but just as he pronounced the opening words, Mr. E—— interrupted him.

"Pardon me," he said, "I know all your little arguments, so I'll go and talk with the ladies for half an hour, while you run them over; when you get through send for me, and I'll come and *sweep you clear out of the arena.*"

And with that the exasperating man bowed himself out of the dining-room.

But with all its ludicrousness, this universal habit of "talking politics" had its uses. In the first place, politics with these men was a matter of principle, and not at all a question of shrewd management. They knew what they had and what they wanted. Better still, they knew every office-holder's record, and held each to a strict account of his stewardship.

Under the influence of this habit in social life, every man was constantly on his mettle, of course, and every young man was bound to fortify himself for contests to come by a diligent study of history and politics. He must know, as a necessary preparation for ordinary social converse, all those things that are commonly left to the professional politicians. As well might he go into society in ignorance of yesterday's weather or last week's news, as without full knowledge of Benton's Thirty Years' View, and a familiar acquaintance with the papers in *The Federalist*. In short, this odd habit compelled thorough political education, and enforced upon every man old enough to vote an active, earnest participation in politics. Perhaps a country in which universal suffrage exists would be the better if both were more general than they are.

But politics did not furnish the only subjects of debate among these people. They talked politics, it is true, whenever they met at all, but when they had mutually annihilated each other, when each had said all there was to say on the subject, they frequently turned to other themes. Of these the ones most commonly and most vigorously discussed

were points of doctrinal theology. The great battle-ground was baptism. Half the people, perhaps, were Baptists, and when Baptist and "pedo-Baptist" met, they sniffed the battle at once,—that is to say, as soon as they had finished the inevitable discussion of politics. On this question of baptism each had been over the ground many hundreds of times, and each must have known, when he put forth an argument, what the answer would be. But this made no manner of difference. They were always ready to go over the matter again. I amused myself once (for I was only a looker-on in Virginia, a Virginian by inheritance and brevet, but not by birth or early education) by preparing a "part" debate on the subject. I arranged the remarks of each disputant, in outline, providing each speech with its proper "cue," after the manner of stage copies of a play, and, taking a friend into my confidence, I used sometimes to follow the discussion, with my copy of it in hand, and except in the case of a very poorly-informed or wholly unpracticed debater, my cues and speeches were always found to be amusingly accurate.

The Virginians were a very religious as well as a very polemical people, however, and I do not remember that I ever knew them, even in the heat of their fiercest discussions upon doctrine, to forget the brotherly kindness which lay as a broad foundation under their card houses of creed. They believed with all their souls in the doctrines set forth by their several denominations, and maintained them stoutly on all occasions; but they loved each other, attended each other's services, and joined hands right heartily in every good work.

There was one other peculiarity in their church relations worthy of notice. The Episcopal church was once an establishment in Virginia, as every reader knows, but every reader does not know, perhaps, that up to the outbreak of the war it remained in some sense an establishment in some parts of the State. There were little old churches in many neighborhoods which had stood for a century or two, and the ancestors of the

present generation all belonged to them in their time. One of these churches I remember lovingly for its old traditions, for its picturesqueness, and for the warmth of the greeting its congregation gave me, — not as a congregation, but as individuals, — when I, a lad half grown, returned to the land of my fathers. Every man and woman in that congregation had known my father and loved him, and nearly every one was my cousin, at least in the Virginian acceptance of that word. The church was Episcopal, of course, while the great majority, perhaps seven eighths, of the people who attended and supported it were members of other denominations, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists. But they all felt themselves at home here. This was the old family church where their forefathers had worshiped, and under the shadow of which they were buried. They all belonged here, no matter what other church might claim them as members. They paid the old clergyman's salary; served in the vestry; attended the services; kept church, organ, and church-yard in repair; and in all respects regarded themselves, and were held by others, as members here of right and by inheritance. It was church and family instead of church and state, and the sternest Baptist or Presbyterian among them would have thought himself wronged if left out of the count of this little church's membership. This was their heritage, their home, and the fact that they had also united themselves with churches of other denominations made no difference whatever in their feeling toward the old mother church there in the woods, guarding and cherishing the dust of their dead.

All the people, young and old, went to church; it was both pleasant and proper to do so, though not all of them went for the sake of the sermon or the service. The churches were usually built in the midst of a grove of century oaks, and their surroundings were nearly always pleasantly picturesque. The gentlemen came on horseback, the ladies in their great, lumbering, old-fashioned carriages, with an ebony driver in front and a more

or less ebony footman or two behind. Beside the driver sat, ordinarily, the old "mammy" of the family, or some other equally respectable and respected African woman, whose crimson or scarlet turban and orange neckerchief gave a dash of color to the picture, a trifle barbarous, perhaps, in combination, but none the less pleasant in its effect, for that. The young men came first, mounted on superb riding-horses, wearing great buckskin gauntlets and clad in full evening dress, — that being *en règle* always in Virginia, — with the skirts of the coat drawn forward over the thighs and pinned in front, as a precaution against possible contact with the reeking sides of the hard-ridden steeds. When I first saw young gentlemen riding to church dressed in this fashion, the grotesqueness of the thing impressed me strongly; but one soon gets used to the habitual, and I have worn full evening dress on horseback many a time, once even in a cavalry parade.

The young men came first to church, I said, and they did so for a purpose. The carriages were elegant and costly, many of them, but nearly all were extremely old-fashioned; perched high in air, they were not easy of entrance or exit by ladies in full dress, without assistance, and it was accounted the prescriptive duty and privilege of the young men to render the needed service at the church door. When this preliminary duty was fully done, some of the youths took seats inside the church, but if the weather were fine many preferred to stroll through the woods, or to sit in little groups under the trees, awaiting the exit of the ladies, who must of course be chatted with and helped into their carriages again. Invitations to dinner or to a more extended visit were in order the moment the service was over. Every gentleman went to dine with a friend, or took a number of friends to dine with him. But the arrangements depended largely upon the young women, who had a very pretty habit of visiting each other and staying a week or more, and these visits nearly always originated at church. Each young lady invited all the rest to

go home with her, and after a deal of confused consultation, out of whose chaos only the feminine mind could possibly have extracted anything like a conclusion, two or three would win all the others to themselves, each taking half a dozen or more with her, and promising to send early next morning for their trunks. With so many of the fairest damsels secured for a visit of a week or a fortnight, the young hostess was sure of cavaliers in plenty to do her guests honor. And upon my word it was all very pleasant! I have idled away many a week in those old country-houses, and for my life I cannot manage to regret the fact, or to remember it with a single pang of remorse for the wasted hours. Perhaps after all they were not wholly wasted. Who shall say? Other things than gold are golden.

As a guest in those houses one was not welcome only, but free. There was a servant to take your horse, a servant to brush your clothes, a servant to attend you whenever you had a want to supply or a wish to gratify. But you were never oppressed with attentions, or under any kind of restraint. If you liked to sit in the parlor, the ladies there would entertain you very agreeably, or set you to entertain them by reading aloud or by anything else which might suggest itself. If you preferred the piazza, there were sure to be others like-minded with yourself. If you smoked, there were always pipes and tobacco on the sideboard, and a man-servant to bring them to you if you were not inclined to go after them. In short, each guest might do precisely as he pleased, sure that in doing so he should best please his host and hostess.

My own favorite amusement—I am the father of a family now, and may freely confess the fancies and foibles of a departed youth—was to accompany the young lady mistress of the mansion on her rounds of domestic duty, carrying her key-basket for her, and assisting her in various ways, unlocking doors and—really I cannot remember that I was of any very great use to her, after all; but willingness counts for a good deal in this world, and I was always very will-

ing, at any rate. As a rule, the young lady of the mansion was housekeeper, and perhaps this may account for the fact that the habit of carrying housekeepers' key-baskets for them was very general among the young gentlemen, in houses where they were upon terms of intimate friendship.

Life in Virginia was the pursuit of happiness, and its attainment. Money was a means only, and was usually spent very lavishly whenever its expenditure could add in any way to comfort, but as there was never any occasion to spend it for mere display, most of the planters were abundantly able to use it freely for better purposes; that is to say, most of them were able to owe their debts and to renew their notes when necessary. Their houses were built for comfort, and had grown gray with age long before the present generation was born. A great passage-way ran through the middle, commonly, and here stood furniture which would have delighted the heart of a mediævalist: great, heavy oaken chairs, black with age and polished with long usage—chairs whose joints were naked and not ashamed; sofas of ponderous build, made by carpenters who were skeptical as to the strength of woods, and thought it necessary to employ solid pieces of oak four inches in diameter for legs, and to shoe each with a solid brass lion's paw as a precaution against abrasion. A great porch in front was shut out at night by the ponderous double doors of the hall-way, but during the day the way was wide open through the house.

The floors were of white ash, and in summer no-carpets were anywhere to be seen. Early every morning the floors were polished by diligent scouring with dry pine needles, and the furniture similarly brightened by rubbing with wax and cork. In the parlors the furniture was usually very rich as to woods, and very antique in workmanship. The curtains were of crimson damask, with lace underneath, and the contrast between these and the bare, white, polished floor was singularly pleasing.

The first white person astir in the

house every morning was the lady who carried the keys, mother or daughter as the case might be. Her morning work was no light affair, and its accomplishment consumed several hours daily. To begin with, she must knead the light bread with her own hands and send it to the kitchen to be baked and served hot at breakfast. She must prepare a skillet full of light rolls for the same meal, and "give out" the materials for the rest of the breakfast. Then she must see to the sweeping and garnishing of the lower rooms, passages, and porches, lest the maids engaged in that task should entertain less extreme views than herself on the subject of that purity and cleanliness which constitute the house's charm and the housekeeper's crown of honor. She must write two or three notes, to be dispatched by the hands of a small negro, to her lady acquaintances in the neighborhood, — a kind of correspondence much affected in that society. In the midst of all these duties the young housekeeper — for somehow it is only the youthful ones whom I remember vividly — must meet and talk with such of the guests as might happen to be early risers, and must not forget to send a messenger to the kitchen once every ten minutes to "hurry up breakfast;" not that breakfast could be hurried under any conceivable circumstances, but merely because it was the custom to send such messages, and the young lady was a duty-loving maid who did her part in the world without inquiring why. She knew very well that breakfast would be ready at the traditional hour, the hour at which it always had been served in that house, and that there was no power on the plantation great enough to hasten it by a single minute. But she sent out to "hurry" it, nevertheless.

When breakfast is ready the guests are ready for it. It is a merit of fixed habits that one can conform to them easily, and when one knows that breakfast has been ready in the house in which he is staying precisely at nine o'clock every morning for one or two centuries past, and that the immovable conserv-

atism of an old Virginian cook stands guard over the sanctity of that custom, he has no difficulty in determining when to begin dressing.

The breakfast is sure to be a good one, consisting of everything obtainable at the season. If it be in summer, the host will have a dish of broiled roe herrings before him, a plate of hot rolls at his right hand, and a cylindrical loaf of hot, light bread — which it is his duty to cut and serve — on his left. On the flanks will be one or two plates of beaten biscuit and a loaf of batter bread, *i. e.*, corn-bread made rich with milk and eggs. A dish of plain corn "pones" sits on the dresser, and the servants bring griddle-cakes or waffles hot from the kitchen; so much for breads. A knuckle of cold boiled ham is always present, on either the table or the dresser, as convenience may dictate. A dish of sliced tomatoes and another of broiled ditto are the invariable vegetables, supplemented, on occasion, with lettuce, radishes, and other like things. These are the staples of breakfast, and additions are made as the season serves.

Breakfast over, the young lady housekeeper scalds and dries the dishes and glassware, with her own hands. Then she goes to the garden, smoke-house, and store-room, to "give out" for dinner. Morning rides, backgammon, music, reading, etc., furnish amusement until one o'clock, or a little later. The gentlemen go shooting or fishing, if they choose, or join the host in his rides over the plantation, inspecting his corn, tobacco, wheat, and live stock. About one the house grows quiet. The ladies retire to their chambers, the gentlemen make themselves comfortable in various ways. About two it is the duty of the master of the mansion to offer toddy or juleps to his guests, and to ask one of the dining-room servants if "dinner is 'most ready?" Half an hour later he must send the cook word to "hurry it up." It is to be served at four, of course, but as the representative of an ancient house, it is his bounden duty to ask the two o'clock question and send the half past two message.

Supper is served at eight, and the ladies usually retire for the night at ten or eleven.

If hospitality was deemed the chief of virtues among the Virginians, the duty of accepting hospitality was quite as strongly insisted upon. One must visit his friends, whatever the circumstances, if he would not be thought churlish; and especially were young men required to show a proper respect and affection for elderly lady relatives, by dining with them as frequently as at any other house. I shall not soon forget some experiences of my own in this regard. The most stately and elegant country-house I have ever seen stood in our neighborhood. Its master had lived in great state there, and after his death his two maiden sisters, left alone in the great mansion, scrupulously maintained every custom he had established or inherited. They were my cousins, in the Virginian sense of the word, and I had not been long a resident of the State when my guardian reminded me of my duty toward them. I must ride over and dine there, without a special invitation, and I must do this six or eight times a year at the least. As a mere boy, half grown, I made ready for my visit with a good deal of awe and trepidation. I had already met the two stately dames, and was disposed to distrust my manners in their presence. I went, however, and was received with warm though rather stiff and formal cordiality. My horse was taken to the stable. I was shown to my room by a thoroughly drilled servant, whose tongue had been trained to as persistent a silence as if his functions had been those of a mute at a funeral. His name, I discovered, was Henry, but beyond this I could make no progress in his acquaintance. He prided himself upon knowing his place, and the profound respect with which he treated me made it impossible that I should ask him for the information on which my happiness, perhaps my reputation, just then depended. I wanted to know for what purpose I had been shown to my room; what I was expected to do there; and at what hour I ought to descend to the parlor or library.

But it was manifestly out of the question to seek such information at the hands of so well regulated a being as Henry. He had ushered me into my room, and now stood bolt upright, gazing fixedly at nothing, and waiting for my orders in profound and immovable silence. He had done his part well, and it was not for him to assume that I was unprepared to do mine. His attitude indicated, or perhaps I should say aggressively asserted, the necessity he was under of assuming my entire familiarity with the usages of good society and the ancient customs of this ancient house. The worst of it was, I fancied that the solemn rogue guessed my ignorance and delighted in exposing the fraudulent character of my pretensions to gentility; but in this I did him an injustice, as future knowledge of him taught me. He was well drilled, and delighted in doing his duty, that was all. No *gaucherie* on my part would have moved him to smile. He knew his place and his business too well for that. Whatever I might have done he would have held to be perfectly proper. It was for him to stand there like a statue until I should bid him do otherwise, and if I had kept him there a week, I think he would have given no sign of weariness or impatience. As it was, his presence appalled and oppressed me, and in despair of discovering the proper thing to do, I determined to put a bold face upon the matter.

"I am tired and warm," I said, "and will rest awhile on the bed. I will join the ladies in half an hour. You may go now."

At dinner Henry stood at the sideboard and silently directed the servants. When the cloth was removed he brought a wine-tub with perhaps a dozen bottles in it, and silently awaited my signal before decanting one of them. When I had drunk a glass with the ladies, they rose and retired, leaving me alone with the wine and the cigars, and Henry, whose erect solemnity converted the great, silent dining-room into something very like a funeral chamber. He stood there like a guardsman on duty, immova-

ble, speechless, patient, while I sat at the board, a decanter of wine before me, and a tub of unopened bottles on the floor by my side. I did not want any wine, or anything else, except a sound of some sort to break the horrible stillness. I tried to think of some device by which to make Henry go out of the room, or move one of his hands, or turn his eyes a little, or even wink; but I failed utterly. There was nothing whatever to be done, and no order to give him. Every want was supplied and everything was at my hand. The cigars were under my nose, the ash-pan by them, and a lighted wax candle stood within reach. I toyed with the decanter, in hope of breaking the stillness, but its stand was too well cushioned above and below to make a sound. I ventured at last to move one of my feet, but a strip of velvet carpet lay between it and the floor. I could stand it no longer. Filling a glass of wine I drank it off, lighted a fresh cigar, and boldly strode out of the house to walk on the lawn in front.

On the occasion of subsequent visits I got on well enough, knowing precisely what to expect and what to do, and in time I came to regard this as one of the very pleasantest houses in which I visited at all, if on no other account than because I found myself perfectly free, there, to do as I pleased; but until I learned that I was expected to consult only my own comfort while a guest in the house, the atmosphere of the place oppressed me.

Not in every house were the servants so well trained as Henry, but what they lacked in skill they fully made up in numbers, and in hardly anything else was the extravagance of the Virginians so manifest as in their wastefulness of labor. On nearly every plantation there were ten or twelve able-bodied men and women employed about the house, doing the work which two or three ought to have done and might have done; and in addition to this there were usually a dozen or a score of others with merely nominal duties or no duties at all. But it was useless to urge their master to send any of them to the field, and idle to show

him that the addition which might thus be made to the force of productive laborers would so increase his revenues as to acquit him of debt within a few years. He did not much care to be free of debt, for one thing, and he liked to have plenty of servants always within call. As his dinner-table bore every day food enough for a regiment, so his nature demanded the presence of half a dozen servitors whenever one was wanted. Indeed, these people usually summoned servants in squads, calling three or four to take one guest's horse to stable, or to bring one pitcher of ice-water.

And yet I should do the Virginians great injustice were I to leave the impression that they were lazy. With abundant possessions, superabundant household help, and slave labor, they had a good deal of leisure, of course, but they were nevertheless very industrious people, in their way. It was no light undertaking to manage a great plantation, and at the same time fulfill the large measure of duties to friends and neighbors which custom imposed. One must visit and receive visitors, and must go to court every month, and to all planters' meetings. Besides this there was a certain amount of fox-hunting, and squirrel and bird and turkey shooting, and fishing, to be done, which it was really very difficult to escape, with any credit to one's self. On the whole, the time of the planters was pretty fully occupied. The ladies had household duties, and these included the cutting and making of clothes for all the negroes on the plantation, a heavy task which might as well have been done by the negro seamstresses, except that such was not the custom. Fair women, who kept a dressmaker for themselves, worked day after day on coarse cloths, manufacturing coats and trousers for the field hands. They did a great deal of embroidery and worsted work, too, and personally instructed negro girls in the use of the needle and scissors. All this, with their necessary visiting and entertaining, and their daily attendance upon the sick negroes, whom they always visited and cared for in person, served to make the Virginian ladies

about the busiest women I have ever known. Even Sunday brought them little rest, as in addition to other duties on that day each of the ladies spent some hours at the "quarters," holding a Sunday-school.

But the Virginians had, notwithstanding, a good deal of leisure on their hands, and their command of time was a very important agent, I should say, in the formation of their characters, as individuals and as a people. It bred habits of outdoor exercise, which gave the young men stalwart frames and robust constitutions; it gave form to their social life; and above all it made reading men and students of many, though their reading and their study were of a somewhat peculiar kind. They were all Latinists, inasmuch as Latin formed the staple of their ordinary school course. It was begun early and continued to the end, and even in after life very many gentlemen planters were in the habit of reading their Virgil and their Horace and their Ovid as an amusement, so that it came to be assumed quite as a matter of course that every gentleman with any pretension to culture could read Latin easily, and quote Horace and Juvenal from memory.

But they read English literature still more largely, and in no part of the country, except in distinctly literary centres like Cambridge or Concord, are really good household libraries so common a possession, I think, as they were among the best classes of Virginian planters. *Expende Hannibalem! Quot libros in summo duce invenit?* Let us open the old glass doors and see what books the Virginians read. The libraries in the old houses were the growth of many generations, begun perhaps by the English cadet who founded the family on this side of the water in the middle of the seventeenth century, and added to little by little from that day to this. They were especially rich in the English classics, in early editions with long *s's* and looped *cl's*, but sadly deficient in the literature of the present. In one of them, I remember, I found nearly everything from Chaucer to Byron, and comparatively little that was

later. From Pope to Southey it furnished a pretty complete geologic section of English literature, and from internal evidence I conclude that when the founder of the family and the library first took up his residence in the Old Dominion, Swift was still a contributor to *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and Pope was a poet not many years dead. There was a copy of Tom Jones, and another of Joseph Andrews, printed in Fielding's own time. *The Spectator* was there, not in the shape of a reprint, but the original papers rudely bound, a treasure brought from England, doubtless, by the immigrant. Richardson, Smollett, Swift, and the rest were present in contemporary editions; the poets and essayists, pretty much all of them, in quaint old volumes; Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*; Sheridan's plays, stitched; Burke's works; Scott's novels in force, just as they came one after another from the press of the Edinburgh publishers; Miss Edgeworth's moralities elbowing Mrs. Aphra Behn's strongly tainted romances; Miss Burney's *Evelina*, which was so "proper" that all the young ladies used to read it, but so dull that nobody ever opens it nowadays; and scores of other old "new books" which I have no room to catalogue here, even if I could remember them all. Byron appeared, not as a whole but in separate volumes, bought as each was published. Even the poor little *Hours of Idleness* was there, ordered from across the sea, doubtless, in consequence of the savage treatment it received at the hands of the Edinburgh Review, bound volumes of which were on the shelves below. There was no copy of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, but as nearly all the rest of Byron's poems were there in original editions, it seems probable that the satire also had once held a place in the library. It had been read to pieces, perhaps, or borrowed and never returned. There were histories of all kinds, and collected editions of standard works in plenty, covering a wide field of law, politics, theology, and what not. Of strictly modern books the assortment was comparatively meagre. Ma-

caulay's *Miscellanies*, Motley's *Dutch Republic*, Prescott's *Mexico*, *Peru*, etc.; stray volumes of Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, and Lever; Kennedy's *Swallow Barn*, Cooke's *Virginia Comedians*, half a dozen volumes of Irving, and a few others, made up the list. Of modern poetry there was not a line, and in this, as in other respects, the old library — burned during the war — fairly represented the literary tastes and reading habits of the Virginians in general. They read little or no recent poetry and not much recent prose. I think this was not so much the result of prejudice as of education. The schools in Virginia were excellent ones of their kind, but their system was that of a century ago. They

gave attention, chiefly, to "the humanities" and logic, and the education of a Virginian gentleman resembled that of an Englishman of the last century far more closely than that of any modern American. The writers of the present naturally address themselves to men of to-day, and this is precisely what the Virginians were not, wherefore modern literature was not at all a thing to their taste. To all this of course there were exceptions. I have known some Virginians who appreciated Tennyson, enjoyed Longfellow and Lowell, and understood Browning; just as I have known a few who affected a modern pronunciation of the letter *a* in such words as *master*, *basket*, *glass*, and *grass*.

George Cary Eggleston.

THE SILENT TIDE.

A TANGLED orchard round the farm-house
spreads,

Wherein it stands home-like, but desolate,
'Midst crowded and uneven-saturated sheds,
Alike by rain and sunshine sadly stained.

A quiet country-road before the door
Runs, gathering close its ruts to scale the
hill —

A sudden bluff on the New Hampshire coast,
That rises rough against the sea, and hangs
Crested above the bowlder-sprinkled beach.
And on the road white houses small are
strung

Like threaded beads, with intervals. The
church

Tops the rough hill; then comes the wheel-
wright's shop.

From orchard, church, and shop you hear
the sea,

And from the farm-house windows see it
strike

Sharp gleams through slender arching apple-
boughs.

Sea-like, too, echoing round me here there
rolls

A surging sorrow; and even so there breaks
A smitten light of woe upon me, now,
Seeing this place, and telling o'er again

The tale of those who dwelt here once. Long
since

It was, and they were two — two brothers,
bound

By early orphanage and solitude

The closer, cleaving strongly each to each,
Till love, that held them many years in gage,
Itself swept them asunder. I have heard

The story from old Deacon Snow, their
friend,

He who was boy and man with them. A
boy!

What, he? How strange it seems! who now
is stiff

And warped with life's fierce heat and cold:
his brows

Are hoary white, and on his head the hairs
Stand sparse as wheat-stalks on the bare
field's edge!

Reuben and Jerry they were named; but
two

Of common blood and nurture scarce were
found

More sharply different. For the first was
bold,

Breeze-like and bold to come or go; not rash,
But shrewdly generous, popular, and boon:
And Jerry, dark and sad-faced. Whether
least

He loved himself or neighbor none could tell,
 So cold he seemed in wonted sympathy.
 Yet he would ponder an hour at a time
 Upon a bird found dead; and much he loved
 To brood 't' th' shade of yon wind-wavered
 pines.

Often at night, too, he would wander forth,
 Lured by the hollow rumbling of the sea
 In moonlight breaking, there to learn wild
 things,

Such as these dreamers pluck out of the
 dusk

While other men lie sleeping. But a star
 Rose on his sight, at last, with power to rule
 Majestically mild that deep-domed sky,
 High as youth's hopes, that stood above his
 soul;

And, ruling, led him dayward. That was
 Grace,

I mean Grace Brierly, daughter of the squire,
 Rivaling the wheelwright Hungerford's shy
 Ruth

For beauty. Therefore, in the sunny field,
 Mowing the clover-purpled grass, or, waked
 In keen December dawns, — while creeping
 light

And winter-tides beneath the pallid stars
 Stole o'er the marsh together, — a thought
 of her

Would turn him cool or warm, like the south
 breeze,

And make him blithe or bitter. Alas for
 him!

Eagerly storing golden thoughts of her,
 He locked a phantom treasure in his breast.
 He sought to chain the breezes, and to lift
 A perfume as a pearl before his eyes —
 Intangible delight! A time drew on,
 When from these twilight musings on his
 hopes

He woke, and found the morning of his love
 Blasted, and all its rays shorn suddenly.

For Reuben, too, had turned his eye on
 Grace,

And she with favoring face the suit had met,
 Known in the village; this dream-fettered
 youth

Perceiving not what passed, until too late.

One holiday the young folks all had gone
 Strawberrying, with the village Sabbath-
 school;

Reuben and Grace and Jerry, Ruth, Rob
 Snow,

And all their friends, youth-mates that buoy-
 antly

Bore out 'gainst Time's armadas, like a fleet
 Of fair ships, sunlit, braced by buffeting
 winds,

Indomitably brave; but, soon or late,
 Battle and hurricane or whirl them deep
 Below to death, or send them homeward,
 seared

By shot and storm: so went they forth, that
 day.

Two wagons full of rosy children rolled
 Along the rutty track, 'twixt swamp and
 slope,

Through deep, green-glimmering woods, and
 out at last

On grassy table-land, warm with the sun
 And yielding tributary odors wild
 Of strawberry, late June-rose, juniper,
 Where sea and land breeze mingled. There
 a brook

Through a bare hollow flashing, spurted,
 purled,

And shot away, yet stayed — a light and
 grace

Unconscious and unceasing. And thick
 pines,

Hard by, drew darkly far away their dim
 And sheltering, cool arcades. So all dis-
 mount,

And fields and forest gladden with their
 shouts;

Ball, swing, and see-saw sending the light
 hearts

Of the children high o'er earth and every-
 thing;

While some staid, kindly women draw and
 spread

In pine-shade the long whiteness of a cloth.
 The rest, a busy legion, o'er the grass

Kneeling, must rifle the meadow of its fruit.

O laughing Fate! O treachery of truth
 To royal hopes youth bows before! That
 day,

Ev'n there where life in such glad measure
 beat

Its round, with winds and waters, tunelessly,
 And birds made music in the matted wood,
 The shaft of death reached Jerry's heart:
 he saw

The sweet conspiracy of those two lives,
 In looks and gestures read his doom, and
 heard

Their laughter ring to the grave all mirth of
 his.

So Reuben's life in full leaf stood, its fruit
 Hidden in a green expectancy; but all
 His days were rounded with ripe conscious-
 ness:

While Jerry felt the winter's whitening
 blight,

As when that frosty fern-work and those palms
Of visionary leaf and trailing vines,
Quaint-chased by night-winds on the pane,
melt off,
And naked earth, stone-stiff, with bristling trees,
Stares in the winter sunlight coldly through.
But yet he rose, and clothed himself amain
With misery, and once more put on life
As a stained garment. Highly he resolved
To make his deedless days henceforward strike
Pure harmony—a psalm of silences.

But on the Sunday, coming from the church,
He saw those happy, plighted lovers walk
Before proud Grace's father, and of friends
Heard comment and congratulation given.
Then with Rob Snow he hurried to the beach,
To a rough heap of stones they two had reared
In boyhood. There the two held sad debate
Of life's swift losses, Rob inspiring still,
Jerry rejecting hope, ev'n though his friend,
Self-wounding (for he loved Ruth Hunger-
ford!),
Told how the wheelwright's daughter longed
for him,
And yet might make him glad, though Grace
was lost.

The season deepened, and in Jerry's heart
Ripened a thought charged with grave consequence.

His grief he would have stifled at its birth,
Sad child of frustrate longing! But anon—
Knowledge of Ruth's affection being revealed,

Which, if he stayed to let it feed on him,
Vine-like might wreath and wind about his life,

Lifting all shade and sweetness out of reach
Of Robert, so long his friend—honor, and hopes

He would not name, kindled a torch for war
Of various impulse in him. Reuben wedded;
Yet Jerry lingered. Then, swift whisper-
ings

Along the reverberant walls of gossips' ears
Humbled loud and louder a love for Ruth.
Grace, too,

Involved him in a web of soft surmise
With Ruth; and Reuben questioned him thereof.

But a white, sudden anger struck like a bolt

O'er Jerry's face, that blackened under it:

He strode away, and left his brother dazed
With red rush of offended self-conceit
Staining his forehead to the hair. This flash
Of anger—first since boyhood's wholesome
strifes—
On Jerry's path gleamed lurid; by its light
He shaped a life's course out.

There came a storm
One night. He bade farewell to Ruth; and when
Above the seas the bare-browed dawn arose,
While the last laggard drops ran off the eaves,
He dressed, but took some customary garb
On his arm; stole swiftly to the sands;
and there
Cast down his garments by the ancient heap
Of stones. At first brief pause he made,
and thought:

"And thus I play, to win perchance a tear
From her whom, first, to save the smallest care,
I thought I could have died!" But then at once

Within the sweep of swirling water-planes
That from the great waves circled up and slid

Instantly back, passing far down the shore,
Southward he made his way. Next day he shipped

Upon a whaler outward bound. She spread
Her mighty wings, and bore him far away—
So far, Death seemed across her wake to stalk,

Withering her swift shape from the empty air,
So that her memory grew a faded dream.

Ah, what a desolate brightness that young day

Flung o'er the impassive strand and dull green marsh

And green-arched orchard, ere it struck the farm!

Storm-strengthened, clear and cool the morning rose

To gaze down on that frightened home, where dawned

Pale Ruth's discovery of her loss, who late,
Guessing some evil in Jerry's last-night words

Of vague farewell, woke now to certainty
Of strange disaster. So, when Reuben and Rob,

Hither and thither searching, with locked lips

And eyes grown suddenly cold in eager
dread,
On those still sands beside the untamed
sea
Came to the garments Jerry had thrown
there, dumb
They stood, and knew he'd perished. If by
chance
Borne out with undertow and rolled be-
neath
The gaping surge, or free-willed rushing on
His death, they would not guess; but
straight they set
Themselves to watch the changes of the
sea —
The watchful sea that would not be be-
trayed,
The surly flood that echoed their suspense
With hollow-sounding horror. Thus three
tides
Hurled on the beach their empty spray,
and brought
Nor doubt-dispelling death, nor new-born
hope.
But with the third slow turn at length
there came
A naked, drifting body impelled to shore,
An unknown sailor by the late storm swept
Out of the rigging of some laboring ship.
And him, disfigured by the water's wear,
The watching friends supposed their dead;
and so,
Mourning, took up this outcast of the deep,
And buried him, with church-rite and with
pall
Trailing, and train of sad-eyed mourners,
there
In the old orchard-lot by Reuben's door.

Observed among the mourners walked
slight Ruth.
Her grief had dropped a veil of finer light
Around her, hedging her with sanctity
Peculiar; all stood shy about her save
Rob Snow, he venturing from time to time
Some small, uncertain act of kindliness.
Long seemed she vowed from joy, but when
the birds
Began to mate, and quiet violets blow
Along the brookside, lo! she smiled again;
Again the wind-flower color in her cheeks
Blanch'd in a breath, and bloomed once
more; then stayed;
Till, like the breeze that rumors ripening
buds,
A delicate sense crept through the air that
soon
These two would scale the church-crowned
hill, and wed.

The seasons faced the world, and fled, and
came.
In summer nights, the soft roll of the sea
Was shattered, resonant, beneath a moon
That, silent, seemed to hearken. And,
every hour
In autumn, night or day, large apples fell
Without rebound to earth, upon the sod
There mounded greenly by the large slate
slab
In the old orchard-lot near Reuben's door.
But there were changes: after some long
years
Reuben and Grace beheld a brave young
boy
Bearing their double life abroad in one,
Beginning new the world, and bringing
hopes
That in their path fell flower-like. Not at
case
They dwelt, though; for a slow discord-
ancy
Of temper — weak-willed waste of life in
bursts
Of petulance — had marred their happiness.
And so the boy, young Reuben, as he grew,
Was chafed and vexed by this ill-fitting
mode
Of life forced on him, and rebelled. Too
oft
Brooding alone, he shaped loose schemes of
flight
Into the joyous outer world, to break
From the unwholesome wranglings of his
home.
Then once, when at some slight demur he
made,
Dispute ensued between the man and wife,
He burst forth, goaded, "Some day I will
leave, —
Leave you forever!" And his father stared,
Lifted and clenched his hand, but let it un-
loose,
Nerveless. The blow, unstruck, yet quivered
through
The boy's whole body.

Waiting for the night,
Reuben made ready, lifted latch, went
forth;
Then, with his little bundle in his hand,
Took the bleak road that led him to the
world.

When Jerry eighteen years had sailed, had
bared
His hurt soul to the pitiless sun, and drunk
The rainy brew of storms on all seas, tired
Of wreck and fever and renewed mischance

That would not end in death, a longing
stirred
Within him to revisit that gray coast
Where he was born. He landed at the
port

Whence first he sailed; and, as in fervid
youth,

Set forth upon the highway, to walk home.
Some hoarding he had made, wherewith to
enrich

His brother's brood for spendthrift pur-
poses;

And as he walked he wondered how they
looked,

How tall they were, how many there might
be.

At noon he set himself beside the way,
Under a clump of willows sprouting dense
O'er the weed-woven margin of a brook;

While in the fine green branches overhead
Song-sparrows lightly perched, for whom he
threw

From his scant bread some crumbs, remem-
bering well

Old days when he had played with birds
like these—

The same, perhaps, or grandfathers of
theirs,

Or earlier still progenitors: whereat
They chirped and chattered louder than
before.

But, as he sat, a boy came down the road,
Stirring the noontide dust with laggard
feet.

Young Reuben 't was, who seaward made
his way.

And Jerry hailed him, carelessly, his mood
Moving to salutation, and the boy,
From under his torn hat-brim looking, an-
swered.

Then, seeing that he eyed his scrap of bread,
The sailor bade him come and share it. So
They fell to talk; and Jerry, with a rough,
Quick-touching kindness, the boy's heart so
moved

That unto him he all his wrong confessed.
Gravely the sailor looked at him, and told
His own tale of mad flight and wandering;
how,

Wasted he had come back, his life a husk
Of withered seeds, a raveled purse, though
once

With golden years well stocked, all squan-
dered now.

At ending, he prevailed, and Reub was won
To turn and follow. Jerry, though he
knew

Not yet the father's name, said he that way

Was going, too, and he would intercede
Between the truant and his father. Back
Together then they went. But on the way,
As now they passed from pines to farming-
land,

The boy asked more. "'Tis queer you
should have come

From these same parts, and run away like
me!

You did not tell me how it happened."

"Foolish,
All of it! But I thought it weightier
Than the world's history, once. I could
not stay
And see my brother married to the girl
I loved; and so I went."

THE BOY.

I had an uncle
That was in love. But he—he drowned
himself.

Why do men do so?

JERRY.

Drowned himself? And when?

THE BOY.

I don't know. Long ago; it's like a dream
To me. I was not born then. Deacon
Snow

Has told me something of it. Mother cries
Even now, beside his grave. Poor uncle!

JERRY.

His grave!
(That could not be, then.) Yet if it should
be,
How can I think Grace cried—

THE BOY.

How did you know
My mother's name was Grace?

JERRY.

I am confused
By what you say. But is your mother's
name
Grace? How! Grace, too?

A strange uneasiness
In Jerry's breast had waked. They walked
awhile

In silence. This he could not well believe,
That Grace and Reuben were unhappy, nor
That but one son was theirs. Therefore
aside

He thrust that hidden, sharp foreboding;
still

He trusted, still sustained a calm suspense,
And ranged among his memories. "Tell
me, son,"

He said, "about this Deacon Snow — Rob
Snow
It must be, I suppose."

THE BOY.

Oh, do you know him ?

JERRY.

A deacon now ! Ay, once I knew Rob
Snow —
A jolly blade, if ever any was,
And merry as the full moon.

THE BOY.

He has failed
A good deal now, though, since his wife
died.

JERRY.

What !
(Of course ; of course ; all 's changed.) He
married !

THE BOY.

Why,
How long you must have been away ! For
since
I can remember he has had a wife
And children. She was Gran'ther Hunger-
ford's —

JERRY.

Her name was Ruth ?

THE BOY.

Yes, Ruth ! 'T is after her
The deacon's nicest daughter's named ;
she's Ruth.

Then sadly Jerry pondered, and no more
Found speech. They tramped on sternly.

To the brow
Of a long hill they came, whence they could
see

The village and blue ocean ; then they
sank

Into a region of low-lying fields
Half-naked from the scythe, and others
veined

With vines that 'midst dismantled, fallen
corn

Dragged all athwart a weight of tawny
gourds

Sun-mellowed, sound. And now the level
way

Stretched forward eagerly, for hard ahead

It made the turn that rounded Reuben's
house.

Between the still road and the tossing sea
Lay the wide swamp, with all its hundred
pools

Reflecting leaden light ; anon they passed
A farm-yard where the noisy chanticleer
Strutted and ruled, as one long since had
done ;

And then the wayside trough with jutting
spout

Of ancient, mossy wood, that still poured
forth

Its liquid largess to all comers. Soon
A slow cart met them, filled with gathered
kelp :

The salt scent seemed a breath of younger
days.

They reached the road-bend, and the even-
ing shone

Upon them, calmly. Jerry paused, o'er-
whelmed.

Reuben, surprised, glanced at him, and then
said,

"Yonder's the house." Old Jerry gazed
on him,

And trembled ; for before him slowly grew
Through the boy's face the mingled fea-
tures there

Of father and of mother — Grace's mouth,
Ripe, pouting lips, and Reuben's square-
framed eyes.

But, mastering well his voice, he bade the
boy

Wait by the wall, till he a little while
Went forward, and prepared. So Reuben
stayed ;

And Jerry with uncertain step advanced,
As dreaming of his youth and this his home.

Slowly he passed between the gateless posts
Before the unused front door, slowly too

Beyond the side porch with its woodbine
thick

Draping autumnal splendor. Thus he came
Before the kitchen window, where he saw

A gray-haired woman bent o'er needle-
work

In gathering twilight. And without a voice,
Rooted, he stood. He stirred not, but his
glance

Burned through the pane ; uneasily she
turned,

And seeing that shaggy stranger standing
there

Expectant, shook her head, as though to
warn

Some chance, wayfaring beggar. He,
though, stood

And looked at her immovably. Then, quick

The sash upthrowing, she made as if to speak

Harshly; but still he held his quiet eyes
Upon her. Now she paused; her throat
throbbed full;

Her lips paled suddenly, her wan face flamed,
A fertile stir of memory strove to work
Renewal in those features wintry cold.
And so she hung, while Jerry by a step
Drawn nearer, coming just beneath her,
said,

"Grace!" And she murmured, "Jerry!"

Then she bent
Over him, clasping his great matted head
With those worn arms, all joyless; and the
tears

Fell hot upon his forehead from her eyes.
For now in this dim gloaming their two
souls

Unfruitful, by an instant insight wild,
Delicious, found the full, mysterious clew
Of individual being, each in each.

But, tremulously, soon they drew them-
selves

Away from that so sweet, so sad embrace,
The first, the last that could be theirs.

Then he,
Summing his story in a word, a glance,
Added, "But though you see me broken
down

And poor enough, not empty-handed quite
I come. For God set in my way a gift,
The best I could have sought. I bring it
you

In memory of the love I bore. Not now
Must that again be thought of! Waste
and black

My life's fields lie behind me, and a frost
Has stilled the music of my hopes, but here
If I may dwell, nor trouble you, such a
joy

Were mine, I dare not ask it. Oh forgive
The weakness! Come and see my gift!"

Ah, tears

Flowed fast, that night, from springs of
love unsealed

Once more within the ancient house — rare
tears

Of reconciliation, grief, and joy!

A miracle, it seemed, had here been wrought,
The dead brought back to life. And with
him came

The prodigal, repenting.

So, thenceforth,

A spirit of peace within the household
dwelt.

In Jerry a swift-sent age these years had
brought,

To soften him, wrought with all the woe at
home

Such open, gracious dignity, that all
For cheer and guidance learned to look to
him.

But chiefly th' younger Reuben sought his
aid,

And he with homely wisdom shaped the lad
To a life's loving duty. Yet not long,
Alas! the kind sea-farer with them stayed.
After some years his storm-racked body
drooped.

The season came when crickets cease to
sing

And flame-curved leaves fly fast; and Jerry
sank

Softly toward death. Then, on a boisterous
morn

That beat the wrecked woods with inces-
sant gusts

To wrest some last leaf from them, he arose
And passed away. But those who loved
him watched

His fading, half in doubt, and half afraid,
As if he must return again; for now
Entering the past he seemed, and not a life
Beyond; and some who thought of that old
grave

In the orchard, dreamed a breath's space
that the man

Long buried had come back, and could not
die.

But so he died, and, ceasing, made request
Beside that outcast of the deep to lie.

None other mark desired he but the stone
Set there long since, though at a stranger's
grave,

In heavy memory of him thought dead.

They marked the earth with one more
mound beside

The other, near a gap in the low wall
That looked out seaward. There you ever
hear

The deep, remorseful requiem of the sea;
And there, in autumn, windfalls, showering
thick

Upon the grave, score the slow, voiceless
hours

With unrebounding stroke. All round
about

Green milkweed rankly thrives, and golden-
rod

Sprouts from his prostrate heart in fine-
poised grace

Of haughty curve, with every crest in flower.

G. P. Lathrop.

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE leisurely character of Mr. Flagg's volume¹ well befits the subject of which he treats. An unaffected lover of nature, he has rambled about New England, especially near the sea-coast, stopping by the side of a brook or an overgrown stone wall, lifting the leaves of the sheltering burdock, listening to the notes of birds, which he vainly tries to repeat in musical form, standing still it may be to feel the gentle *susurrus* of nature tremble over his nerves. In a pretty sketch of the delights of the botanist he gives in a single sentence a picture which has a homely beauty of form and suggestion: "He listens to the muffled drum [of the ruffled grouse] while he cools his heated brow under a canopy of maples over-arched with woodbine, and picks the scarlet berries that cluster on the green knolls at his feet." Thus it is that in recording the result of his rambles and observations Mr. Flagg has apparently followed no exigencies of book-making, but has set down in almost negligent order his notes on the birds to which he has listened, and the characteristics of the months as they follow one another through the year. In reading his book, one is almost persuaded that the months themselves move more leisurely than we are wont to know them. Certainly the entire impression which this delightful book makes upon one is of a cool retreat from the bustle and nervous hurry of common life. The reason of this is in the sincerity of the author. The very sluggishness of the literary current of the book attests the entire occupation of the writer with his subject. There is at times an old-fashioned air about his style which has something to do with the remoteness from our daily life so characteristic of the book. We should be impatient of it, were it not so naturally a part of the whole temper in which the work is conceived. Mr. Flagg's observations are acute, and, like those of all patient naturalists, set down with reserve. He seems always waiting for some later news from the forest. What he tells now is true, but like John Robinson he is confident "that the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy" woods. By the aid of the

index one may easily use the work as a handbook for testing the notes of birds, and a careful reading will stimulate many to watch more closely the life that goes on about them. It would be easy to quote single passages which show the gentle spirit of the book; we copy one only because of the plea which the author makes for a genuine and homely bit of New England scenery:

"The New England stone wall, as a feature in landscape scenery, is generally considered a deformity; yet it cannot be denied that the same lines of wooden fence would mar the beauty of our prospect in a still greater degree. On account of the loose manner in which the stones are laid one upon another, as well as the character of the materials, this wall harmonizes with the rude aspects of nature better than any kind of masonry. It seems to me less of a deformity than a trimmed hedge or any other kind of a fence, except in ornamental grounds, of which I do not treat. In wild pastures, and lands devoted to common rustic labor, the stone wall is the most picturesque boundary-mark that has yet been invented. A trimmed hedge in such places would present to the eye an intolerable formality. One of the charms of the loose stone wall is the manifest ease with which it may be overleaped. It menaces no infringement upon our liberty. When we look abroad upon the face of a country subdivided only by long lines of loose stones, and overgrown by vines and shrubbery, we feel no sense of constraint. The whole boundless prospect is ours. An appearance that cherishes this feeling of liberty is essential to the beauty of landscape; for no man can thoroughly enjoy a scene from which he is excluded. Fences are deformities of prospect which we are obliged to use and tolerate. But the loose stone wall only is expressive of that freedom which is grateful to the traveler and the Rambler." And in another place, "We seldom see one [a stone wall] that is not covered on each side with roses, brambles, spirea, viburnum, and other native vines and shrubs, so that in some of our open fields the stone walls, with their accompaniments, are the most attractive objects in the landscape. Along

¹ *The Birds and Seasons of New England.* By WILSON FLAGG, author of *The Woods and By-Ways*

of New England. With Illustrations. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

their borders Nature calls out, in their season, the anemone, the violet, the crane's-bill, the bellwort, the convolvulus, and many other flowers of exceeding beauty, while the rest of the field is devoted to tillage."

The heliotype illustrations which are scattered through the book are in harmony with the contents. There is nothing striking about them, but always the same placid beauty, the calm suggestion of afternoon sauntering and hidden graces of flower and stone. One who reads the book and looks at the pictures, and discovers the respect which the author pays to other observers, though their names are not among the lettered and great ones, begins to discover, if he has not before known it, how large a world lies about him, through which he passes almost with closed eyes. We sometimes speak of the veil being lifted and a hitherto unseen spiritual world disclosed to us; but there is such a thing as a veil which shuts from us the physical world of beauty in which we live. When it is lifted, as by the interpretation of this book, there is real gain.

—Count Krasinski's book is a monument of enthusiasm.¹ The author during his life was known only as "the anonymous poet," and died without the satisfaction of connecting his name with the cause to which he had dedicated himself. The translator, who has laboriously collected in a volume of five hundred pages not only the greater part of his compositions, but all the information she could gather upon the subject, did not live to see her work published. The appearance of a book under such circumstances indisposes one for fault-finding; whatever the defects of the original or the translation, one would rather dwell upon the new and strong interest they offer. Few of us realize how living and intense are the love and hopes which the Poles cherish for their country. The romantic and rather theatrical attitude in which they are generally represented inclines us to think of their sorrows and schemes much as our forefathers must have looked upon those of the last Jacobites. Their hopes may be the flimsiest of illusions, but they cling to them from generation to generation as the Jews did to the coming of the Messiah. The book before us gives an insight into this undying passion, and opens a new alcove in the library of universal letters.

The father of the anonymous poet, Count

Vincent Krasinski, a young man of talents, courage, wealth, after raising great expectations by his early distinction, proved recreant, though not actually traitor, to his country. His son Sigismund was about thirteen when this occurred; his mother, a princess of the house of Radziwill, had died when he was but three years old, and his father, who was inconsolable for her loss, had devoted himself to the education of their only child. The boy, although his health was feeble from infancy, was beautiful and precocious, showing the quick wit and courteous, chivalric instincts of his race. He had already given proofs of extraordinary gifts and attainments, when the political crisis in which his father ranged himself with the oppressors of his country closed the boy's untrodden career. He had lately entered the University of Warsaw with great distinction; one day he was mobbed by his fellow-students, who tore the college badges from his breast, taunted him with his father's backsliding, and rejected him as a comrade; his conduct on this terrible occasion was singular and indicative; he did not quail before the storm of youthful fury, but stood firm and offered them his pardon for insulting an innocent person. But his existence was blighted from that hour. He resolved to devote himself to his father and to his country; never to desert or distress the former, yet to give all his powers to the service of the latter. His biographer considers the secrecy with which he guarded his authorship as an act of expiation for his father's faithlessness, but this seems too high-flown; it was more probably filial respect and loyalty, the delicacy of a refined and high-toned nature, which induced him to forego, not fame alone, but the sweet sense of his country's gratitude and sympathy, that his patriotism might not be a tacit reproach to his father. He was not without consolation and compensation; the poet Mickiewicz and other justly celebrated countrymen of his were his friends, as well as the painter Ary Scheffer, and many other eminent men of the various countries in which he lived; he married at thirty a young Countess Branicka, a woman in every way fit to be his companion; he had the consciousness of possessing the heart of his nation, though unknown to it; his father, whom he loved devotedly, lived almost as long as himself, and was made governor of Russian Poland,

KRASINSKI. Translated by MANTHA WALKER COOK. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

¹ *The Undivine Comedy and other Poems.* By The Anonymous Poet of Poland, COUNT SIGISMUND

an appointment which was so well received by the people as to give hopes that the bitterness of past years was forgotten. But his own health was wretched, he became almost blind, he lost his fortune by the failure of a banking-house, his only daughter died; he was a marked man, the Russian government constantly ordering him back from the milder climates, whither he had been sent in search of health, to Warsaw, where he was under its eye; and added to all this, he had to witness the miseries of his country without the comfort of sharing them by overt act or expression. The conflict of feeling with which, when a lad of sixteen, he heard of the rising of 1830 caused the first breaking down of his system: the news reached him in Italy, and he was struck down by illness which kept him in bed for a year. His painful existence came to an end at the age of forty-five, in Paris, February, 1859; his funeral services were performed at the church of the Madeleine. His body was taken back to Poland by his countryman, Count Zamoyiski, and laid among his ancestors at his family place, Opingora. He and his father having both passed away, there was no further motive for concealment, and the pride and affection with which his nation treasures his name form a precious heritage for his sons.

He left some unfinished compositions which are not included in Mrs. Cook's collection. Those which she has given us are from French or German versions, and thus we are removed so far from the original that it is impossible to judge of the style and diction. In her part of the work she has given proof of considerable poetic feeling and talent. There is a violence and extravagance in the ideas and images, a wildness and distortion in the plot or story, a use of the supernatural, totally at discord with the western imagination; here is plainly a different key-note, another pitch; we cannot apply our own canons of art to it any more than to the temple of Denderah or the sculptures of Nineveh. The leading thought is always the same, in one form or another, a struggle between humanity and the powers which grind it down, whether brute force, the might of money, or the tyranny of caste, with the invariable moral that it is not by the weapons furnished by earthly passions, hatred, revenge, that the victory will ever be won; the evil must be met, the foe overthrown, in another spirit, by a higher power. M.

Julian Klaczko, whose name is known to the readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, says in an essay on Polish poetry in the nineteenth century, of which the indefatigable Mrs. Cook has given a translation, "There is assuredly something imposing in this perseverance in upholding an idea so completely out of keeping with the general modes of thought in the times in which we live. It required the greatest courage, and a faith no less great, to attempt to convert one of the most ardent, impulsive, high-mettled, and fiery people on the face of the earth to such a doctrine." This idea is brought out with great distinctness in *The Undivine Comedy*, — an unfortunate rendering of the original title, but intended to suggest unmistakably the reference to Dante's poem. The hero, Count Henry, a noble, high-souled dreamer, allows himself to be led astray by the demon of pride, first, in the shape of a long-lost love more capable of understanding his aspirations than the affectionate but commonplace woman he has married; his estrangement, his wife's instant perception of it and gentle, feminine attempts to bring him back, — failing in which she becomes insane, — in themselves furnish material for a very moving domestic tragedy; the count, having discovered that his ideal love is only a phantom animated by an evil spirit, returns humbled and penitent to his wife; he finds her in a mad-house; she tells him she is there to become worthy of him, that she is a poet: —

"I prayed three days and nights, — at last God heard me.

After I lost thee
There came a change o'er me. I cried 'Lord! Lord!'
And prayed unceasingly, and struck my breast,
And placed a blessed candle on my heart,
Did penance, cried, 'Send inspiration down:
Within me light the flame of poetry!'
And on the third day I became a poet."

This scene is very striking, especially in its conception; the poor, distracted wife dies of exhaustion at its close. The count is left with his son, who fulfills his father's hopes and his mother's prayers by being a poet, but he is a poor, sickly, abnormal little creature, though a winning and pathetic apparition, who, after dragging out his childhood in pain and dejection, becomes blind; the father, through his inquiries and endeavors to have his son cured, becomes involved in scientific and metaphysical speculations, and a second time falls into the snares of pride: —

"I've sought through many weary years to find
The last word of all science, feelings, thoughts,

To solve the problem of our destiny ;
And in the depths of mine own heart I've found
The tomb's dark nothingness."

His guardian angel whispers how to find the way out of the abyss, but he hardly hears the voice; the angel floats away, and ambition, in the shape of a huge eagle, flies by, rousing in him a desire for glory and command. It is a fine touch in this scene that after the guardian angel departs, Mephistopheles appears, but is disconcerted by the count's habitually elevated tone of thought; he cannot be directly approached by the devil; the latter goes and sends his messenger. The last part which the count plays is that of leader of the nobles against the proletariats. Here a new character comes in, Pancras, the chief of the communists, the reverse of the count in all the latter's fine impulses, but equally given over to Satan for pride and presumption. The war is a sort of allegory, that is, allegory, symbolism, reality, and mere raving are mixed in a tangle of which it is impossible to separate the threads. The monstrosity of some of the scenes and choruses can be conveyed by no words but their own. It is a *Saturnalia* of horror. The count is not only revolted by the people's excesses, he has no sympathy with their cause, although he has always denounced injustice and despotism. He utters the confession of thousands of so-called liberals when he says, —

" You
Will never understand me, man of yesterday !
Your sires were buried in a common ditch,
Without distinctive spirits, like dead things,
And not as men of individual stamp.
Look at these pictures ! Love of country, home,
Race, kin, — feelings at war with your whole past, —
Are written in each line of their brave brows !
These things are in me as my vital breath,
Their spirit lives entire in their last heir,
Their only representative on earth !
Tell me, O man without ancestral graves,
Where is your native soil, your proper country ?
Each coming eve you spread your wandering tent
Upon the ruins of another's home ;
Each morn you roll it up, again to unroll
At night, where'er you pitch to blight and spoil !
You have not, nor will ever find a home,
A sacred hearth, as long as valiant men
Still live to cry with me, All glory to our sires ! "

Sentiment and association are too potent in this chivalric disposition; nothing has practically any hold upon it; he has lost all religious conviction, yet the sight of a desecrated cathedral stirs old attachments and remembrances, and shows that if his skepticism separates him from one party, his proclivities divide him as surely from the other. He is, as Pancras tells him, not

" Really man, created in
The image of our common brotherhood,
But the empty hero of a nursery song."

In the simply human aspect of Count Henry, Krasinski has given us, we fancy, an impersonation of the Polish nobility, and touched an ulcer in the vitals of his people which may be the secret of their inability to rise, despite their desperate and incessant efforts. The mystic side is quite distinct, and recalls Faust, as do some of the situations in Iridion. The last act of this appalling tragedy is the siege of the noble's last stronghold, the fortress of the Holy Trinity, which, inclosing castle, palace, court-yard, and minster on its embattled heights, recalls the fine feudal mass of the Hradschin. Here the character of the hero breaks down through exaggeration; he has been the devotee of pride, but there is no consistency in representing him as a mere human Lucifer. The castle falls at last, taken by assault, the count's son is killed by a stray shot, he casts himself headlong from the battlements; the survivors are ordered to wholesale execution by Pancras, who himself expires mysteriously in the hour of victory, on beholding a vision of Christ in the clouds, with the dying words, "*Vicisti, Galilee!*"

The other long work is a drama called Iridion, of which the action passes principally in Rome during the reign of Heliogabalus, although sometimes transferred to Scandinavia and Greece. The story is of a conspiracy of a son of Hellas to avenge the destruction of his beautiful and beloved country, not by the overthrow of the emperor, but by the actual annihilation of Rome herself, by turning all parties against each other. Jews, Christians, gladiators, prætorians, all play independent parts in this comprehensive scheme, and the result is equally fatal to the success of the design and the dramatic unities. Iridion fails and dies for having trusted to the arm of flesh; Heliogabalus too must perish, alike in the interest of history and of the moral; while Alexander Severus, who figures as the Christian hero, is borne in triumphant on the wave which swallows them up.

The shorter poems refer directly to the sufferings and fate of Poland. There is an allegorical tale called Temptation, in which the secret sore and grief of the author's life is embodied in a strange, fantastic form; one cannot but be reminded of Cherbuliez's terrible story, *Ladislav Bolski*; the incidents differ only as those of real life do from

fabulous events, and the moral experience described is identical. This story was published in Paris, and through an oversight of the censor allowed to appear in a newspaper in Lithuania; the students of that province subscribed to have it reprinted separately; their resolution was reported at St. Petersburg, and resulted in the exile of several hundred of them to Siberia. The author's life may well have been shortened by such refinements of torture as his position entailed upon him.

Besides the interest and merit which we have sought to touch upon in this rapid sketch of these poems and dramas, they contain exceedingly fine passages, too long and numerous for quotation. In *The Dream*, a fragment, there are descriptions of a ghastly under-world, as sombre and grandiose as Martin's illustrations to Milton; and in the same composition the vision of Poland as a boundless, blasted pine forest, on every tree of which a man is crucified, is full of savage picturesqueness. There are scenes in which the conflict between the most complex psychological torments and a palpitating human passion wrench us with some of the power of the prison scenes in *Faust*. In short, although the radical difference between these productions and all that ancient or modern European literature has taught us to admire will make them more an object of curiosity than a source of enjoyment to the general reader, they show genius, and possess a deep pathos as the expression of a life-long sorrow and aspiration.

—A *Sheaf of Papers*¹ comprises a score of essays, reminiscences, sketches, leaves from journals, and one or two slight romances. The subjects are such as occur to a Boston gentleman, whose experience reflects an affectionate interest in his native town and certain exceptional advantages in foreign travel and observation. He is a philosopher of a very kindly sort, a connoisseur in art, a humorist, and altogether a very companionable man. The reminiscences of Round Hill School and Dr. Cogswell and of Old Boston strike us as the most agreeable contributions, and in general the personal sketches have the most effectiveness, while here and there passages in the essays have a witty and serious suggestiveness, sure to give one an appetite for reflection; the whole book, if we may

apply a term borrowed from the table, is a relish. Indeed, to any one interested in literature as an art, it has a peculiar value, as helping to determine the somewhat shadowy boundaries between amateur and professional work. The reader who has only pleasure in view will find the book light and entertaining, but if he goes a step beyond, he is tempted to ask in what consists the difference between these reminiscences and such papers, for example, as Lamb's *Recollections of Christ's Hospital* Five and Thirty Years Ago, or Lowell's *Cambridge Thirty Years Ago*, in his *Fireside Travels*. There is a likeness and a difference; the wit is in both, the playfulness, the lingering with an easily forgiven partiality over personal trifles, yet consciously or not there is in the book before us a certain hesitation of art, as if the sketcher were uncertain sometimes how much or how little he must bear on. The papers provokingly stop short of giving thorough satisfaction. It is the difference, we may say, between the light sketch of a man who has secured freedom of handling by constant use of his pencil in serious, determinate work, and that of one who has never done anything save jotting down bits for his own personal gratification. The main difference between the work of an amateur and a professional writer lies, we suspect, in the degree in which the work done is made foreign from the worker. The amateur finds it cleaving to him; he cannot disengage himself wholly from it, and he betrays more or less self-consciousness. Nevertheless there is a charm and a freshness often attaching to amateur work, akin to that discovered in familiar letters, which deliberate writers miss; and this book, judged as the pastime of one who does not make literature a profession, suggests a wish that fate might have interfered to turn so much fine feeling and good nature into a formal literary channel.

—Mr. Eggleston's little treatise on *How to make a Living*² must not be inconsiderately counted in the class of charlatan books that deceive the unwary by pretending to point out short cuts to wealth and prosperity. It is an honest and modest effort to state plainly a few laws of economy which are incontrovertibly established, but need to be repeated again and again in the homeliest phrases for the benefit of those

¹ *A Sheaf of Papers*. By T. G. A. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

² *How to Make a Living: Suggestions upon the*

Art of Making, Saving, and Using Money. By GEO. CARY EGGLESTON, author of *How to Educate Yourself*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1875.

who have common-sense enough to see the right way when it is shown them, but not quite enough to make the discovery for themselves. It is out of this general subject that countless proverbs and maxims have sprung, and it seems that every clear-headed man who writes upon it is impelled to express himself in sentences. We think, for example, that a sentence could be found in each of Mr. Eggleston's chapters embodying the wisdom of the whole chapter. There are seven chapters, and we proceed to give their headings, with an illustrative sentence from each: 1. The Value of Money. "Money is an article of varying value, worth what it will buy, and no more." 2. The Duty and the Danger of Making Money. "It is the duty of every one to make money enough to supply the reasonable wants of himself and of those dependent upon him; it is his privilege to make as much more as he can without sacrificing worthier ends." 3. The Choice of a Business. "Learn a regular business and learn it well." 4. Marriage and Money. "Married men save more money than single men." 5. How to Live on your Income. "Sanguine people live upon the money they intend to make, rather than upon that which is already made." 6. What to do with Savings. "However brief the time, and however small the interest may be, your money should be made to work while it waits." 7. Life Insurance. "You may be abundantly able to purchase insurance, and yet not able, with justice to those dependent upon you, to buy with it an endowment for yourself." This last chapter is one of the most useful in the book, since it discriminates with singular clearness the several kinds of life insurance, and furnishes the young man who may fall into the hands of "agents" with a complete armor of common-sense. We heartily commend the book as a straightforward and frequently very suggestive handbook, refreshingly free from cant of every kind.

—Sanitary science was forced upon the attention of our people by bitter experience during the war of the rebellion, and has been growing in popularity ever since; we have now a new and gigantic national museum, State boards of health, improved and extended courses of medical study, radical changes in the construction of hospitals, vigorous attacks upon abuses in the public

schools and upon nuisances which afflict the common air; and finally, we have in this book¹ a solid and incontrovertible proof that the medical profession are deeply interested in public hygiene. As the first public production of a society which claims to be national, it deserves an unusual degree of attention; as proving the tendency of public thought in America, it has a value quite independent of the purely scientific merit of the contributions.

In attempting to estimate the actual value of this large and heavy volume, we have made a sort of rough classification of the forty-eight distinct articles which compose its contents. There are a large number (at least one third of the whole) which strike one at first sight as intended to be practically useful, rather than profoundly original; the matter is excellent, and not trite, but is presented for the most part as the result of the observations of other men, chiefly English and Germans. Such are some of the articles on hospitals, quarantine, cholera, small-pox, yellow fever, immigration, sailors as propagators of disease, the utilization of refuse of cities, disinfectants, health laws, registration. Next comes an equal number (sixteen) of articles which to the general public must be nearly unreadable, but which have their value as material for study, comprising reports upon the progress of cholera, yellow fever, and the horse-epizootic, in the United States. Half a dozen papers are scientific in a high sense of the term, exhibiting original research which passes beyond the mere amassing of huge bulks of facts; but in general, a much more prominent feature of the book is the fluent skill with which interesting compilations of facts are made. A certain number, say half a dozen, are purely literary in their tone, full of those paragraphs which tempt the scissors of the semi-weekly press, and quite free from original scientific matter. There is a voluminous but very clear table of statistics of boards of health, and a great deal of useful information upon all kinds of sanitary subjects. (We would note, by the way, some exaggerated statements about carbonic acid, in an article on architecture, which are quite unworthy of a carefully edited and authoritative publication like this.) The subjects of mortality, climate, epidemics, ships and quarantine, etc., are illustrated by twenty-one maps and cuts.

Hurd and Houghton; The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1875. Large 8vo., pp. xvi. 568

¹ *Public Health: Reports and Papers presented at the Meetings of the American Public Health Association in the Year 1873.* New York: Published by

Before dismissing the book, we will point out certain articles which we believe will prove of interest; it is almost a pity they should have been thrown in with the general mass of matter. Such are that by John Stockton-Hough, on the harmful effects of residence in cities; one by Lorin Blodget, on non-periodic changes of heat as an element in sanitary climatology; and others respectively by Austin Flint, on the relations of water to the propagation of fever, by Stephen Smith, on the local means of prevention and relief to be adopted during the prevalence of epidemic cholera, by John C. Peters, on a similar subject, by S. Oakley Van der Poel, on quarantine, and Prof. C. E. Chandler, on the sanitary chemistry of waters, and suggestions with regard to the selection of the water-supply of towns and cities. Those of our readers who take but an average interest in sanitary matters may be safely directed to these (and some others) as very clear, spirited, and readable, besides being of great value for the facts contained in them. And if we were to make one summary criticism of the whole book, it would be done by expressing our regret that a dozen papers could not have been chosen out and printed in a form adapted to take the popular attention, making a book which would be read by many a man who will hardly care to search through the present bulky volume. Nevertheless, the good meat is there, and we advise our readers to look for it.

—The Bulletin of International Meteorological Observations¹ taken simultaneously at 7.35 A. M., January 20, 1875, in a large number of stations both in the old and the new hemisphere, has just been published. We see in this the fulfillment of the hope held forth by General Myer in his report on the United States signal service for 1874, that we should soon be able to draw conclusions from a larger area of the earth's surface, and therefore be able to prognosticate with greater certainty of truth. In a note appended to the bulletin we learn that "this bulletin sets on foot, for the first time in history, a regular international exchange of weather reports. It is the object of the exchange to render practicable the preparation of a daily weather map, which may embrace within its limits the whole northern hemisphere, and permit a study of atmospheric movements which, not limited to any

one continent or sea, may enable storms and disturbances to be traced from wherever they arise, through their course until they disappear. The limits of any one continent are too small to allow the proper study of the atmosphere which, surrounding the earth, revolves in its whole extent with it once in twenty-four hours. The observations in the bulletin are taken everywhere at the same instant of physical time; for instance, when the observers at New York and San Francisco are reading their instruments daily, it may be safely assumed those in Siberia or the Pacific, the West Indies or Northern Canada, are at that moment also reading theirs. The readings reported are thus simultaneous and valuable. The bulletin is inexpensive, the readings being taken in every country by the observers of that country, and forwarded by mail to Washington in packages on the fifteenth and last days of each month; the United States observations being sent as an equivalent. The most distinguished meteorologists in the world have approved the undertaking. The congress at Vienna in 1873 having given it their approval, it has fallen to the United States to be the first to give the work practical shape, and to establish a form which aims to bind together, in a work for a common good, the labors of every country."

The bulletin consists of a large pamphlet of four pages, giving opposite each station the height of the barometer, temperature of the air, relative humidity, force, velocity, and direction of wind, amount of clouds, rain-fall, and general observations on the weather, such as, rain, fog, snow, clear, etc. It is accompanied by a large map, which gives at one view, in projection, the location of the observing stations in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. From the lists of stations printed on this map we learn that there are one hundred and twenty-seven American stations, one hundred and forty-five European, and thirty-three African and Asiatic. It is therefore perfectly possible for one in possession of such a bulletin, with its accompanying map, to draw a line of storm or of fair weather through all the stations similarly affected. The passage of great atmospheric waves can be traced; and in the astronomical work of the future, such as the next transit of Venus, in 1882, the value of simultaneous observations will be appreciated. Other sciences will gain greatly by this advance in meteorology. It is probable that the labors of the observers

¹ The Bulletin of International Meteorological Observations taken simultaneously at 7.35 A. M., January 20, 1875.

will be extended so as to note magnetic variations and electrical conditions of the atmosphere.

The amount of time and study that has been wasted in taking observations on the weather in the past is enormous. "The two hundred thousand observations made by Dalton during a period of fifty years, and the fifty-four thousand seven hundred and fifty observations taken at Stockholm during an equal term of years, are not available for the settlement of preliminary questions in meteorology for want of comparative observations in other parts of the earth." To keep a record of the weather has been in all ages a favorite occupation of many, but the science of meteorology has risen greatly in the dignity and importance of its investigators.

The day has gone by for almanacs. We shall not see, probably, in the future, productions like the "meteorological journal kept by Hosea Sprague one mile from the sea, in Hingham, Massachusetts, by a thermometer made in Boston," from which we learn that in April, 1836, on the 6th of the month there was a snow-storm, 7th was Fast Day, on the 9th frogs peeped, on the 10th there was rain, and on the 27th swallows came. Science prescribes in future the kind of observations which will be of value, and the day for amateur desultory observations on the weather has passed. In this centennial season, Americans can congratulate themselves on the impulse they have given to the extension and improvement of the signal service.

—To call *The Physician's Wife*¹ the silliest novel that ever was written would perhaps sound uncritical, and would be moreover unfair and needlessly complimentary to a great many other stories of the same sort. It may not be the silliest, but it is very silly, delightfully so. The author has laid the scene of her story in England, translating dollars into pounds, and clergymen into rectors, to aid in the deception, but leaving on every page the most unmistakable traces of the American origin of the novel. To be sure, we have on page 77 the servants' hall, and the butler; why then should the reader, lulled into the belief that he is reading a tale of the English aristocracy, find mention made of "wheeling a large chair to the register"? Again, do physicians in England, even if members of

the Academy of Medicine, have urns containing coffee on their dining-tables, behind which the lady of the house sits? Here again is the conventional English breakfast: "Just then the butler came in with the coffee, and after he had retired, Doctor Alvord, without seeming in the least to observe my emotion, began praising the cook's skill, and discussing the delicious beef and unrivaled fritters. I managed to recover sufficiently to placidly eye my husband askance, as he unsentimentally appropriated strip after strip of tenderloin, . . . and caused fritter after fritter to disappear, whilst I sat silently and persistently nibbling at a bun, unable to eat a bite."

"Will we walk to church?" inquired my husband, after conducting me to the foot of the stairs, where I, on pretense of warming my feet at the register, paused a moment." This may also serve as an example of the disrespectful and uncertain way in which the author treats the English language. Examples, however, may be found on every page. The plot is ingeniously improbable; the heroine is engaged to a man who jilts her a week before she was to marry him, and she marries his brother, whom she had seen but once before, instead of him. They go to live in an impossible part of London. She sings under an assumed name at the opera for three or four nights; at the close of the last performance the gas gives out and there is total darkness throughout the whole city. A Frenchman mistakes her "for one of the *sans souci* women" of his native country, and tries to flirt with her; she is jealous of her husband; and peace is finally made between them. It is a curious medley Mrs. or Miss Spangler has given us, a hodge-podge of familiar and impossible incidents, not the least amusing part of the book being the transparent veneer of English life which covers the whole story.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.²

Rather more than three years ago notice was made in these pages of the *Journal et Correspondance de André-Marie Ampère*, a book which told with delightful simplicity the sad youth of an eminent man. It contained the journal in which he made brief record of his courtship, and gave the letters

¹ *The Physician's Wife*. A Novel. By HELEN KING SPANGLER. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1876.

² All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

passing between the husband and wife during the time of their involuntary separation. They were married in August, 1799, and in August, 1800, their only child, Jean-Jacques Ampère, was born; from that time Julie, his mother, became weaker and weaker until she died, July 14, 1803. For three years she had remained in Lyons on account of her ill-health, while her husband was almost continually employed in teaching at Bourg, and able to pay his wife only rare and brief visits. That volume closed with her death. The two volumes now before us¹ narrate the remainder of A.-M. Ampère's lonely life, and give us that of his son, Jean-Jacques, until his death in 1864. We learn to know these two men and their friends, not by didactic information, but through their full and interesting letters, the greater number of which have fortunately escaped destruction. In consequence we have put before us almost from day to day the chronicle of their lives, told with all the freshness of its original novelty.

At the opening of these volumes we find André-Marie Ampère a man still young in years, but saddened and aged by his misfortunes. Lyons was no longer agreeable to him, full as it was of reminiscences of his recent afflictions; he soon went hence to Paris, which moreover was the more fitting field for his marvelous powers. There he plunged heartily into metaphysical study, in company with Maine de Biran, Cabanis, and Tracy. This for a time filled his mind and lifted him out of too constant brooding on his sorrows. His former friends, however, bewailed his straying from the paths of the exacter sciences into these more uncertain mazes. Ballanche early foresaw the great danger his religious principles ran, and warned him off this perilous ground. His advice was timely, but it shared the fate of most advice in not being followed. Ballanche's proposal to Ampère that he marry again met, however, with very different fate. In 1807 he was formally introduced to a Mademoiselle P——, whose name is withheld, whom he shortly married. This second attempt at securing domestic happiness failed most disastrously. His wife treated him very cruelly, and after the birth of a daughter, he was obliged to separate from her, he retaining the child. Naturally these sad experiences made his cheerless life seem unhappier than ever, and new doubts had begun to undermine his former religious

certainty. He wrote to his friends, bewailing his sad lot, and urging them to send on convincing arguments of the authenticity of the Christian religion; he even asked one of them for the demonstrations of Christianity he had himself successfully employed a few years before in converting him to religious faith. Meanwhile, however, his researches in the mathematics and in chemistry went on busily, so that almost every moment of his time was employed.

In 1816 Jean-Jacques, who had only before been incidentally mentioned by his father or aunt, makes his appearance as a boy in great uncertainty about his future profession. His father, who when eighteen had known all the mathematics then taught, was disappointed at not finding the same tastes in his son. He tried to persuade him to become a manufacturing chemist, but Jean-Jacques finally decided to study philosophy and literature. In carrying out this plan he attended the lectures of Victor Cousin with a troop of his young friends, to most of whom he became warmly attached. In their society he went through the various phases of youthful cynicism and hatred of the world. To one friend he wrote, "Last week the feeling of bearing a curse was upon me, around me, within me. I owe it to Lord Byron, whose Manfred I read through twice in succession. Never, never in my life has any reading so taken hold upon me as that; it has made me sick. Sunday I went to see the sunset; it looked as threatening as the fires of hell. I went into a church where the faithful were peacefully singing the Hallelujah of the resurrection. Leaning against a column, I regarded them with disdain and with envy," etc. What cured him of these fantastic griefs, by giving him genuine cause for unhappiness, was his acquaintance with Madame Récamier; this began on New Year's day, 1820, when he was nineteen years old, and she forty-three. It was not long before he was one of her many ardent admirers, and from almost the very first moment he saw her there was no one who had more influence over him than she. For some years he passed nearly every summer in her neighborhood; during the winter, too, he was a constant visitor at her *salon*, and when he was separated from her his letters were very frequent. In the autumn of 1823 she confided to him that she felt obliged, for the sake of her peace of mind, which was threatened by Châteaubriand's *cueillies par MADAME H. C.* 2 vols. Paris: J. Hetzel & Cie. 1875.

¹ *André-Marie Ampère et Jean-Jacques Ampère. Correspondances et Souvenirs (de 1805 à 1864).* Re-

attentions, to leave Paris for a time, and it was with great joy that he accepted her invitation to accompany her to Italy. His father was averse to his going. The poor man, who had cheerfully resigned all hopes of his son's distinction in the physical sciences, nourished great ambition for his eminence in literature. In accordance with this wish of his father, Jean-Jacques wrote and re-wrote tragedies, which André-Marie warmly admired, and which indeed were accepted by theatre managers, though no one of them has ever been put on the stage. Almost every letter to his father gives some information about his progress in his poems, but at the best they received only a divided attention; Madame Récamier appropriated the most of his time and affection. This year in Italy in her society was full of enjoyment to him, and it was with great regret that in November, 1824, he parted from her in order to return to Paris and his lonely father. He found the change dispiriting, and for consolation he plunged ardently into work, reading history, studying Hebrew and Chinese, while at the same time not neglecting his poetical work. All his letters to Madame Récamier written at this period are full of the profoundest melancholy, but in May of the next year, 1825, she returned to France, and Jean-Jacques spent the summer near her in the country. Thus matters went on, he devoting himself to Madame Récamier, and his father trying to preserve him from these entanglements by urging him to marry some young woman of a suitable age, until August, 1826, when he made a bold strike for freedom by suddenly leaving France and betaking himself to Germany. He settled down for the winter in Bonn, and devoted himself to study under Niebuhr and Schlegel. His letters hence are very entertaining. In the spring he started off again to travel through Germany and in Norway and Sweden. On his way he stopped at Weimar, where Goethe, then a man seventy-eight years old, welcomed him very kindly, for Ampère had already distinguished himself by his profound and flattering criticism of Goethe's dramatic writings. This visit was the cause of an unpleasant incident. He wrote to Madame Récamier about his frequent meetings with Goethe, and in one letter with a little spice of irreverence, quite proper in a letter to an intimate friend, but not suited for the eye of the public. To his horror, soon after leaving Weimar, he saw it printed almost entire, in the *Globe*. He wrote very

humble apologies to his friends in the town he had just left, and after a short delay a letter to Madame Récamier which she must have read with sorrow and burning blushes. Without wrath, without forgetting his politeness, he pointed out to her the error she had been guilty of in letting it get into print.

For a time his letters to her are rarer and fuller of his adventures than of his customary protestations of affection. Another matter which had a great influence upon him was the information he received of the illness and death of Mademoiselle Cuvier, the young woman his father had been anxious to have him marry, who seems to have had an attachment for him, which his devotion to Madame Récamier prevented him from returning. After his departure from Paris she sickened and died; and André-Marie's letters describing the last few times he saw her are most pathetic reading. When he returned to France he was a maturer man than when he had left; he had so far overcome his love for Madame Récamier that he could treat her as a friend, and in that capacity he remained devoted to her until the end of her life.

Both the father and the son, after the expiration of their romantic loves, became almost equally ardent in their affection for their friends. André-Marie's correspondence with Bredin, especially, and with Ballanche and others, shows us clearly how loving and simple-minded a man he was, and his son inherited from him the same generous, sympathetic nature. All through his youth he had many warm friends, but none of them held so high a place in his affection as Alexis de Tocqueville, whom he first met after his return to Paris from his northern journey. It was at this time, too, that he began to devote himself to the serious business of life, and that he received a professor's chair in the College of France. André's health was beginning to fail him, and almost the only consolation of his life, outside of that which his unceasing work brought him, was the sight of his son's success. In June, 1836, the father died. After his death Jean-Jacques lived for seventeen years with Mohl, the Orientalist, whose letters, unfortunately few in number, will be found very amusing. In almost every vacation, or whenever he could get a long enough respite from his duties, he made journeys, often to remote quarters of the world, to less visited countries of the East, and once to this country, Canada, and Mex-

ico. Whenever troubles came too thickly upon him, it was in this way that he sought relief, by visiting new scenes and new people. When he was at home he was frequently visiting Alexis de Tocqueville, at whose house a room was always kept in readiness for him. De Tocqueville's letters to him are remarkable for their gentle courtesy and unflinching politeness; they have an aroma of refinement which makes them charming reading.

In 1850 he first made the acquaintance of the family of the lady who has edited these volumes of his correspondence. They were obliged to live in Rome, and consequently he made that city his home for the later years of his life. He was there when De Tocqueville was dying at Cannes. He made an unsuccessful attempt to reach his friend before it was too late. All his time was busily occupied in his work, until his death at Pau, March 6, 1864.

What makes these volumes so especially entertaining, so nearly worthy to be kept for reading when all but the best books fail, is the full light they throw upon interesting men, and on the candor and respectful politeness that marks all the letters. They were not written for publication; they nowhere show the writer's consciousness of performing well a difficult literary feat; they are genuine expressions of the writer's feeling at the moment. And no novel is fuller of various emotions than these two, or if we include, as we should, the first one of the series, which appeared in 1872, these three volumes. The earliest one tells of the romance of André-Marie's life; the next shows us his unhappy widowhood and his vain attempt again to secure domestic happiness. Then comes Jean-Jacques' love for Madame Récamier, and his passionate letters outdo most novels; the interesting series of his friendly correspondence follows, containing, besides what we have mentioned, letters from Sainte-Beuve, Mérimée, De-

loménie, Ozanam, Châteaubriand, Thiers, Lacordaire, the Abbé Perreyve, and others. These certainly make a rich treat. Besides all the interest to be derived from their discussion of what is really the history of yesterday, there are lessons to be learned from what is shown of the domestic life of André and his son.

The father's affection for Jean-Jacques and his pathetic resignation when his son grows away from him and devotes himself to new interests are very touching. He had always hoped to find in his son something to replace what he had lost, but his wish was only half fulfilled. Not that Jean-Jacques was not an affectionate son; he was that, but then he was also another human being of just as decided tastes and wants. He did his best in the first years of his manhood to convince his father of his agreement with him, and maturer years brought him, in fact, nearer than he had been in his youth; but for a time he had grown to take a great interest in what his father must have thought very wild notions about Byronism and the like.

André-Marie was simplicity and candor by the side of his complexer son. So great is the difference between the two men that generations seem to have lived and died between them, but yet they had many qualities in common. Both were hard-working, affectionate to their friends, and honest; but with Jean-Jacques these qualities were tempered by delicacy of perception, tact, and a flavor of worldly wisdom, for which probably Madame Récamier found him an apt pupil. But with all their faults and virtues both were most attractive men, and there is no more interesting recently published French book than this which completes the story of their lives. It contains material for every taste. It is a book which may be fairly enough compared with Boswell's *Life of Johnson* for its generous abundance of human interest.

MUSIC.

Music, the art of moving by means of combinations of tones intelligent persons gifted with special and practiced organs.—HECTOR BERLIOZ: *A Travers Chants*.

It is agreed that every one has the right to talk and write about music; it is a frivolous art, and made for everybody; the phrase is consecrated. . . . It is evident that persons who ascribe to themselves the right of discoursing on music without knowing anything about it, and who would take good care not to give an opinion on architecture, sculpture, or any other art to which they are strangers, are cases of monomania. They think themselves musicians, as other monomaniacs believe themselves to be Neptune or Jupiter. There is not the slightest difference.—HECTOR BERLIOZ: *Les Grotesques de la Musique*.

CARLYLE has said, in speaking of the dunce, that "there is, in this world, no other entirely fatal person." Of all the various incarnations of blockheadedness that walk this patient earth, the unmusical man who is "fond of music" is perhaps the most difficult phenomenon to completely understand. There ever have been, and in all probability ever will be, men in all walks of life who discourse long-windedly and dogmatically on any subject in the direct ratio of their ignorance of it. But these persons, although much to be dreaded by the thinking man, are easily enough accounted for. The chaotic jargon with which they baffle their theme is no more surprising than the noise made by a drum; the hollower the instrument, the more deafening the noise; nothing can be more natural. But before the unmusical man who dilates upon music, human comprehension retires baffled and discomfited. The self-elected dogmatist on science, painting, politics, socialism, or even on cookery or horseflesh, at least pretends to know what he is talking about. He assumes to have dived to the bottom of his subject. But the unmusical dogmatizer on the art of tones invariably prefaces his didactic discourse by telling you at once that he knows nothing at all about it. What musician has not been driven to the verge of distraction by the man who always plunges headlong into a musical discussion with "Now, I don't know anything about music, but"—Such a man has logical immortality; it has been considered a desideratum to know at what point any argumentative individual becomes logically defunct; of this man it may be safely pre-

dicted that he will never become so. He is a very Achilles in debate, Achilles with bullet-proof heel-caps on. Of such a person it would be wholly profitless to speak, for the disease is incurable, were it not that the musician who wisely declines to encounter him in discussion is generally decried as a Pharisee, too much puffed up with his own exclusive wisdom to deign to commune with his less assuming brother, as a high-priest of music who would exclude all lay persons from participation in the sacraments of the divine art. Let any of our readers ask themselves if they have not at times thought musicians most intolerant prigs because they have called certain "light, simple, and pleasing" compositions utterly worthless and vulgar. It would seem, to us at least, that a man who has given the better part of his life and faculties to studying a subject must end by knowing something about it.

But if there is no cure for the musical dunce, for *mit der Dummheit kämpfen selbst Götter vergebens*, there is a large class of quite musical people to whom we would speak a friendly word,—the people who from greater or less practical experience in music, either from singing, playing the piano-forte, or habitually attending good concerts, are entitled to talk on the subject. Why cannot they take the trouble to learn the correct use of musical terms? The ignorance of musical terminology is unaccountably great in this country. In France and Germany we hear people who have as little as possible to do with music use musical terms correctly and understandingly; but here it is very different. It is surprising how few English translations we see of French, German, or Italian books on musical topics, in which there are not many gross mistakes in the use of technical terms. Now that we have so much to do with German and French music, especially as German editions of music are so much used among us, our musical people ought to know at least the most important terms in German and their corresponding English translations. We will mention here some of the mistakes that are most commonly made. The different German and English names of the notes give many of us much trouble. We often see on concert pro-

grammes pieces set down in the most adventurous keys. We remember finding Herr Rubinstein announced to play a trio in *B-sharp*! That is, in *twelve sharps*! The trio in question was really in *B-dur* (German), i. e., in *B-flat major*. Let us glance at a comparative table of the English, French, and German names of the notes:—

English.	German	French and Italian	
C	C	ut	do
D	D		ré
E	E		mi
F	F		fa
G	G		sol
A	A		la
B	H		si

These are the simple notes of the scale of C, what pianists call the white notes. For the sharps and flats the French add *dièse* and *bémol*, and the Italians *diesis* and *bimolle*, respectively, to the name of the note, as G-flat = *sol bémol*, etc. In German the names are as follows:—

English.	German.	English.	German
C-sharp	Cis	C-flat	Ces
D-sharp	Dis	D-flat	Des
E-sharp	Eis	E-flat	Ees
F-sharp	Fis	F-flat	Fes
G-sharp	Gis	G-flat	Ges
A-sharp	Ais	A-flat	Aes
B-sharp	His	B-flat	B

Remember that the German B is our B-flat, and our B is the German H. The German *dur* and *mol* correspond to our major and minor.

In a certain life of Mozart, translated from the German, it is stated that Mozart had great trouble in the grave-yard scene in Don Giovanni to get a man to play "*the bass-trumpet*" part correctly. The German is *Bassposaune*, that is bass-trombone. Luther uses the word *Posaune* for the instruments upon which the archangels are to play at the last judgment. In Gervinus's German version of Händel's *Messiah*, "The trumpets shall sound" is very correctly rendered, "Sie schallt die Posaun'"; but as a musical term *Posaune* means *trombone*.

There is one word that people make the most distracted use of in reference to music, and that is *discord*. It seems generally understood to mean something false, cacophonous, or unmusical. If a singer strikes a false note, people are fond of saying, "He makes a discord." Now a discord is by no means necessarily disagreeable to the ear. A chord is a combination of at least three tones heard simultaneously. Richter numbers ten different kinds of chords as belong-

ing to the major and minor scales. By inversion this number is more than trebled; by chromatic changes many other varieties of chords are added to the list, not to speak of suspensions, by which almost endless combinations are formed. Now of all these various combinations of tones there are only two that are not discords, namely, the major and minor triads. Some discords, to be sure, sound harsh when they strike the ear without preparation, but let any one ask some musical friend to strike the chords of the dominant seventh or ninth, or the diminished seventh, on the piano-forte, and see if the ear finds anything disagreeable in them. It can very well be questioned whether a false note can properly be said to make a discord, for a discord is something essentially musical, whereas a false note is wholly foreign to music and something that music entirely ignores the existence of. Let us say, then, that a singer sings out of tune, but not that he makes a discord.

A term that has worked much ruin upon translators is the French *point d'orgue*. This is almost invariably translated by *organ-point*. A point d'orgue is simply a hold ♯, and is sometimes used to mean the free *cadenza* which singers introduce towards the end of a song. An organ-point is a totally different matter. Richter defines it thus: "We often find, especially in the bass, . . . a long-continued note, while the other parts, apparently without any relation to it, continue their harmonic movement. When this tone lies in the bass, it is called organ-point." The French for organ-point is *pédale*.

In the English translation of Berlioz's *Art of Instrumentation* we find the heading, "The bass-tuba, the double-bass of harmony." Let any one make of it what he can! The original is, "Le bass-tuba, contre-basse d'harmonie." The word *Harmonie* is often used in Germany and France to denote the combined wind-instruments in an orchestra, in contradistinction to the mass of stringed instruments, which are called the *Quartette*. Berlioz's heading should have been rendered, The bass-tuba, the double-bass of *wind-instruments*. The double-bass is the huge stringed instrument that our country cousins call the big fiddle. People are too fond of calling it a bass-viol, a totally different instrument. The whole family of viols disappeared from this earth about a hundred years ago, and are now only to be found in archaeological museums.

In an article that appeared some time

ago in *The Galaxy*, an attempt was made to explain the nature of transposing instruments. The explanation was good and clear enough, but the flute was given as an example of a transposing instrument. This is as if a lecturer on zoölogy should explain the difference between the cetaceans and fishes, and then give the common porpoise as a good example of a fish. There are certain instruments in the orchestra which do not sound the notes as they are written. Take, for instance, the clarinet in A. This instrument has its perfect scale, like any

other, but its C, that is, the note it calls C, the C of its scale, is in unison with the A of the rest of the orchestra. Its C sounds A, its D sounds B, its E sounds C-sharp, etc. Thus if the clarinet in A is to be used, the part it plays from must be written in a different key from the music for the other instruments, which sound the notes as they are written. Thus in the following phrase from Beethoven's symphony in A, the clarinets sound an octave below the flute and oboe, though they seem to be playing in an entirely different key.



But as for calling the flute a transposing instrument, we will quote the following from Berlioz, who is as good authority on the subject as can well be found:—

"Let us begin by establishing a line of demarkation between those instruments from which the sound is produced as it is indicated by musical notation, and those from which the sound comes either above or below the written note. From this classification will result the two following categories: non-transposing instruments, which produce the sound as it is written; and transposing instruments, which produce sounds different from the written notes." (Here follows a complete table of the instruments in the modern orchestra.) "It will be seen from this table that if all the non-transposing instruments, said to be in C, produce sounds as they are written, those, like the violin, the oboe, the flute, etc., which bear no designation of any particular key, belong absolutely to the same category; they are thus, as far as the composer is concerned, similar to instruments in C in this respect. Hence the nomenclature of certain wind instruments that is based upon the natural resonance of their tube has led to the most singular and absurd consequences; it has made the art of writing for transposing instruments a very complicated task, and has rendered the musical vocabulary thoroughly illogical. Here then is the place to revise this custom, and to restore order where we find so little of it.

"Players say sometimes, in speaking of the tenor trombone, the trombone in B-flat; in speaking of the alto trombone, the trombone in E-flat; and still more frequently, in speaking of the common flute, the flute in D.

"These designations are correct in the sense that the tube of these two trombones with the slide closed really does produce, in the former, the notes of the chord of B-flat, and in the latter those of the chord of E-flat; the common flute with all its holes stopped and its keys shut also produces the note D. But as the players have nothing to do with this resonance of the tube, as they really produce the written notes, as the C of the tenor trombone is a C and not a B-flat, as that of the alto trombone is still a C and not an E-flat, as that of the flute is equally a C and not a D, it evidently follows that these instruments do not belong, or no longer belong, to the category of transposing instruments; that they consequently belong to that of non-transposing instruments, and that they are to be considered to be in C, like oboes, clarinets, horns, cornets, and trumpets in C, and that either no designation of the key should be applied to them, or else they should be said to be in C. When this is established it will be conceivable of what importance it was not to call the common flute a flute in D; the other, higher flutes having been named according to the difference existing between their pitch and that of the common flute,

people have got to speak of them not simply as the *tierce* flute and *ninth* flute, which would have at least brought about no confusion in terms, but as the flute in *F* and the flute in *E-flat*. And just see what this leads to! In a score the small clarinet in *E-flat*, of which the *C* really produces the sound *E-flat*, can play the same part as a *tierce* flute, which you speak of as being in *F*, and these two instruments, bearing the names of different keys, are yet in unison with each other. Is not the name of one or the other wrong? and is it not absurd to adopt solely for flutes a nomenclature and method of designating the key different from that in use for all other instruments?

"Hence the principle that I propose, and which renders any misinterpretation impossible. The key of *C* is the point of comparison that should be taken to specify the keys of transposing instruments. The natural resonance of the tube of non-transposing wind-instruments can never be taken into consideration. All non-transposing instruments, or those which transpose only to the octave, of which the written *C* really produces *C*, are to be considered as in *C*.

"Moreover, if an instrument of the same sort is tuned above or below the pitch of the typical instrument, this difference will be indicated according to the relation it bears to the key of *C*. Consequently the violin, flute, or oboe which plays in unison with the clarinet in *C*, with the trumpet in *C*, or the horn in *C*, is in *C*; and if a violin, flute, or oboe is tuned a tone higher than the common instruments of the same name, that violin, flute, or oboe, playing in unison with the clarinets in *D* or trumpets in *D*, is in *D*.

"From which I conclude that the old way of designating flutes should be abolished, and the *tierce* flute should no longer be called the flute in *F*, but in *E-flat*, since its *C* produces *E-flat*; and the *ninth* and *minor-second* flutes should be called the great and little flutes in *D-flat*, and not in *E-flat*, since their *C* produces *D-flat*; and so on for the other keys."

If this last point appear a thought too technical to interest the general reader, we humbly beg his pardon; the best we can do is to advise him, with the Irishman, "to go back and skip it."

There is one more class of persons to be noticed. Who does not know the well-intentioned, wholly unmusical man, who, as soon as he meets a musician, thinks himself obliged to talk music at him? He gener-

ally begins with asking whether he—the musician—likes operatic music or instrumental music best! We have often felt like asking in return, "Sir, which do you like best, food or drink?" There are operas and operas, and we know of some instrumental music that is as vile as need be. Upon the whole, it may be safely said that the last subject a musician wants to talk about is music, that is, talk about in the way of commonplace society chitchat. Either he has been giving lessons all day, in which case he had rather not hear the word music mentioned until he has had a good night's rest, or he is so full of some glorious work that he has just heard or played through, that he cannot bear to talk upon the subject with any one between whom and himself there can be no rational sympathy. Again, there is the modest man who heartily enjoys negro minstrelsy or *opéra bouffe*, but who is overcome by a sense of his own æsthetic short-comings. He often pounces upon the musician with "Now I know you must look upon me as an outer barbarian for liking Offenbach." A barbarian, my dear sir! No, never, by the immortal gods, never! You are an oasis in a dreary desert of misapprehension. We will take you by the hand and revel in Offenbach with you to the top of our bent, and our eachinuating souls shall commune together in divine sympathy. Not enjoy Offenbach, forsooth! Show me the man possessed of enough ear to discriminate between Pop goes the Weasel and Old Hundred who does not enjoy Offenbach, and I will call him but half a man. It is good and wholesome to enjoy Offenbach, as it is to enjoy Gavarni's and Cham's caricatures. It is not very good music, and the wit is none of the finest, but what of that? Because we have the School for Scandal and the Comedy of Errors, shall we not also laugh at Morton's farces? Shall Dogberry and Polonius forbid our liking Poor Pillicoddy and the worthy Mr. Grimshaw? Shall Mozart's Figaro and Rossini's Dottore Bartolo hunt the Grand Duchess and the Baron de Gondremark from the boards? Never, by Parnassus! But this does not make Offenbach good music, nor Morton a high grade of literature. They are irresistibly funny and fascinating; let that be enough for them and their admirers.

To conclude with, let us beg young ladies, however good judges of prettiness they may be, not to call the Seventh Symphony pretty.

EDUCATION.

THE superintendent of the St. Louis schools, Mr. W. G. Harris, stands at the head of American school superintendents for philosophical thought and investigation on the subject of education, and his annual reports merit the most serious attention of the intelligent educator. He thus opens the one for 1872-73: "In previous reports I have discussed the questions of discipline, moral education, proper grading, and classification. In this report I desire to treat under its various aspects the question of a proper course of study for public schools, and more especially to investigate in this connection the relation of the system of higher education in this country, as carried on in colleges and universities, to that of our public-school system." We summarize his position on the latter question as follows.

Much thought, he says, has of late been expended on the question of adapting the course of study in the common schools to the actual demands upon the citizen in after life, and now the higher education is being challenged in the same interests also. It is an unfortunate fact that at present there are two systems firmly established in our land, with radically different theories as to a proper course of study. Some contend that public schools should give a semi-technical education, and avoid the purely enlightening and disciplinary studies, which should be reserved for the private academies and preparatory schools that exist for those who can afford to patronize them. According to this view, the higher education which completes itself in the colleges and universities of the country should have no organic relation whatever to the public-school system, but only to that of secondary schools supported or endowed by private wealth. Now, explains Mr. Harris, "The growth of the demands of the age on the intelligence of the individual requires the school in our time to give not only discipline but insight, information, and to some extent technical skill. The common schools have yielded to this demand, and harmoniously expanded their course of study throughout so as to adapt it to the age of the newspaper. The college has likewise yielded, but not to the same extent nor in the same way. It has introduced the ex-

pansion into the last half of its course, and by elevating its standard of admission solely in the disciplinary branches has completely broken its organic connection with the common-school system of the country. That its requirements are not in accordance with the spirit of the age nor with sound psychology is a startling proposition, but nevertheless true, if the thoughts of the profoundest psychologists and educational writers from Pestalozzi down to Froebel are to be accepted." Mr. Harris thinks that the public-school system of the country (in its best examples) is substantially the right one, and that our higher education should adapt itself to it, since to take up natural or other science only in the junior and senior years, and without previous school preparation, is far too superficial a way of entering those vast realms of modern thought and discovery. The true education, whether for culture or for business or for the professions, is that which, "whatever section of it be cut off from the beginning, furnishes the best course up to that point." The mind should grow from infancy in all its cells and "with all its windows open." Thus "there are five departments in the course of study which should be always represented from the first year in the primary school to the last year in college: nature in its two aspects of organic and inorganic; man in his three aspects of theoretical, practical, and aesthetic. While the common school represents each department in its course of study, the classical school or academy, with its mathematics, Latin, and Greek, represents but the first and third chiefly, and the second, fourth, and fifth subordinately. My conclusion has, therefore," says Mr. Harris, "been this: let the colleges and universities demand from their candidates for admission the outlines of universal history, English literature, and natural science, together with as much mathematics and slightly less Latin and Greek than now, and then change their courses so as to continue each of these departments through the first two years as required studies, after that allowing pupils to elect, although still requiring the election of a representative study from each department to entitle them to a degree."

Besides the discussion of the course of study, Mr. Harris gives an elaborate statement of his views on the co-education of the sexes. His influence has introduced co-education throughout the St. Louis schools, and no opponent of the system should in fairness omit to read the very forcible presentation of most of the important points in its favor here given.

The normal-school course in St. Louis is for two years, the first being devoted to "culture study," the last only to the review of the branches which the pupils will have to teach. Latin is required throughout. General history is studied in the first year, and American history in the second, as it should be in all schools, this being its natural sequence. There are in the St. Louis schools eight grades below the high school, each of which is arranged to occupy one year. German is taught in every grade, with the proviso merely that any child who desires to learn it must begin it when he enters school. Music and natural science are also taught in all the grades, and drawing in the first five. History, however, and to us most unaccountably in an educational scheme so otherwise judicious, is put off until the very last of the eight years of the course, and then is confined to a condensed (though highly admirable) summary of American history for three quarters, and a study of the Constitution of the United States for the fourth quarter.

The statistics presented by Mr. Harris give not only the number of pupils but their age, where they were born, and the employment of their parents. Thirty-seven per cent. of the latter are foreigners, though only six per cent. of the children were born out of the country. The normal school is exclusively for girls, and in the high school there are two fifths more girls than boys. The neglect of academic education by boys is certainly one of the grave short-comings of American education. In Chicago, after reaching the age of thirteen years, the boys who remain in school are to the girls as fourteen to nineteen, a proportion which we suspect would be found very common throughout the United States, owing to the early age at which many boys are expected to begin to get their living, while their sisters are not expected to do likewise at any age. If the daughters of the trading and working classes from the age of eighteen could relieve the family purse by their earnings, to the extent of their board and clothing

merely, it is probable their brothers could stay a longer time at their books, and thus the American voter be better prepared for his political and social responsibilities.

The St. Louis School Board has lately established a kindergarten, as, unlike many superintendents, Mr. Harris encourages the sending of children to school under seven years of age. In school, he says, the little child can secure the companionship he hungers after with less danger to himself than on the street. The training in good habits which he gets in a good primary school or kindergarten are of priceless value to the community, and these habits can be molded far better between the ages of three and six than between those of six and nine. Besides this, it is well known that the average attendance of the children of the poorest classes is less than three years when begun at six or seven years of age, whereas, if they were taken into school at four years of age, the period of attendance would be lengthened to five years. Mr. Harris advocates frequent re-classification in order to do justice to bright scholars and to avoid discouraging slow ones. This principle of "sifting up instead of sifting down" can hardly be too much commended for our graded schools, where the practice too generally is to keep a class as much as possible on one level, and to "drop" those who do not equal the fixed standard. Mr. Harris's plan has further the advantage of keeping the classes of the upper or highest paid teachers full with the promoted scholars, and of not overcrowding those of the under teachers with degraded ones.

The astonishing growth of the public-school system in St. Louis, under Mr. Harris's régime, appears from the fact that in 1862 there were seventy-six teachers, and in 1873 six hundred and thirteen. The place it fills in that city may be inferred from its large and growing public-school library, the reading-room of which is open all days in the week, and directly connected with which are the following organizations: the Art, the Medical, the Historical, and the Microscopical Societies of St. Louis, the St. Louis Academy of Science, an institute of architects, an engineers' club, and a local steam engineer's association.

The St. Louis teachers are required to meet on the second Saturday of each month during the scholastic year at ten o'clock A. M., for the purpose of promoting the interests of the schools by the discussion of matters pertaining to the profession of

teaching generally. On the Wednesday preceding this meeting, the principals of the schools are required to meet the superintendent for similar objects. The principals examine as often as practicable the schools of the assistants under them, but they have also to hear not more than four nor less than two recitations daily themselves. This is not the case in Boston, nor, it may be remembered, in Brooklyn, and the superintendent of the latter city thinks that the boys especially suffer from the absence of teaching by the head master. The principals are allowed much freedom in the internal government of their schools, provided their methods are not inconsistent with the general regulations of the board. There has never been any reading of the Bible or other religious exercise in the St. Louis schools since their foundation, and to this the president of the board partly ascribes their popularity with all classes of citizens. Nor have "partisan politics ever developed in the board to such a degree as to influence even slightly the direction of the schools." Only white males, however, vote for officers of the School Board. "The mildness of their discipline" the president gives as another cause of the popularity of the St. Louis schools, for though corporal punishment has not been abolished in them, the teachers who most advantageously do without it, other things being equal, are preferred for promotion. A final reason for the success of the schools is to be found, he says, "in the branches intended directly to refine the taste and increase the general information, that have been added to the three R's, as music, drawing, and natural science."

— A singular text-book, which belongs in the category with books on etiquette, on the way to be successful, on ready making of appropriate speeches, on correspondence, etc., is Mr. Gow's *Good Morals and Gentle Manners*.¹ According to his plan there are three divisions of human duties, which belong to the moral law, the municipal law, and the social law, respectively, and this handbook shows how all are to be observed. The faithful student will learn to avoid homicide, profanity, the duel, white lies and black, slander, intemperance, plagiarism or literary theft, amusements of doubtful propriety, chapped hands, tight lacing, with which even boys are charged, whispering in

company, national vanity, uncleanness in church, coughing and spitting at table, etc., etc. His zeal will be encouraged by appropriate anecdotes, and running under every page the teacher will find suggestive questions and commands, such as "Repeat the anecdote;" "What is the moral of this anecdote?" "Why should a gentleman not come to his meals without his coat?" "What is the napkin for?" "Why not use the handkerchief?" "What does whispering in church arise from?" "Why is gambling wrong?" "Why should the moral sentiment of the school despise and condemn the tattler?" "Is it lawful to buy my neighbor's ox?" They would seem to cover almost every case possible to human experience. The defect of such a book as this is not that some possible human actions are omitted, but that it is taken for granted that education can be accomplished by text-books. It is the great fault of our public-school system that the pupil is taught, not to think, but to apply certain rules, to be found on such or such a page of his arithmetic, or his Good Morals and Gentle Manners, and that he cannot be blamed if the case in question does not come under the rules.

This little volume of course gives wise and excellent instruction, but as to its method we have nothing but blame.

— The notice of the Ladies' Society for the Encouragement of Studies at Home, which we printed in the September number of *The Atlantic*, has attracted wide attention in the very quarters where it was most desirable that its information should be received, and we have had the pleasure of answering a large number of communications from women in many States asking for more direct means of obtaining information than had been supplied by our first writing. The ladies who preside over this excellent enterprise have been scrupulous in the avoidance of giving publicity to their names, preferring to work quietly and effectively, and as far as might be out of the region of mere display; so that it seemed desirable, while opening wider opportunities for membership in the society, not to trench upon the privacy which the managers had reserved to themselves. In view, however, of the frequent demands of which we have spoken, we are authorized to say that all who wish to gain further and more particular information may address themselves directly to the Secretary of the Society for Study at Home, 9 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

¹ *Good Morals and Gentle Manners. For Schools and Families.* By ALEX. M. GOW, A. M. New York and Cincinnati: Wilson, Hinkle, & Co. 1876.

